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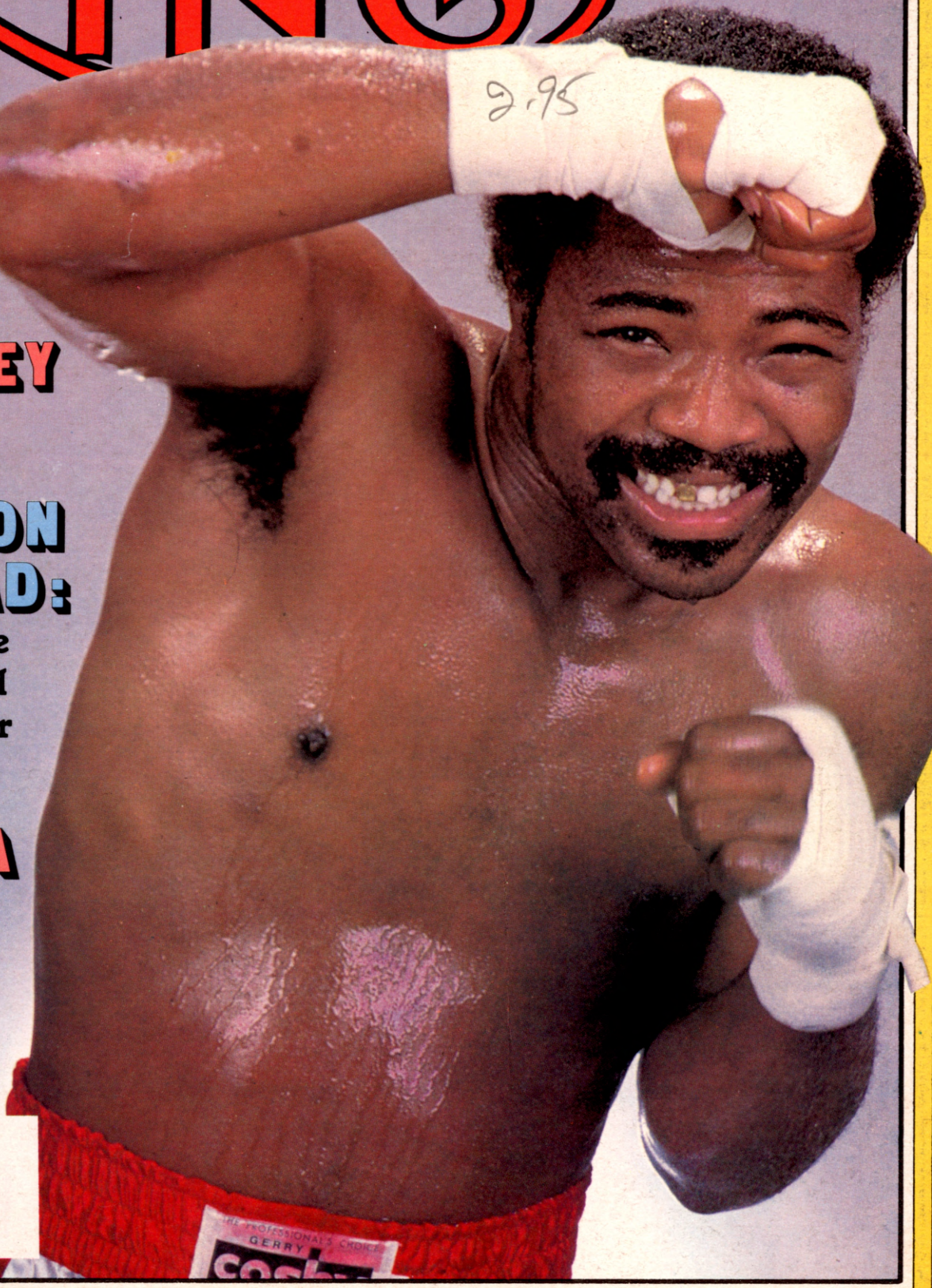

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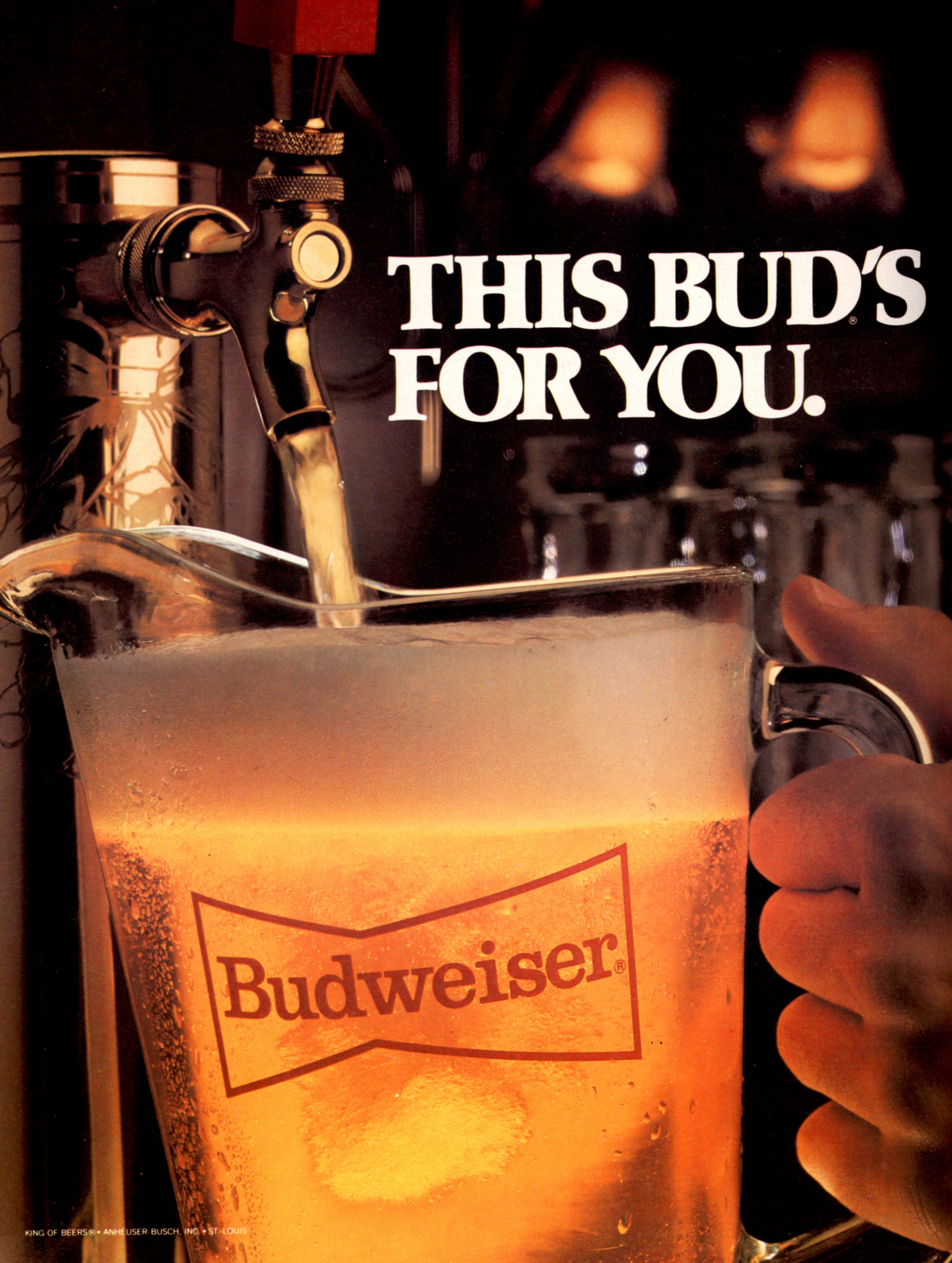

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-SAMUEL-SERRANO

WORLD JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

Born on November 7, 1952 in Toa Alta, Puerto Rico . . . Height: 5"8½" . . . Turned pro in 1969, one week before his 17th birthday . . . Won the Puerto Rican Featherweight Title in March, 1970, beating talented Francisco Villegas on a 12-round decision . . . Lost the title two weeks later as Villegas reversed the decision . . . Four victories and two years later, Serrano fought Villegas in a rubber match . . . Once again Villegas captured a narrow, 12-round decision . . . After winning four fights in 1973, Serrano, now struggling to make 126 pounds, dropped a 10-round decision to WBA featherweight king Ernesto Marcel in a non-title bout . . . Moving into the junior lightweight division, where he felt stronger, Serrano began reeling off victories . . . Four wins in 1974 and another five in 1975 moved him into a title fight against Ben Villaflor . . . In April, 1976, Serrano and Villaflor fought to a draw . . . In a rematch six months later, Serrano became champion with a 15-round decision . . . The longest reign in junior lightweight history ensued—three years, 10 months, along with 10 successful defenses . . . He lost the crown to Japan's Yasutsune Uehara on August 2, 1980, knocked out in round six by a right to the jaw . . . Regained the title on April 9, 1981 with a 15-round decision over Uehara . . . Followed with successful defenses against Leonel Hernandez and Hikaru Tomonari . . . Overall record: 41-4-1, 16 knockouts.

SAMUEL SERRANO
Born, November 7, 1952, Toa Alta, Puerto Rico.
Weight, 126-130 lbs. Height, 5 ft. 8½ in.

	1971		
Jan.	27—Wilson Yambo, Ponce	W	8
July	3—Braulio Rodriguez, San Juan	W	10
Dec.	4—Angel Rivera, San Juan	W	10
	1972		
Apr.	8—Francisco Villegas, San Juan (For Puerto Rican Featherweight Title)	L	12
	1973		
Feb.	16—Nestor Rojas, San Juan	W	10
Apr.	14—Terry Rondeau, Carolina	KO	2
June	9—Freddie Major, San Juan	KO	2
July	21—Jose Marin, San Juan	W	10
Dec.	8—Ernesto Marcel, Panama City	L	10
	1974		
Apr.	15—Lorenzo Trujillo, San Juan	W	10
July	15—Gustavo Briceno, San Juan	KO	10
July	24—Cocoa Sanchez, San Juan	W	10
Nov.	15—Memo Cruz, San Juan	W	10
	1975		
Apr.	13—Jose Pena, San Juan	W	10
June	28—Victor Echegaray, San Juan	W	10
Sept.	1—Ahmet Tosci, San Juan	KO	2
Oct.	11—Diego Alcala, Ponce	W	10
Dec.	13—Manuel Rodriguez, San Juan	KO	3
	1976		
Apr.	13—Ben Villaflor, Honolulu (For World Junior Lightweight Title)	D	15
May	8—Mar Bassa, San Juan	KO	9
Sept.	10—Adrian Villanueva, San Juan	KO	3
Oct.	16—Ben Villaflor, San Juan (Won World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
	1977		
Jan.	15—Alberto Herrera, Guayaquil (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	KO	11
June	26—Leonel Hernandez, Puerto La Cruz (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
Aug.	27—Apollo Yoshio, San Juan (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
Nov.	19—Tae-Ho Kim, San Juan (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	KO	10
	1978		
Feb.	18—Mario Martinez, San Juan (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
July	8—Young-Ho Oh, San Juan (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	KO	9
Nov.	29—Takao Maruki, Nagoya (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
	1979		
Feb.	18—Julio Valdez, San Juan (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
Apr.	14—Nkosana Mgxaji, Capetown (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	KO	8
	1980		
Apr.	3—Kiyoshi Kazama, Nara, Japan (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	KO	13
Aug.	2—Yasutsune Uehara, Detroit (Lost World Junior Lightweight Title)	KO by	6
Sept.	20—Jesus Delgado, San Juan	KO	2
	1981		
Apr.	9—Yasutsune Uehara, Wakayama (Regained World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
June	29—Leonel Hernandez, Caracas (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	W	15
Dec.	10—Hikaru Tomonari, San Juan (Retained World Junior Lightweight Title)	KO	12

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-SAMUEL- SERRANO

WORLD JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

JUNE

JUNE 14: Max Baer knocks down Prime Carnera 12 times to win Heavyweight Championship, 1934. **JUNE 20:** Roberto Duran outpoints Sugar Ray Leonard to win WBC Welterweight Title, 1980. **JUNE 22:** Joe Louis knocks out Max Schmeling in 2:04 of 1st round to retain heavyweight title, 1938. **JUNE 25:** Sugar Ray Robinson fails in bid to win light heavyweight title, losing to heat and Joey Maxim in 14 rounds, 1952.

T	W	TH	F	S	S	M
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

The RING
The bible of boxing

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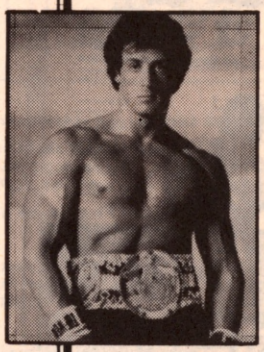

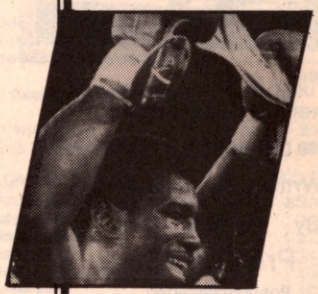

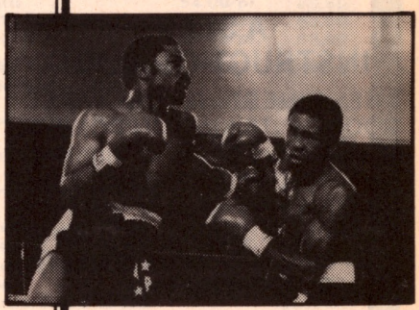

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RINGSIDE

THE WBA, LIKE THE WHOOPEE BIRD—that storied old bird often memorialized in stories who flew in ever-concentric circles until it flew up its own backside with a resounding "clank"—seems to be working its way into its own self-styled form of oblivion. Any day now we should hear their "clank."

It all started with their mandating that Mike Weaver could not fight Gerry Cooney, but, instead, had to fight the "leading available contender," one James "Quick" Tillis. Then, believing that turnabout is fair play, they ruled that Davey Moore did not have to fight the "leading available contender," and justified their action under some cockamammie rule called "Rule 19," which holds that they can change any rule they want by executive action.

A Federal judge recently found their moves reminiscent of "The 'Knave of Hearts' trial from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland,* where the King of Hearts kept changing the rules so no one could ever win the game."

But the WBA stands ready to lose much more, because of their shilly shenanigans. Mort Sharnick, the CBS mogul who oversees boxing on the number one network, has recommended to the network that they consider an embargo against WBA-sanctioned fights. His reasoning? He cited their inability to abide by their own regulations, changing their "wily-nily" to meet any and all exigencies.

Sharnick felt there was more to the WBA mess than their chameleon-like application of their rules. He referred to the Pedroza-LaPorte fight as a case in point: "With a complete reviewing stand of WBA officials present at the fight, they should have been horrified at the guerilla warfare taking place in front of them. They weren't. Not only that, they had a fussy little ref in the ring who was more concerned with keeping his pompadour in place than in keeping the fight under control. After the third round Pedroza was so rocky I said to myself 'Let me get five rounds out of this . . . ' But, instead, they broke an ammonia vial under his nose to revive him in clear contradiction of the rules which had been taken up at the prefight hearing. Six times they did this throughout the fight in direct contravention of their own so-called rules and regulations."

But wait! Sharnick ain't even begun to sound the alarm. "Then, "he went on, "in the Frias-Espana fight, I had to review the 'butt' rule for one WBA supervising official who knew nothing about it. The referee, a failed Kamikazee pilot who didn't talk English or Spanish—the two languages of the two participants—consulted with two Japanese officials at ringside before calling the fight . . ."

Sharnick, who, like Peter Finch in *Network,* is mad as hell and not going to take it anymore, is considering not doing business anymore with the WBA. It is but the opening salvo in the war to rid the sport of the scoundrels who run it. But to do so, we need *your* help, the boxing fans of the world. If you agree with Sharnick, write CBS and tell them. If you don't, you have nobody to blame but yourselves for their continuing to go on their merry. Maybe, if you make yourselves known, they will, indeed, fly up their own backsides with the "clank" we all hope for.

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ROUND ONE

HOLMES-COONEY FIGURES A HEAVYWEIGHT FIB

DESPITE PRESS REPORTS TO the contrary, the amount guaranteed to Larry Holmes and Gerry Cooney is $3 million apiece—*not* $10 million each.

DEATH WISH

LATE LAST DECEMBER, A ROTUND, 30ish man wandered into New York's Gramercy Gym and asked if he could spar with some of the light heavies and heavyweights working out at the gym. The owner of the gym, Al Gavin, introduced the newcomer to manager-trainer Paddy Flood to see what Flood could do with and for him.

Flood got him fights. And for three days Flood watched as "the tubby little guy" mixed it up with the obviously superior fighters. When, at the end of his three-day workout, Flood took the neophyte aside and asked him why he seemed to relish throwing punches at the others in the best manner of a sub-novice Golden Glover, the somewhat-the-worse-for-wear battler said, or so Flood claims, "I just love boxing. I watch it all the time and I wanted to do it just once . . . just once before I die."

Three months later, the 252-pound sub-novice known as John Belushi was dead. But not before he had experienced what it was like to live in the ring.

THE FAMILY THAT PREYS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER

REMEMBER JERRY JUDGE, THE journeyman heavyweight of the '70s who gained everlasting notoriety as one of the "Toronto Five," the quintet that introduced tag-team boxing to TV when they all took on George Foreman on the same April afternoon back in 1975?

Well, Judge went from the high comedy and low burlesque of that afternoon—even punctuated by his kissing Foreman during their ring instructions—to the serious life of a policeman in Bensalem Township, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia.

But life outside the ring has proved far from peaceful for Officer Judge. Just recently, Judge tried to make peace in a barroom brawl between the squabbling members of a drunken family—father, son and mother. Judge succeeded. Up to a point. That point was the penknife the son used when Judge intervened. Turning his attention on the Samaritan, the 20-year-old son whittled at Judge's stomach with his knife while his mother held down the peace officer. The four-inch blade still embedded in his gut, Judge managed to grab the punk by the throat, throw him to the floor and subdue him. As the bartender helped in applying Judge's handcuffs to the wrists of the by-now squirming assailant, his father came at Judge swinging a broken bottle. Judge, remembering some of his ring skills, took out the Fatso Judson lookalike with a perfectly-timed left hook, something he had done 14 times in his 25-fight career. Now the son also rose, smiting Jerry in the face with his own handcuffs, breaking a number of bones around the ex-fighter's eye. Despite all this, Judge succeeded in holding off the family until police reenforcements arrived. The whole family was placed under arrest and, the job completed, Judge was taken off to a hospital where he stayed for four days.

"I was cut in the ring once—a right hand over the eye," said Judge, "At least that was fair. This one was dirty pool."

Who was it who said that the life of a fighter was tough? Not Jerry Judge, who obviously finds a policeman's lot a lot tougher.

STAMPED IN IMMORTALITY

THOUGH TO MANY OF US OLDER types, it seems like only yesterday, this coming September 23rd is the thirtieth anniversary of the day Rocky Marciano separated Jersey Joe Walcott from his senses and the heavyweight crown as well.

To commemorate the occasion Congressman Brian Donnelly of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in the U.S. House of Representatives to provide for the issuance of a postage stamp to mark the date. Maybe, just maybe, if the U.S. Post Office issues the stamp we might be able to get delivery on time; or, at the very least, by the time we count "10".

YOUR FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR EVEN IF WE DON'T KNOW THE NAME

HARDLY ANYONE REMEMBERS the day when those "privileged" enough to be riding in a carriage passed a broken-down motor car and hollered "Get a horse!" And even fewer remember anyone ever abandoning their car and running out to get one.

But recently someone did. Or, at least,

responded like they did. For, when he was introduced by ABC-TV before his recent almost-fight against Caveman Lee as merely "Marvin Hagler," the middleweight champion, more than slightly aggravated by the absence of his adopted nickname, made his irritation known to the network. It is believed that his grievance took more than the 67 seconds he spent with the Caveman.

ABC-TV, however, was not moved, and told him, in no uncertain terms, "if he wants to be announced as Marvelous Marvin Hagler, let him change his name." Well, guess what? He did, and now the man from Brockton is legally known as "Marvelous Marvin Hagler." Anyone want to dispute his right to be called by that name? It could be a case of ". . . and the horse you rode in on."

BARTENDER'S TRIVIA CORNER

WHICH CHAMPION WAS VOTED one of the ten greatest boxers of all time in a recent *Ring* poll, yet won fewer than half his recorded bouts?

Last Month's Bartender's Trivia Corner Question: Who was the heaviest *unsuccessful* challenger for the heavyweight title?

Answer: Although Leroy Jones came in at a whopping 254½ pounds for his losing effort against Larry Holmes on March 31, 1980, he merely tied for second place in the heavyweight beefstakes. The man he tied with, Abe Simon—who also weighed 254½ for his first fight with Joe Louis—holds the record, 255½ pounds for his return match with Louis, a six-round KO on March 27, 1942.

CALLING HIS SHOTS

WHEN BANTAMWEIGHT KING Jeff Chandler recently took on the challenge of Johnny "Dancing Machine" Carter—he was also facing Carter's outspoken manager Bobby Botto.

Botto, a boisterous, cigar-smoking owner of a meat-packing factory, is as imposing in size (around 6'3", 240 pounds) as he is in voice.

The night before the fight in Philadelphia, Botto imposed himself on reporters, fighters, managers, trainers and anybody else who was within earshot in the lobby of the hotel where the fight crowd was staying.

"My guy will take Chandler apart," bellowed Botto. "Chandler has never met anybody with the class and speed of my guy." He proceeded to yank a wad of paper currency from his pocket, thick with $100 bills.

"I've got all this bet on Carter," continued Botto as the fight crowd began scampering for the nearest exit.

"Do you know what Carter is gonna' do to Chandler? Do you know . . ."

There was no stopping Botto.

Among the spectators observing Botto's outburst was the bantamweight champion of the world.

"He's only making things worse for Carter," said Chandler to those around him.

"This is only getting me pumped up even more. In fact, when I have Carter hurt and ready to go, I'm gonna say to him, 'This one's for Botto,' then smack him one more time."

Chandler did better than that. After taking two rounds to size up Carter, the boss of the 118-pounders began to give the challenger a king-sized beating. Finally, in the fifth round, Chandler stroked the finishing touches upon his game, pummelled opponent.

Rubbing salt—or leather, if you will—into Carter's wounds, he allowed Carter to move off the ropes near Chandler's corner. The champion did so purposely, so he could finish Carter in Carter's own corner.

Then, executing his plan magnificently, Chandler trapped Carter in his own corner, just above manager Botto. Chandler let go with both hands. Finally, he took a half step back and hollered, "This one's for Botto." A solid right hand found the already battered Carter's chin and down he went in a heap.

So, for all of those managers who try to help their fighter with pre-fight braggadoccio, remember how Bobby Botto helped his fighter . . .

HOT OFF THE PRESS

IT WAS A SCENE STRAIGHT OUT OF "The Harder the Fall." Only this time, instead of it being Humphrey Bogart handing out press releases for his tiger, Toro Molina, it was publicist Dave Metzger who was doing the Hollywood *shtick*.

It all happened last April 16th when New York welterweight Michael De La Rue knocked out one Danny Harold in four rounds at New York's Felt Forum. Even before the fight was stopped, Metzger was sitting at ringside hollering "Stop the fight! Stop the fight!" Then, when it became official, he leaped up out of his seat and began passing amongst the members of the press handing out releases headlined "Undefeated Michael De La Rue Stops Danny Harold at Felt Forum." The press release went on to give biographical background on La Rue and his record, leaving the writer only one do-it-yourself task: Filling in the round after the notation "KO" which followed Harold's name.

Metzger, who was pushing De La Rue for an upcoming fight at Richmond Hill Arena, was asked what would have happened had De La Rue won by a decision, or, heaven forfend, lost. He answered by hauling two other press releases out of his pocket.

PUNCHLINES

SUGAR RAY SEALES, ON HIS AVOWED intention to fight Sugar Ray Leonard: "It'll be a winner-take-all fight, the winner to take permanent possession of the name 'Sugar Ray.' "

Marvin Hagler, congratulating "Quick" Tillis on his victory on network TV over Jerry Williams: "Congratulations. You have a great future behind you."

Sports columnist Dick Young, on the Falkland Islands crisis: "Before anybody gets hurt, let's have Carlos Monzon, former middleweight champ from Argentina, come out of retirement to fight Britain's Tony Sibson for the Falklands."

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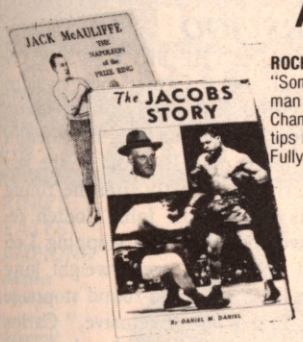

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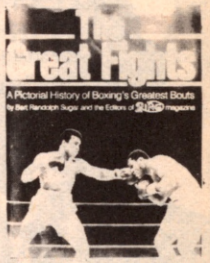

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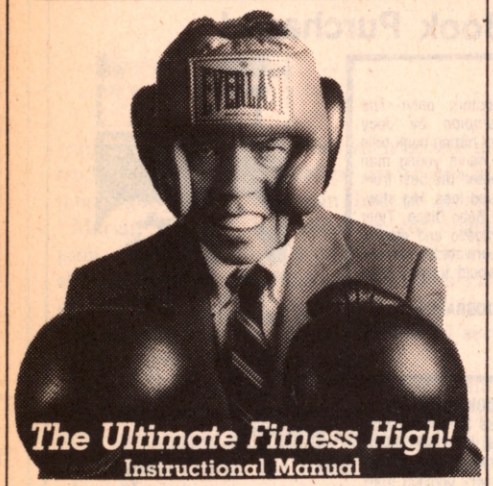

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30 YEARS AGO

JUNE 1952: NAT FLEISCHER PRAISED THE EFFORTS OF the New York State Athletic Commission and its chairman, Bob Christenberry, for their attempts to clean up the sport of boxing. The first action taken, in attempting to strip the IBC of its monopolistic power, was the abolition of the return-bout clause in all contacts—which had prohibited fighters so signed from boxing for any other promoter unless the IBC shared in the profits. The Commission also became more involved in the making of matches, sanctioning a proposed match by the IBC only after they had made a thorough investigation of the fitness of the gladiators. Johnny Salak took a look at the problems Billy Graham was experiencing in getting welterweight champion Kid Gavilan back into the ring. Graham fought Gavilan three times and many observers felt Graham—who was now called "the uncrowned champion—had been the victor each time.

15 YEARS AGO

JUNE 1967: MUHAMMAD ALI MADE THE EIGHTH DEfense of his crown with a seventh round knockout of Zora Folley in New York's Madison Square Garden. The bout, which would be Ali's last before his three-and-half year exile, was an easy one, as he toyed with his opponent until he decided to end matters. Joe Frazier was reviewed as a possible successor to Ali's throne. Frazier at the time was whipping such contenders as Doug Jones, Eddie Machen and Oscar Bonavena. "Smokin' Joe's" non-stop attack was compared to that of Rocky Marciano, who, like Frazier, hammered many a fighter into submission. Another heavyweight hopeful, Jerry Quarry, scored a unanamous ten-round decision over Brian London. It was reported that Quarry needed more skill to be considered a "world class heavyweight."

BACK IN THE RING

5 YEARS AGO

JUNE 1977: JIMMY YOUNG MADE THE BIG NEWS WITH his shocking 12-round decision over former heavyweight champion Goerge Foreman. Behind in the early going, Young rallied in the late rounds by knocking down a tired Foreman in the final round to take a unanimous nod. It would be the last time Foreman would enter the ring, as shortly after the Young bout, he would announce his retirement. John Conteh retained his WBC light heavyweight crown by stopping Len Hutchins in the third round and WBA welterweight king Pipino Cuevas kept his crown with a second-round stoppage of Miguel Angel Campanino. In a *Ring* "Exclusive," Carlos Palomino felt he would defeat then lightweight champion Roberto Duran if they ever met. Palomino believed that Duran would not be as dominating as a welterweight as he was as a lightweight. Lester Bromberg took a look at the emergence of boxing on television. Bromberg noted the rise of television boxing on weekends and the expansion of TV satellites doubled the number of fights seen in the United States. Bromberg felt the lower classes would be recognized by the fans on a par with the heavier classes because of their exposure.

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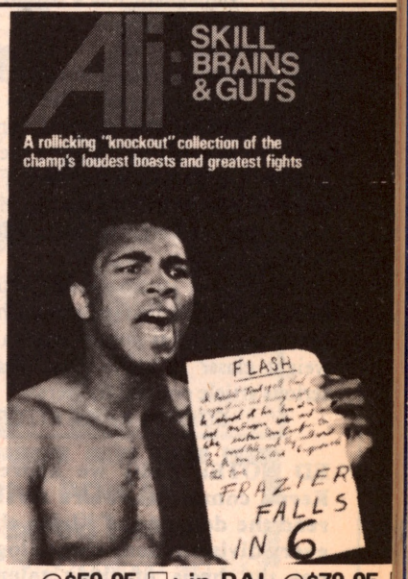

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COME OUT WRITING

RING'S STORY ON IRISH FIGHTERS THE REAL "BLARNEY"

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST, AND later concern, your article on Irish fighters (Ring, Feb. '82) I appreciate that your article was tongue and cheek and written in the St. Pat's day atmosphere which many people in North America can identify with. As I read it in the vein you wrote it, I enjoyed it.

However, I have a concern: Irish fighters (i.e. those born, raised and who fought out of Ireland) deserve better treatment. You concentrated mostly on those with Irish names (Honey Mellody is an Irish name?) The Irish never considered Jack Dempsey an Irish fighter, not to mention Pinkey Mitchell. "Rinty" Monagham was a true Irish fighter, yet you only listed him second in the flyweight division.

No mention was made of John Caldwell, an Olympic bronze winner in the '56 games who held an portion of the world bantamweight championship before losing to the treat Eder Jofre in Brazil. Also, what about Fred Gilroy, also a bronze medal winner in '56 and also a leading bantamweight in the late 50's and early '60s?

And last, but far from least, Jimmy McLarnin was born in Belfast, should he not have been considered as number one in the welterweight class? In all fairness please write a serious article on Irish fighters.

COLM M. KERR, KITCHNER, ONT.

ED NOTE: While we appreciate Mr. Kerr's comments, we're afraid he misread the delisting of "Irish champs" in every division, done chronologically and not the basis of their talents. Thus, McLarnin, while assuredly the "greatest" Irish welterweight champ of all time also was the seventh Irish fighter to win the crown and listed accordingly.

TO RING: OPEN A NEW WINDOW, OPEN A NEW DOOR . . .

AS A LONG TIME FAN OF BOXING AND of your fine magazine I would like to extend my congratulations to *The Ring* as she celebrates her 60th anniversary. In this year of 1982 *The Ring* Magazine is regaining the universal recognition of both the electronic and print media. One word of advice from a friend: Don't let it go to your head. Your growing influence can be either a help or a hindrance to the sport. Maintain a sense of objectivity. Don't become a mere cheering section for boxing. If the house stinks throw open the windows, don't nail them shut.

LAWRENCE L. ROBERTS
CHOMEDEY-LAVAL, QUE., CAN.

IF NO OCCIDENTAL ERRORS SHOW, WHY ERR ON ORIENTALS?

YOUR "FOR THE RECORD" ON PAGE 43 of the October issue of *Ring* mentions Yoshio Shirai as the first Oriental world champion. Correction please: It was Pancho Villa, a Filipino, who KO'd Jimmy Wilde in New York on June 18, 1923 to win the world's flyweight championship.

On page 45 under the heading "countries with the most champions 1891-1980," the Philippines is not listed in "Flyweight (49 champions)". Herewith please find a tentative list of Philipino world flyweight champs—Pancho Villa, Small Montano, Dado Marino and Erbito Salavarria—all of them either undisputed, NBA, N.Y., WBA or WBC.

Again, on page 45, the late Ceferino Garcia, A Filipino, was not mentioned among middleweight champions. He KO'd Fred Apostoli on October 2, 1939 in the 7th round to win the N.Y. version of the middleweight title.

COL. MARIANO YENKO, JR.
PALISADES PARK, N.Y.

LET'S GO BACK, BRIEFLY, TO SATurday, March 20, 1982, when NBC Sports staged a boxing coup over the other networks. The coup would've been perfect had it not been for one Ferdie Pacheco.

Pacheco's original sin is that he is unqualified to be a judge, his claim to fame solely based on the fact that Muhammad Ali allowed him to be his doctor before Pacheco had to leave Ali's camp. How many times have we boxing fans heard "Ferdie's Scorecard," turn out to actually be "Ferdie's Scarecard"? Ferdie's packaging and selling of crony bucket-faced Lou Duva over NBC is hard enough to take, but when Ferdie's biases begin to show like a dirty slip, it's time to regroup.

On that day in question, undefeated middleweight Bernard 'Superbad' Mays unanimously beat tough Lamont Lovelady in ten rounds and Pacheco's TV commentary reached a new low. We wonder if Ferdie is influenced by that fact that his friend Duva has an undefeated middleweight, too, one who didn't fight that day: Bobby Czyz.

Let's examine Ferdie's sins:

1. Pacheco gave viewers the wrong record for Mays, saying he'd only had 15 fights, when according to May's manager, the TV crew was sent to Mays' dressing room 3 times for the correct record.

2. Pacheco constantly downgraded Mays' opponent, Lovelady, calling him just an "opponent," despite his good showing against the-then number one-rated Dwight Davison his last time out.

3. Ferdie kept criticizing Mays for "dropping his right hand" throughout the last 4 rounds of the fight that NBC chose to air, but apparently developed temporary blindness when Teddy Mann, on the same card, had to yank his right glove from his rear end each time he wanted to throw a right hand.

4. Despite knocking Lovelady down three times, and coasting easily to a unanimous decision, the best Mays could get from Pacheco was "Mays is boxing like he just closed the office three rounds ago."

If Ferdie knew as much about boxing as he pretends to, he would know that strategy dictates that when you're way ahead and the other corner grows more desperate for a knockout, it's foolish to do more than stay away from your man and box him, continuing to pile up points but taking no unnecessary chances.

5. Why didn't Pacheco mention Mays outstanding record as an amateur of 98 wins in 100 fights with 67 kayoes and four national titles? Is he afraid someone wants to match Mays with Bobby Czyz?

6. The first six rounds of this fight were exciting, featuring some great boxing and three dramatic knockdowns. Why, then, did NBC, whose job it is to bring us the most excitement, choose only to show the last 4 rounds? And why every single round of lackluster bouts such as Dewit-Serrano on the same card?

JIM INGRAM, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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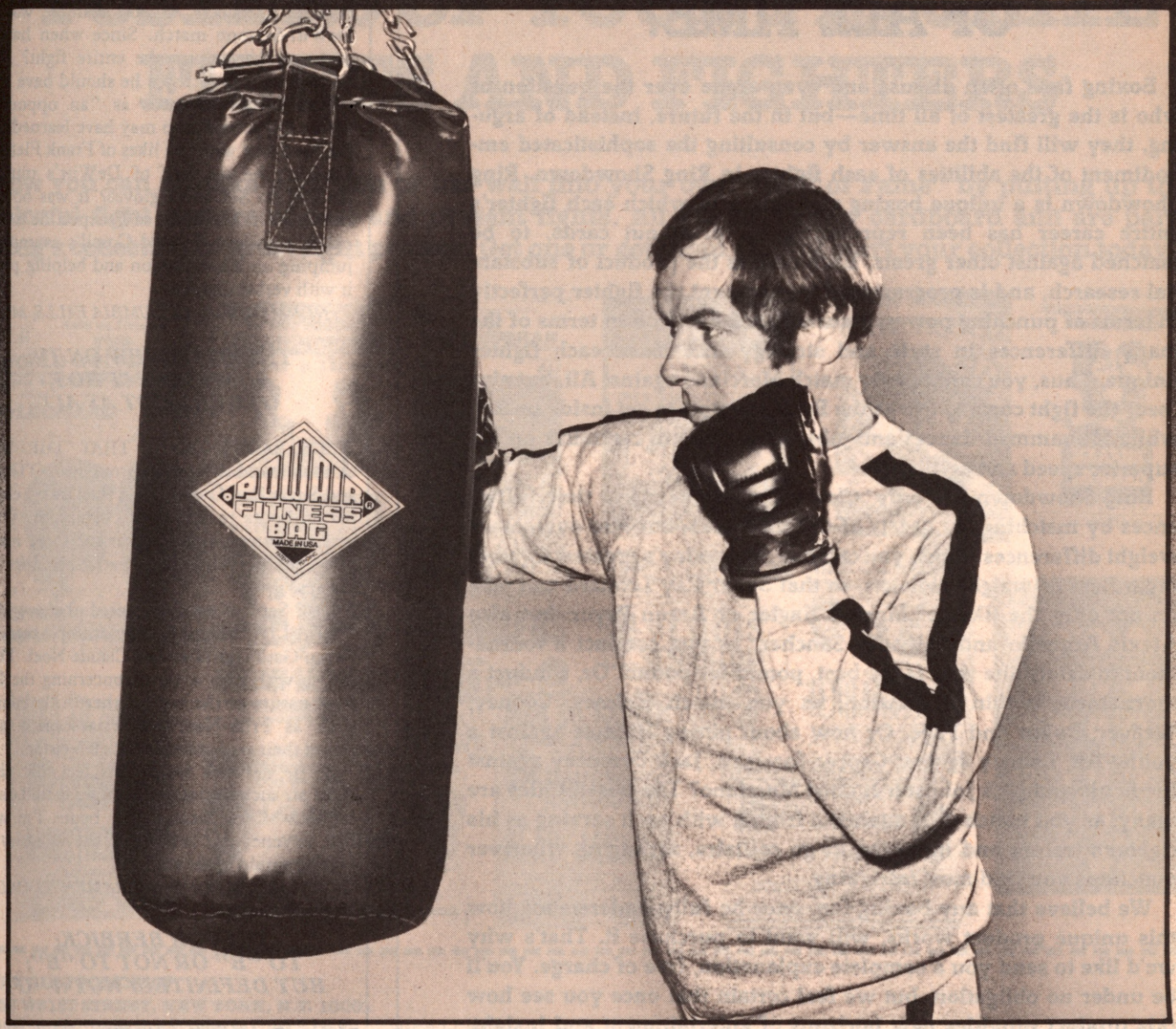

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FIRST, I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE NBC, for their series NBC Sports Ringside. It's a real brakethrough for major network boxing. The only letdown is the, at times, ridiculously biased reporting of Dr. Freddie Paecheco. A good example was the DeWitt-Serrano match. Since when has the aggressor backed up the entire fight? With the Doctor's experience he should have mentioned Serrano's status as "an opponent" with a 4-9 record who may have learned a lot the hard way with the likes of Frank Fletcher. Couldn't he see half of DeWitt's punches landing on Serrano's gloves? It was obvious even here in Montana, so I suspect he has decided to follow Howard Cosell's example of jumping on a bandwagon and helping power it with verbal diarrhea.

NORM OLSON, COLUMBIA FALLS, MONT.

THE OVERVIEW ON TV: SOME LIKE IT HOT, OTHERS NOT AT ALL

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT THE WBA took world titles away from Sean O'Grady and Sugar Ray Leonard and then set up elimination bouts to find new champions. What makes matters worse is that the three major television networks have participated in the crimes.

Last September ABC aired the so-called "WBA Lightweight Championship" bout between Gato Gonzalez and Claude Noel. They did so with nary a word concerning the farcical nature of the bout. Other "title bouts" such as Frias-Noel and Frias-Espana also found their way onto network television.

If the network braintrusts feel that they must air such contests, then they should do so without billing them as title bouts. I'm sure that anyone who believes in the integrity of boxing would agree with me.

ALLAN FONG, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

TREVOR BERBICK: TO "B" OR NOT TO "B"; BUT DEFINITELY NOT A "C"

IN THE MARCH ISSUE YOU HAVE "THE *Ring* Exclusive Annual Ratings." Could you please tell me why Trevor Berbick is classified as a "C" fighter when your magazine itself ranks him 6th in the world. Going back to my March 1981 issue, a "C" fighter is, and I quote, "4 and 6 rounds fighter ready for 8 rounders. Also a class for off-beat 10 round fighters." End of Quote.

Now tell me truthfully if you think Trevor fits into any one of thoses catagories.

I do believe you should screen your "Exclusive Annual Ratings" a little more carefully, because as far as I'm concerned, this is one of the biggest boo-boo's I've ever seen in boxing's finest magazine.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q Whatever happened to John Lester Johnson, the man who, supposedly, broke two of Dempsey's ribs in a 10-rounder at the Harlem (later Commonwealth) Sporting Club on July 14, 1916?

—BOB ADLER

A *Johnson spent the last three years of his career in California. He quit the ring in 1928 and went to work in movies. John Lester died in 1967 at the age of 75.*

Q Who was the first southpaw to win a professional world boxing title?

—BOB FULLER

A *Al McCoy, whose real name was Al Rudolph. He won the middleweight crown by knocking out George Chip in the first round in 1914.*

Q There was a rubber at the old Pioneer Gym, a black man who had once been a leading heavyweight. Would you know his name?

—JOE SOLOMON

A *That was Battling Jim Johnson.*

Q Was Henry Armstrong ever managed by Al Jolson?

—EDDIE LISTER

A *No. Eddie Mead was Armstrong's manager, although Jolson did own half of Henry's contract,*

Q Somebody told me that Harry Greb's real last name was Berg, and that he just spelled the name backwards when he became a fighter. Is that true?

—JIM GLENDINNING

A *That's an old rumor. Greb was Greb, a German, and his father's name was Pius Greb. Pius was a great admirer of Pittsburgh baseball great Hans Wagner, and wanted Harry to follow in the Flying Dutchman's footsteps. Fate, and Harry, ruled otherwise.*

Q Have any prominent boxers gone on to receive doctorates?

—ROCHELLE BALTER

A *There have been a few. Wilbur (Skeeter) McClure, a top ranking middleweight and an Olympic champ, now holds a Ph.D.*

Q I know that Archie Moore holds the all-time record for most knockouts scored in a career. Do you think this record will ever be broken?

—JOHN BOARDMAN

A *Not under present conditions. Moore scored 145 kayoes as a pro, and few fighters, outside of a few city-hopping "opponents," have anywhere near 100 bouts before they hang 'em up.*

Q Has any future world heavyweight champion ever been knocked out in his first pro bout?

—LARRY BURGER

A *Mike Weaver, the current WBA king, was stopped in the third round by Howard Smith in his first pro contest.*

Q What was the maximum number of rounds permitted in the "no decision" days?

—GEORGE LESKER

A *Ten rounds in New York and just about everywhere else the rules did not permit decisions. Pennsylvania allowed only six, however, and New Jersey allowed 12.*

Q What was the scheduled distance of the Dempsey-Willard contest in Toledo?

—OTIS KELLAR

A *Twelve rounds.*

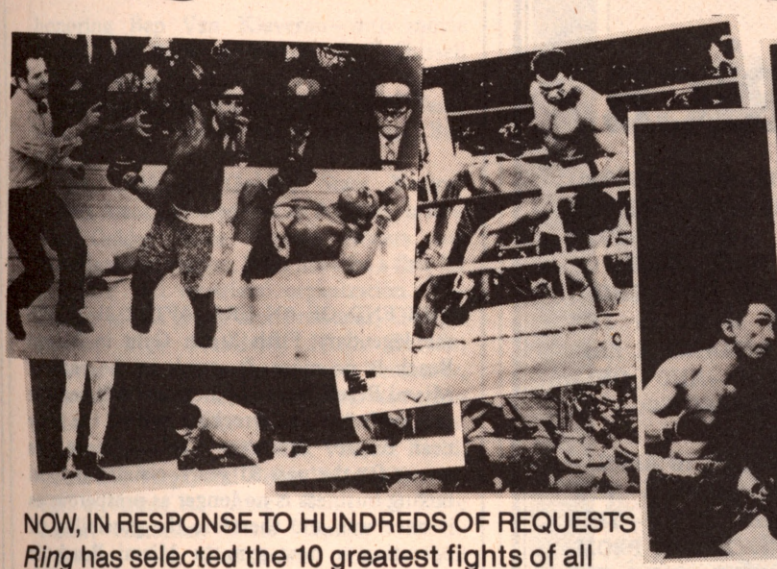
Q What was the first world heavyweight title bout scheduled for 15 rounds?

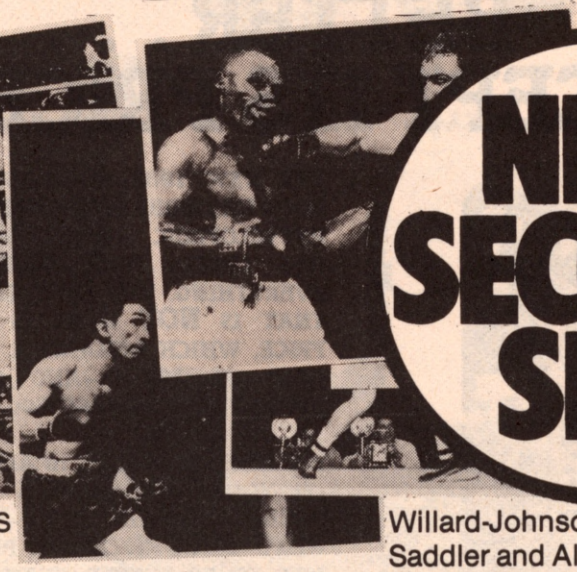
—AL SHRINER

A *Dempsey vs. Brennan on December 14, 1920.*

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

THE TEN GREATEST FIGHT PHOTOS...





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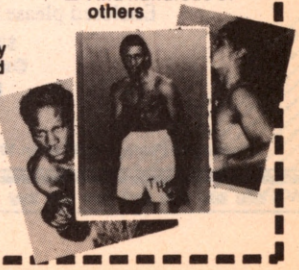

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VETERAN BOXERS'

THE END OF AN ERA: AFTER 31 YEARS the legendary Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach is no more. It stands in the path of Miami Beach redevelopment and will become the victim of the wrecking ball in the very near future. Promoter Chris Dundee, its owner for the past 31 years, claims the local boxing business is no longer as prosperous as it once was and therefore the possibility of operating a new gym in Miami Beach is bleak. Many greats and near-greats trained at the famous gym—men like Joe Louis, Ray Robinson, Joey Maxim, Carmen Basilio, Archie Moore, Muhammad Ali, Luis Rodriguez, Emile Griffith, Willie Pep, Sonny Liston, Roberto Duran, Willie Pastrano, Sugar Ramos and Ralph Dupas to name a few. The gym will also be missed by trainers Angelo Dundee, Moe Fleischer, Allie Ridgeway, Jerry White, Chuck Talhami, Lou Gross, Chappie Roberts, Mac Goodman, Larry Golub, and Bill Sheridan, its dues collector. So, farewell to the Fifth Street Gym as it enters boxing history...

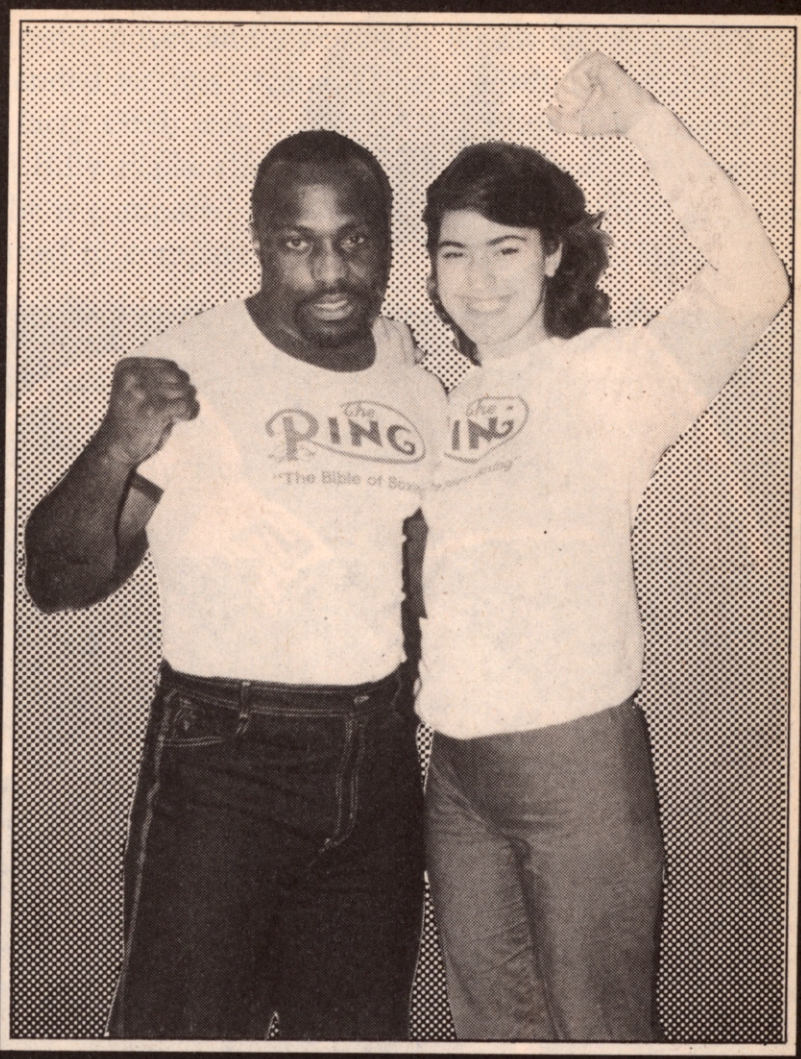
Frankie O'Day Levine, former veteran fighter and member of Ring 4 Boston, now living in South Yarmouth, Mass., is justly pleased that the city of Boston has named the building at Dartmouth and Columbus Streets, where Frankie had his world famous bar for thirty-four years, the Frankie O'Day Building. "Congratulations Frankie"...The Dutch government is currently filming a motion picture story based on the life of Bep Van Klaveran, the former "Dutch Windmill," a leading welterweight contender of the '30s. The country of the Netherlands considers Van Klaveran as the greatest athlete ever to come out of Holland...Besides some of the scenes that were shot on location in the Netherlands, the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles was used for some of the fight scenes

honoring Bep Van Klaveran—with movie actors Vince Barbi and Noble "Kid" Chissell taking parts—as well as *The Ring* offices where Bep toured the Boxing Hall of Fame with former Middleweight Champ Ben Jeby...

The California Golden State Veteran Boxers Assoc., located in Los Angeles, is now The Golden State Veteran Boxers and Wrestlers Association. This must be a first for a boxers' and wrestlers' organization. The officers of this group are: President, Georgie Levine; Vice President, Hugh Sublett; Secretary, George Luckman; and Treasurer, Jack Miller—the father of Congresswoman Bobbi Fiedler. The Board of Directors: Chairman, Jimmy McLarnin, Vincent Barbi, Count Bill Varga, and Noble "Kid" Chissell, Sgt. at Arms, Al "Abie" Bain, and Dave Maier; Historian, Gene "Spider" Mock; Publicist, Abe Hochheiser; Good Will Ambassadors, Lew Feldman and Joey Medill; Legal Advisors, Moton B. Holt and Jackie O'Brien; Lifetime Honorary Member and Chaplain, Henry Armstrong; Boxing Chairman, Archie Moore; and Wrestling Chairman, Count Billy Varga...Headquarters for the Golden State Veteran Boxers and Wrestlers Association is the Old Spaghetti House Factory Restaurant, 5939 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Meetings are held every Tuesday at one o'clock in the afternoon. The Old Spaghetti House Factory Restaurant, not incidentally, is also the meeting headquarters for the Cauliflower Alley Club, which meets a day later on Wednesdays at twelve noon...

Art Downey, the former "Fighting Bellhop" writes from his home in Tacoma, Washington, that he is coming along fine with his pacemaker. He would like to thank all his friends and the good doctors who have been in his corner. Art, who just went over the 87 mark and is still going strong, was a survivor of the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, in San Francisco, a survivor of the tidal wave in Crescent City, Calif., in 1964 and also a survivor of Mt. St. Helens when it blew its top in 1980. "Keep Punching Art"...Jackie "Kid" Berg, out of the hospital and vacationing in Spain with his wife Myrna.

CHARLIE SPINA



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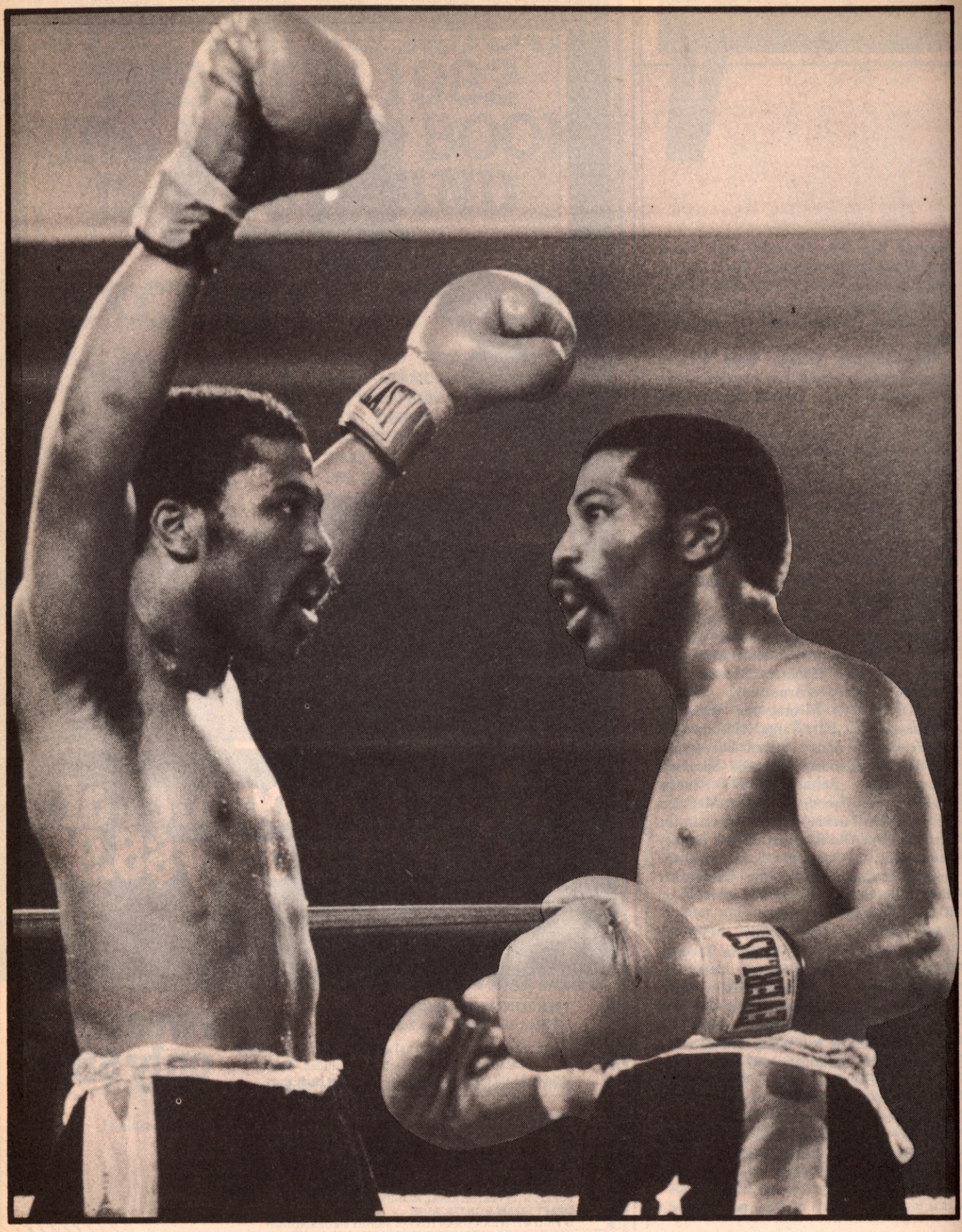


AARON is the self-described "Hawk," a bird with telescopic vision, two powerful talons, swift, graceful moves and a penchant for swooping down on his prey. When the Hawk strikes, few intended victims escape. Others call him the "Cincinnati Cyclone" for much the same reason Harry Greb was called the "Pittsburgh Windmill," Ad Wolgast the "Michigan Wildcat," and Billy Papke the "Illinois Thunderbolt." Of course, if Aaron himself had a say in the names he is compared with, he'd leave the realm of geography for that of meteorology, prefering instead to compare himself to "Hurricane Hawk" Henry Armstrong.

Aaron Pryor's boxing accomplishments are, at the very least, impressive. In 220 amateur fights, he emerged victorious 204 times. As a professional, he has beaten 30 men without suffering defeat. Twenty-eight of the men failed to last until the final bell. His last 22 victories have come by knockout. He is indeed a human Hurricane. But is Aaron Pryor really that good? Or that great?

BY RANDY GORDON

PRYOR

Is He Boxing's New Version Of "Hurricane" Henry Armstrong?

"GOOD," "GREAT," "SENSATIONAL," AND "outstanding" are adjectives used far too often and way too freely in describing some boxer's ability and/or a particular performance (i.e. "It was a sensational fight"/"He is a great fighter"). In reality, superlatives such as "sensational" and "great" should be used in retrospect, as the critic reviews the subject's entire career, in this case looking back after all punches are thrown and landed. An active fighter is only as great as his competition, everything else being relative—which it rarely is.

Today, while there is an overabundance of fighters, there also happens to be an underabundance of talent. Because of this lack of talent, the mediocre fighters seem to be better than they really are, the good fighters appear to be great and the great fighters are superstars. As one of only four undefeated champions—Larry Holmes, Michael Spinks, Jeff Chandler are the others—where then, does the hard-punching Pryor fit? How good, or great, is he?

"He's good, but not good enough to beat me," said WBC junior welterweight king Saoul Mamby matter-of-factly. "He looks good when he's hitting opponents on the chin and knocking them out. But when somebody shows him some skill, gives him some moves, he doesn't seem so great. Remember how ordinary (Miguel) Montilla made him look recently? See!"

The Pryor-Montilla fight took place last March 21, four months after Pryor and Dujuan Johnson clashed in what turned into one of the most thrilling fights of '81. In their wild-swinging brawl—it was nothing less—Pryor was knocked on his face in the first round, the second time he had been dropped in a world title fight—The first time came in August, 1980, in his title-winning effort against Antonio Cervantes.

"I may hit the canvas sometimes for counts of 1-2-3," said Pryor, "but my opponent is on the canvas for 8-9-10.

Gil Clancy, former matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, now color commentator for CBS-TV, likens Pryor to the San Diego Chargers football team: "Pryor scores a lot, but he has no real defense," said Clancy.

Ironically, it was Clancy who helped Pryor attract national attention.

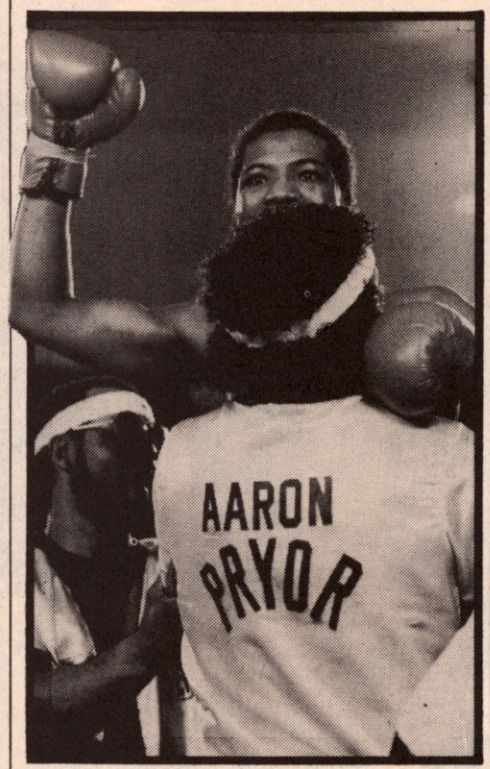
"While I was at the Garden making matches," explained Clancy, "I flew Pryor into New York for a press conference asking why a kid this talented couldn't land a fight on any of the television networks. It worked. Pryor soon found himself on TV against Leonidas Asprilla. In a real good fight, Pryor knocked Asprilla out and his career took off from there."

Since beating Asprilla, Pryor has fought six times. Four of the fights have been shown on national television.

"I have what the fans like," said Pryor. "I love to fight and I come to fight. When that bell rings I come to fight, not to survive. It makes no difference who is in front of me. My defense is my offense."

"Defense! What defense?" exclaimed Clancy. "Pryor doesn't know what defense means. He doesn't pace himself. He lets it all hang out every time he fights. But so far, he's been successful."

Mamby thinks the reason Pryor's record is so impressive is two-fold: "First of all, Pryor can fight. Let's not take that away from him. But I don't think he's as good as his record makes him out to be. If he had been fighting the calibre of fighters I fought on my way up, he would certainly not have been undefeated. His record is spotless because he can fight a little and because the opponents he is going up against are either old men or talentless and



chinless. Montilla was through long before facing Pryor. His legs are gone, yet he still gave Pryor a hell of a fight. I like Aaron, but if it comes down to me fighting him, I just know I'll win. After six or seven rounds, he'd be like a sparring partner for me."

Naturally, Pryor thinks Mamby's claims are ludicrous.

"I can beat any man put in front of me," said Pryor. That goes for Mamby, (Alexis) Arguello, (Sugar Ray) Leonard and (Thomas) Hearns. I'll fight them all and beat them all."

Despite Pryor's constant public rantings demanding the likes of Leonard and Hearns, Pryor may be, as British promoter Mickey Duff calls him, "The best lightweight in the junior welterweight division," an obvious reference to the fact that the only reason Pryor is fighting at 140 pounds is because, as a lightweight, no contender would climb into the ring against him.

"Sure, I can still make the lightweight limit (135 pounds)," stated Pryor. "But why should I? Unless there's a lot of money involved, why should I step down and fight a lightweight contender? Let them come up and challenge me for my title."

Pryor's logic makes sense. That part, anyway. The talk of him facing Hearns or Leonard does not.

"Pryor might be the best 140-pounder in the world," said Top Rank's Bruce Trampler. "Nobody's more exciting than he is. But against Leonard or Hearns, I think Pryor would be overmatched. He would be a good little man in against a good big man in either fight. The best fights for Pryor to take would be against Mamby, Arguello or (Ray) Mancini. Those kind of fights will tell us just how good Pryor really is."

It is often difficult to classify an active fighter—one in his prime—as "Great", mainly because of the risk he may lose his next time out . . . and the time after that . . . and the time after that . . .

Big John Tate is just such one example. After winning his first 20 fights (15 by knockout) and capturing Muhammad Ali's vacated WBA heavyweight championship, Tate's name was mentioned as a candidate for greatness. In the time it took Mike Weaver to land a left hook upon Tate's jaw, the courtship between John Tate and "Greatness" crumbled. In his next fight, Tate was knocked out again, this time by Trevor Berbick.

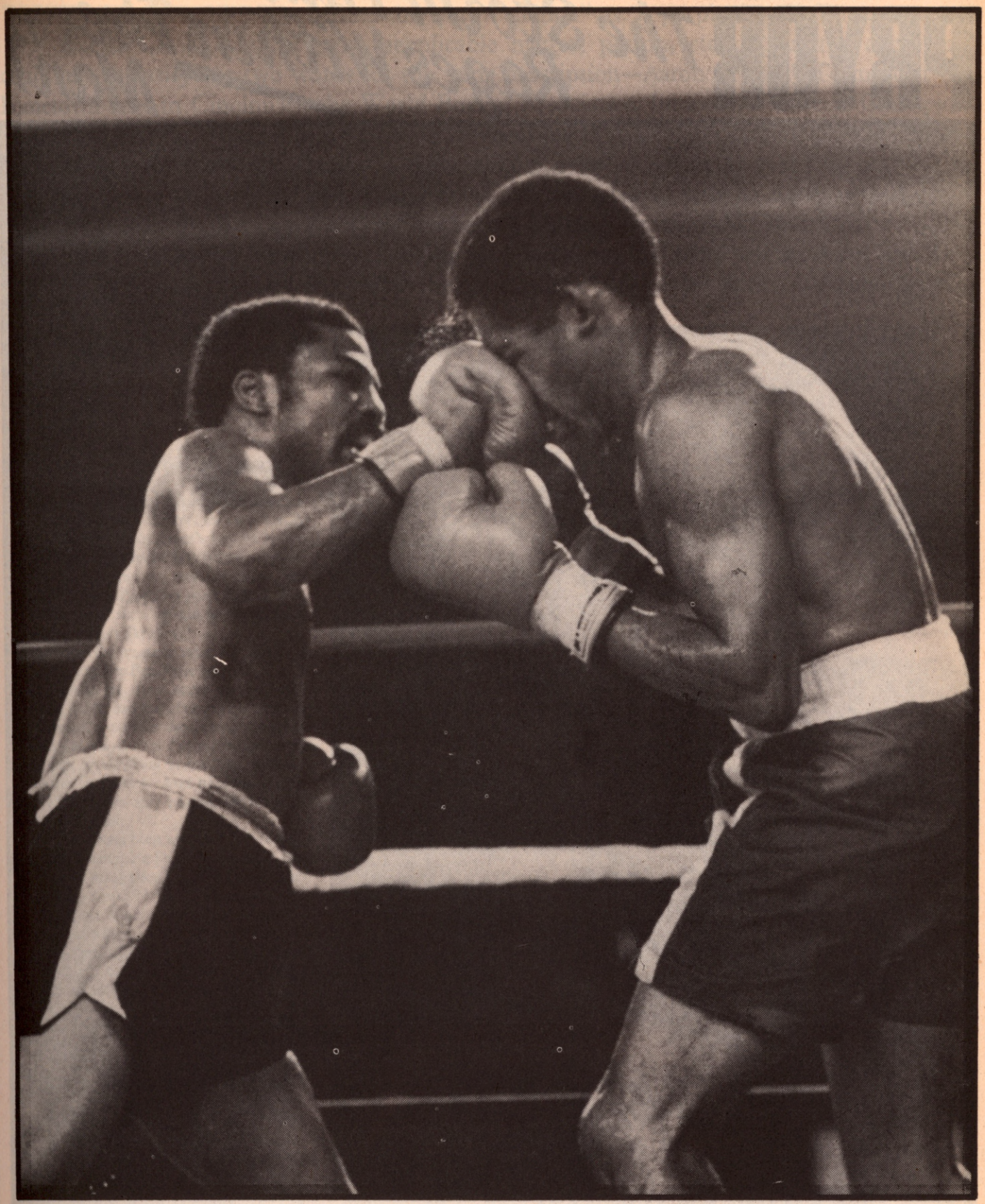
Muhammad Ali, called by many one of the greatest heavyweights in history, lost three of his last four fights. However, he was long past his prime when he fought those battles, so boxing historians and fans still classify him more as a king rather than a court jester.

Kid Gavilan, one of the best pure boxers the welterweight division has known, won only nine of his last 28 bouts. Yet, his greatness is remembered for the first 115 fights of his career, of which he lost but 15 times, all on close decisions.

Aaron Pryor is a hungry, determined young man who is punching his way closer and closer to boxing greatness. Currently, because of his unblemished record, his near-total domination of all opposition and an almost-electric style of fighting, Pryor must be considered as one of boxing's finest champions.

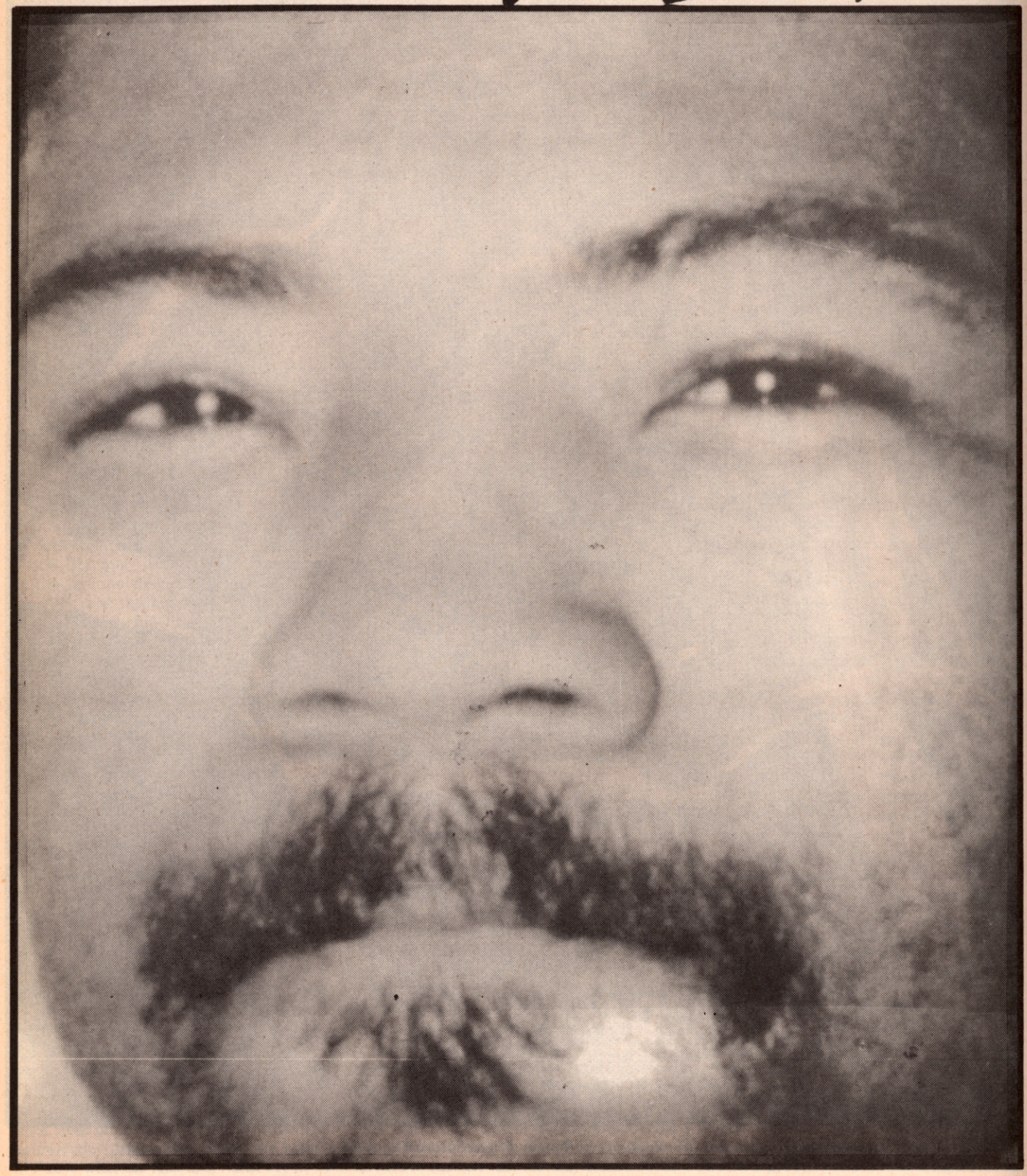
It will take victories over such established stars as Alexis Arguello and Saoul Mamby, however, plus triumphs over such talented youngsters such as Ray Mancini and Johnny Bumphus before we know just how good—or great—Aaron Pryor truly is.

Until then, he is just the "Cincinnati Cyclone," and will have to wait to have his name—and nickname—associated with Henry Armstrong, Harry Greb or Ad Wolgast. ■



Pryor lands a right hand to the mush of challenger Miguel Montilla. Miguel went out in the 12th round.

PRYOR *The Storm That Rages Within The Man!*



WEBSTER defines the word "enigma" as: A perplexing, baffling, or seemingly inexplicable matter, person, etc. ." But the dictionary could just as easily use two words for the same description—Aaron Pryor. § To most of his hometown fans in Cincinnati, the World Boxing Association Junior Welterweigt Champion has been an enigma since he lost to Howard Davis in the 1976 Olympic boxing trials at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum, losing a fight almost everyone—fans and boxing arthorities alike—felt he would certainly win. § And Pryor has remained an enigma since turning pro a few months after the '76 Olympics. He has been a continuiing contridiction during his climb to the summit of boxing: constantly changing his mind about his career, his manager, his attorneys and his personal life seemingly with the same ease he changes his suits. ***BY TERRY FLYNN***

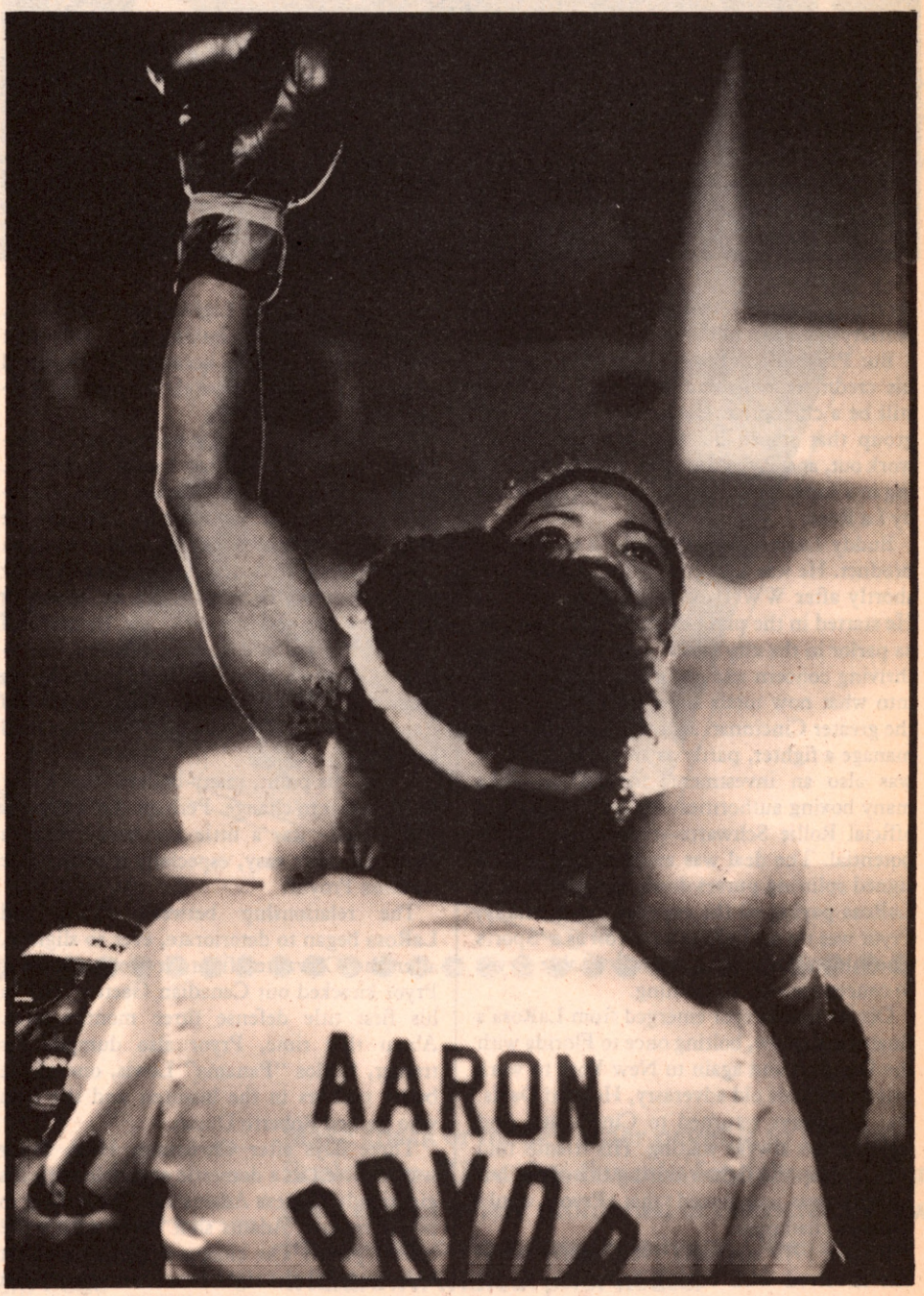
THE RESULT HAS BEEN A LESS-THAN-APpreciative response from the Cincinnati sports community. Almost every one recognizes Pryor as a true champion, a tough, exciting fighter who quickly pounds his opponents into semi-conscious submission. But many of those people merely shirk at the mention of Pryor in the role of a promotable sports celebrity.

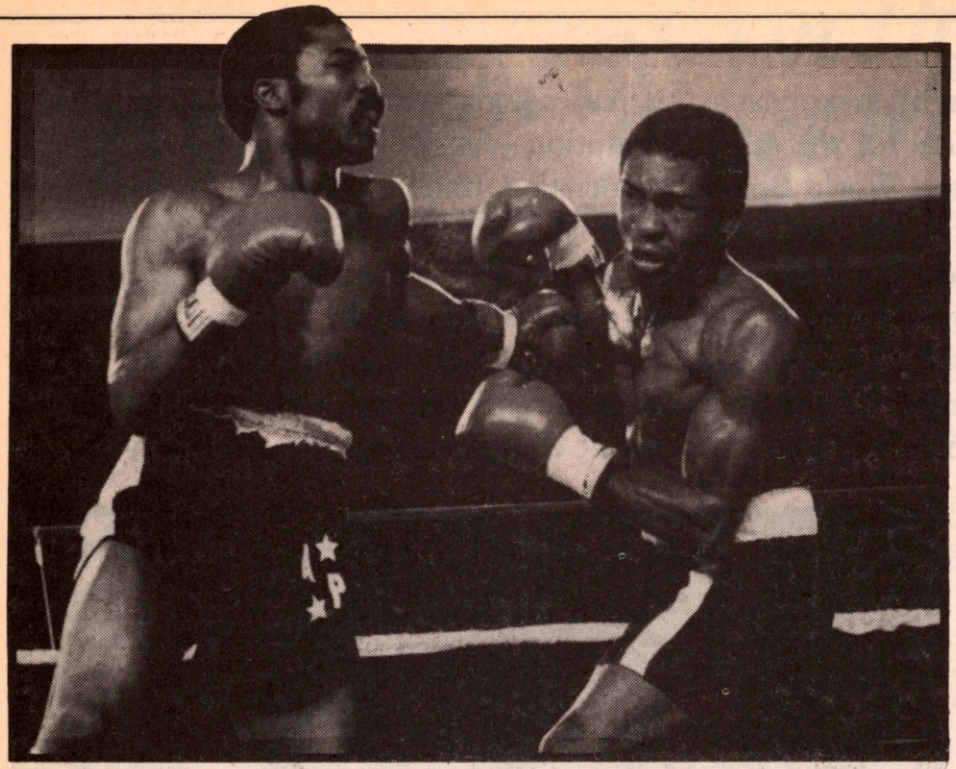
This is not a case of white sports fans getting down on a black fighter, for race hardly seems to play a role in Pryor's lack of acceptance. As one fight fan, a black man who has followed pro boxing for over 30 years, explained: "I think Pryor's a good fighter. But he's a hot dog in the ring and he's worse out of the ring. I don't like that."

There was not enough mustard in all of Cincinnati to cover Pete Rose when he played for the Reds. He drew some of the same criticism, but he had the advantage of playing for a baseball team that dominated the sport for much of the 1970's. Pryor, on the other hand, does his strutting in the ring, without teammates for buffers. And he does it in a sport which draws only passing attention in Cincinnati, at best.

Pryor has always been aware of this feeling in the community. He has bemoaned his fate to the media many times. And the lack of attention in recent months was one of the reasons for his breakup with local restauranteur and businessman Don "Buddy" LaRosa. Naturally, because LaRosa is well-known and well-liked in Cincinnati, the rift between he and Pryor added fuel to a fire already making Pryor hot around the collar.

The Aaron Pryor saga began in 1977 when he was convinced by a group of local businessmen to turn professional. Following his loss to Davis, who, like Sugar Ray Leonard, went on to become a darling of the ring at the Montreal Olympics, Pryor slipped from public view and languished in the never-never land of near poverty. At this point in his life Pryor could easily have found a way around his problems by going to the street. He certainly knew the way— his older brother had been convicted of armed robbery and is still





serving a lenghty sentence in the Ohio penitentiary as a guest of the state.

But Pryor was a boxer, not a thug, and to his credit he remained convinced he could still be a champion. His association with the group that staged his first pro fight didn't work out, and Pryor found himself back working in a supermarket when he was approached by La Rosa.

Buddy LaRosa, like Pryor, is a Cincinnati product. He was a good athlete in high school shortly after WW II, especically in football. He started in the pizza business with one pizza parlor in the city's west side, built it into a thriving concern and eventually franchised it into what now totals some 40 restaurants in the greater Cincinnati area. LaRosa wanted to manage a fighter, partly as an ego trip. But it was also an investment, for LaRosa, like many boxing authorities—including Olympic official Rollie Schwartz—recognized Pryor's potential. The deal was made and a contract signed splitting purses down the middle with LaRosa paying all the expenss. Additionally, Pryor was up on LaRosa's payroll as a 'Sports Consultant" at $200 a week to anable Pryor to concentrate on his training.

Occasionally Pryor emerged from LaRosa's financial shadow, bolting once to Florida with the Dundees and again to New York to work briefly with his old adverasry, Howard Davis. But he always returned to Cincinnati. And LaRosa was alwyas waiting. His friends told him to drop the fighter during this time; but LaRosa was convinced that Pryor would beome a champion.

By late 1979 and early 1980, nearly everyone involved with boxing knew that Pryor was The Uncrowned Lightweight Champion. Not surprisingly he couldn't get a title shot with anyone, a fact he occasionally lamented by criticizing the lightweight champs for fearing him.

Then along came Muhammad Ali Professional Sports Inc., better known as MAPS. Harold Smith, aka Ross Fields, chose to promote Pryor and set up the title fight for the WBA Junior Welter crown with champion "Kid Pambele," Antonio Cervantes. Movng up five pounds in weight had no affect on Pryor's speed and strength, and he stunned the visiting Latin American press at Riverfront Coliseum that Saturday afternoon in August of 1980 by hammering Cervantes and claiming the title with a fourth-round knockout.

It's at this point, many believe, that Pryor really began to change. Perhaps the weight of that crown was a little too hevay. Bing a champion isn't easy, especially if your name is Aaron Proyor.

The relationship between Pryor and LaRosa began to deteriorate, ever so slightly, after the Cervantes fight. It worsened after Pryor knocked out Canadian Gaetan Hart in his first title defense three months later. About that time, Pryor also dumped his trainer, Carlos "Panama" Lewis, one of the better trainers in the business and the man who trained Roberto Duran.

Three days after Christmas, 1980, Pryor was involved in a domestic squabble with his girlfriend, Theresa Adams and, acccording to police reports, Adams shot Pryor with a .22 caliber pistol. The champ sustained a bullet hole throught the right forearm and a scratch on the chest. During this difficult time, LaRosa was with his fighter constantly, protecting him from the media and helping Pryor get things back together. Ironically, it took only about three months for Pryor to again find fault with his manager. This time he demanded—and eventually received—a new contract which split the purses two-thirds Pryor and one-third LaRosa, expenses coming off the top. During that period when attorneys for the two were attempting to settle the issue, Pryor turned down offers of $500,000 to fight Sugar Ray Leonard and Roberto Duran, although his largest purse had been $125,000 heretofore.

Again, Pryor was demonstrating his enigmatic qualities.

Pryor defended his title in June of 1981, KOing Lennox Balckmore in Las Vegas and again in November with a TKO of Emanuel Steward's fighter, Dujuan Johnson, in Cleveland. Immediately after the Johnson fight, Pryor and LaRosa held a press conference in Cincinnati where they told one and all they had patched up any differences and were ready to tackle the boxing world together.

But by now most of those close to both parties didn't pay too much attention to the show of mutual admiration. And sure enough, three months later Pryor announced through the press that he was dumping LaRoasa and would henceforth handle his own affairs. He hired a new lawyer, picked out a new public relations representative, and went to Atlantic City where he needed 12 rounds to score a TKO against an over-the-hill Miguel Montilla.

Where Aaron Pryor's career will go from here is anyone's guess. Apparently he and LaRosa are officially separated. A legal settlement of their contract, which still has three years to run, is in the works.

In the course of two years, Pryor has managed to alienate a large protion of the population in his hometown, turn away from some of his oldest friends—including people who had worked with him during his rise to fame and fortune—and found himself in the headlines over the shooting incident at a time when he certainly didn't need adverse publicity.

He talked a few months ago of leaving Cincinnati and adopting a new hometown. But that won't happen. Aaron Pryor, whatever his faults, is still a Cincinnatian and he'll remain so even when his career is over. "I won't move" Pryor said recently. "I just bought a new house (near the University of Cincinnati). I have to stay here and fight for my rightful place. I'm a man and I'll act like a man."

That might be the first time the still-young mind of Aaron Pryor has accepted responsibility. Maybe, just maybe, he *is* growing up. ■

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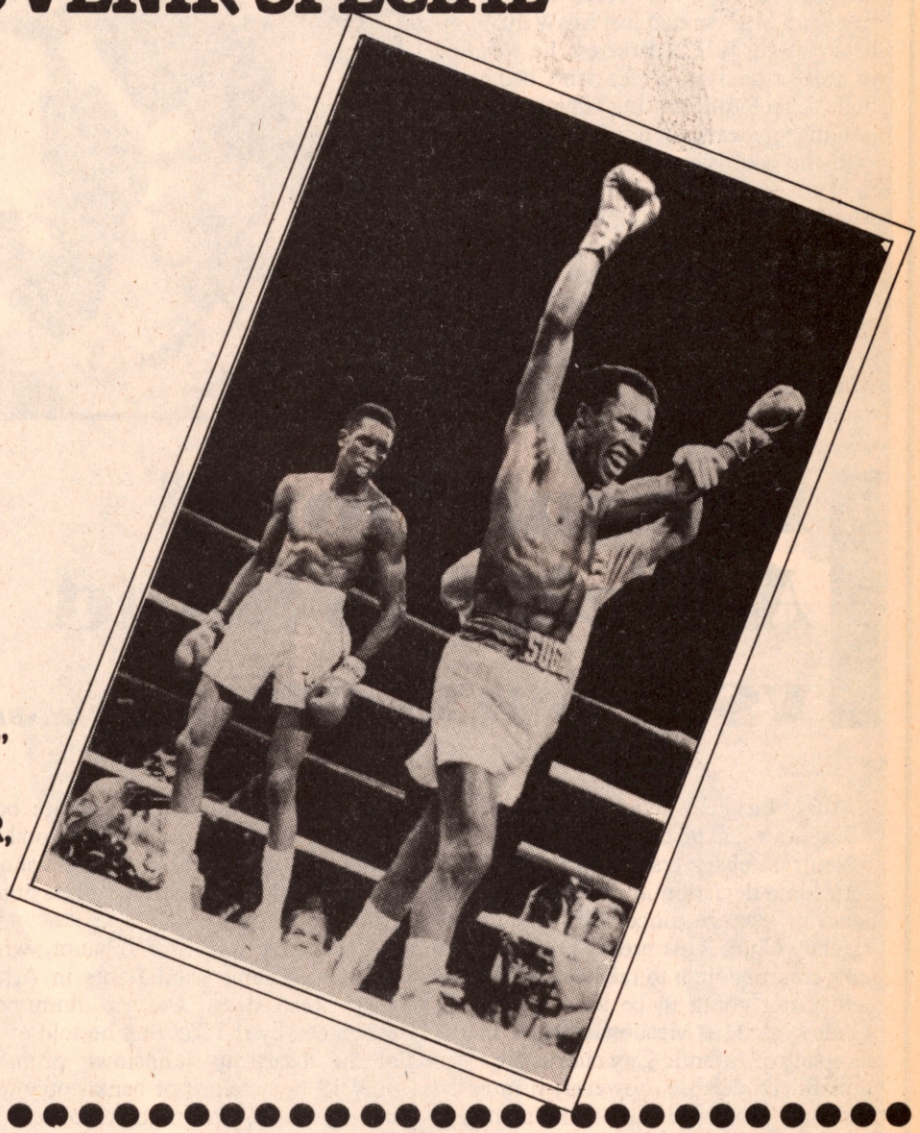

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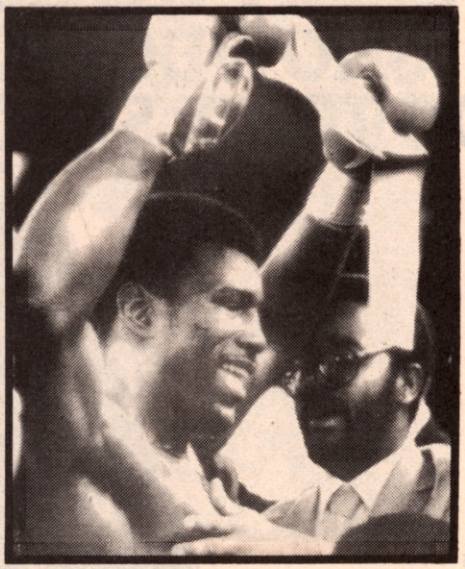
IT MAY be that Destiny, which has a way of working these things out, will bring Matthew Saad Muhammad and Dwight Braxton together one more time to settle the matter. But in the meantime, nobody can measure the gulf which separates them. In truth, you cannot say how high it is, how wide it is or how intense it is.



Boxing World A-Weights Saad vs. Braxton

BY JERRY IZENBERG

THE ONLY THING YOU CAN SAY FOR sure is the fact that it weighs seven pounds.

At least that's the way Bilal Muhammad sees it. You may recall that on the day Saad Muhammad lost his WBC light-heavyweight title to Braxton, he weighed in at 182 pounds, which isn't bad for a high school fullback but which is seven pounds too heavy for a light-heavyweight.

In the confusion surrounding his rush to lose seven pounds by fight time, Matthew lost something else. It is called the WBC championship. That was last December, but Bilal and the Ghost of Weight Watchers Past have become furious bedfellows.

Recently Bilal inferred that Murad Muhammad, who promoted that fight, had bribed the scale.

Murad furiously denied this.

The scale had no comment.

Neutral observers insist they have noticed no deviation in the scale's normal behavior pattern since that day in the Playboy Club. This proves nothing. Any scale smart enough to take a bribe sure as hell is not going to be seen at the 150 window at The Meadowlands or in the company of Atlantic City chorus girls.

In Bilal's defense, however, it must be said that you could put all the managers in the world into one room, pool their records and they still couldn't match his. He has had exactly one fighter and one world champion. It may be the best batting average in history.

In any event, scales have never been noted for giving boxing a good name—but then what could? Once, on a night culled straight from the dark side of the moon in Johnstown, Pa., an energetic promoter named Don Elbaum promoted a fight card in which he featured Willie Pep and Sugar Ray Robinson in separate bouts. The fact that the sum of their total ages that night was just 11 or 12 years short of the age of the Dead Sea Scrolls is another story.

The thing was that Elbaum, who is promoting some solid fights in Atlantic City these days, was no dummy, as evidenced by the fact that he sold off half of the disastrous Johnstown promotion only 12 hours short of bankruptcy to the manager of a local night club, who told him "if I can't be the ring announcer, it's no deal."

"You drive a hard bargain," Elbaum told him.

But the thing about that night was that Elbaum knows, as does any good promoter, the value of a local attraction. A local light heavy had sold about 300 tickets (roughly half the house) and at the weigh-in that night his opponent checked in at 152 pounds.

"That's a 23-pound spread," a Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission retainer said. Pennsylvania Athletic Commission retainers are very good at math. "He can't fight."

"I got 300 gorillas in the audience who say he fights or they get their money back."

"What can I do, Don?"

"Gimme five minutes...and don't worry. I'll mind the scale."

Five minutes later, the local weighed in again. He came in at 157.

"Impossible," a bystander remarked.

"He took a laxative," Elbaum said.

"Makes sense," the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission retainer concluded.

That particular scale is not to be confused with the one so often abused in the State of New Jersey by the late Tony Galento. The clerk of those scales was an honest but hopelessly nearsighted fellow named John (The Painter) Donnally. Both the nickname and the affliction can be certified by the fact that in the 1930s he contracted to paint a house while the occupant vacationed in The Bahamas.

He painted like hell.

It was a beautiful job.

He only missed the address by one house.

In any event, he weighed Galento for fight after fight. The scale he used was a small Fairbanks model generally seen in packing houses. Galento would walk through the door at 248 pounds. He would walk out at 228. Each time John the Painter bent down to see the numbers. Tony the Dieter leaned on the crosspiece.

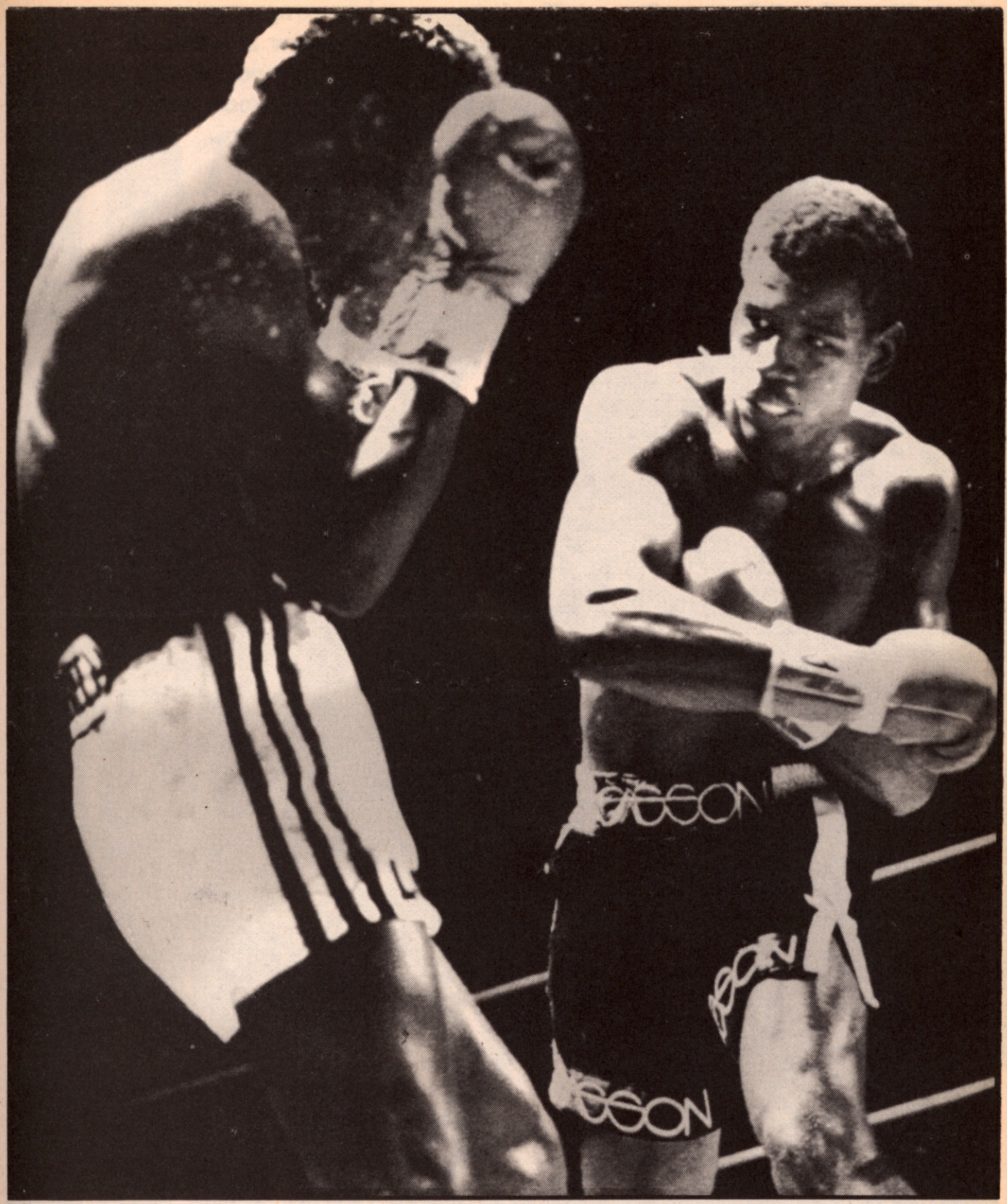
Whatever did or did not happen on the day Saad Muhammad lost his title to Braxton, all is not lost for his camp. Off his last win against Pete McIntyre he will fight Dwight again this July.

It has the ingredients of a winner. And rest assured that Bilal is too smart a manager to make the mistake another manager made in New York years ago when he brought three fighters with him from Italy. None of them—the manager as well—spoke English.

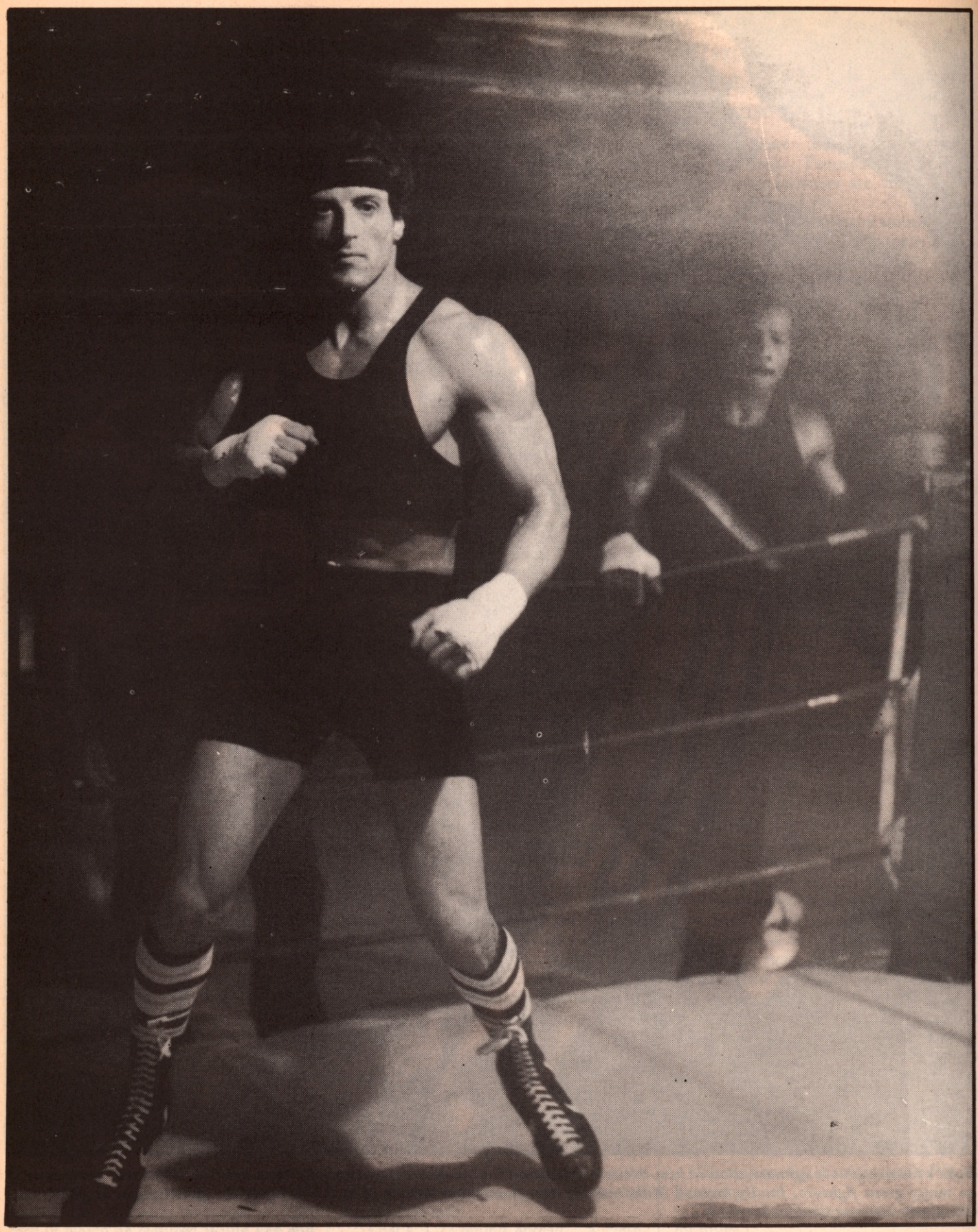
"Everybody strip," the interpreter said.

Whereupon the manager pulled down his pants.

The female clerk's screams were heard for miles.



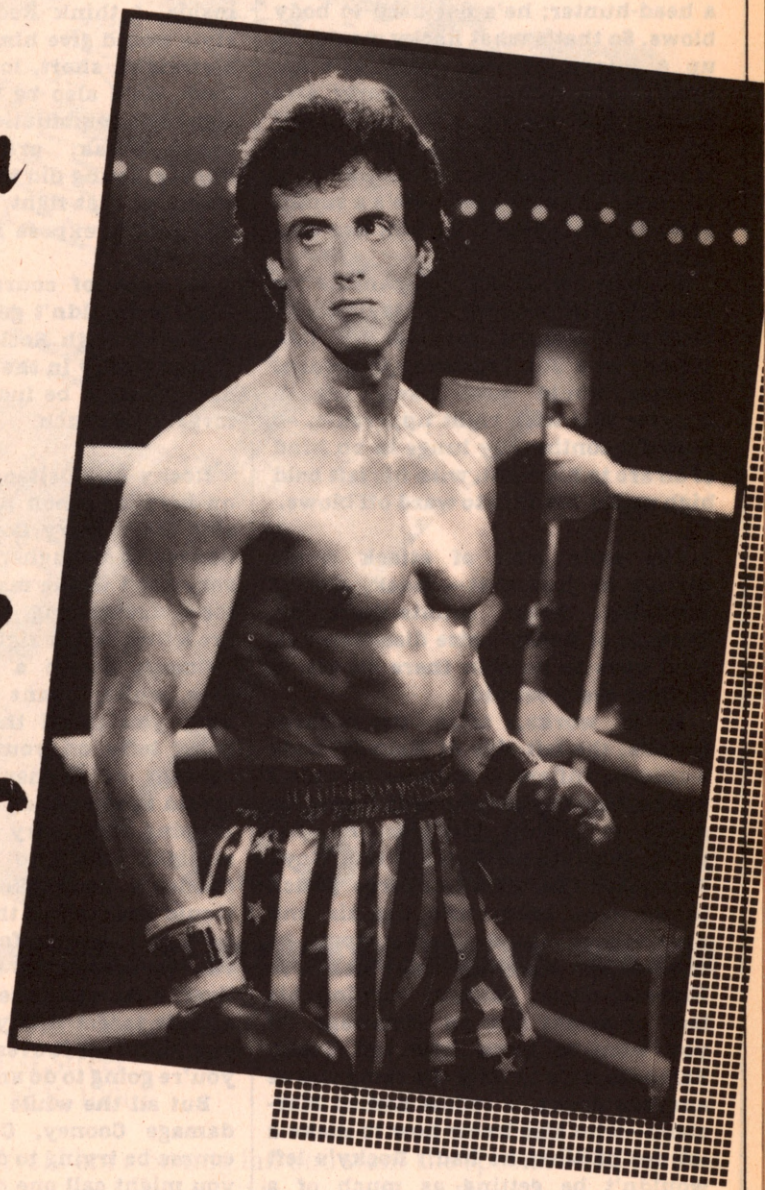
Saad's tremendous toughness allowed him to come back from the brink of defeat time and time again. Weight, that conqueror of so many great fighters, finally kayoed Muhammad, who found that having to make 175 pounds quickly against challenger Dwight Braxton sapped his strength.



ON THE proverbial eve of the Holmes-Cooney fight, Ring Magazine went to Sylvester Stallone in order to see how the celluloid champ, Rocky Balboa, would fight each of these two real-life heavyweights; and what he thinks Rocky's chances might be. Here then, are the two matches:

ROCKY

The Italian "Stallion" Comes Off Screen To Fight Holmes & Cooney For Reel



THE BIG ISSUE, ROCKY BALBOA AGAINST Larry Holmes, is sheer size. Holmes stands 6'3", Rocky 5'10"—and those are five life-or-death inches.

So, right from the start, Rocky would have to go in with a winning strategy to make Holmes' own size work against him.

Rocky's best defense would be to constantly lunge and go in low, especially to the ribs. Holmes is essentially a head-hunter; he's not used to body blows. So that's what Rocky would set up a flurry of: use quick attacks, lunge, back, lunge, back, never give Holmes half a chance to set himself up. Rocky would go in double-hooking to the ribs, a right hook followed by a left, over and over again. He's a southpaw, and this would let him use that to his advantage.

But how can Rocky compensate for that fatal five inches? By staying low, nullifying Holmes' monster left jab, staying in a Joe Frazier-type crouch. Holmes would most likely try to counter this with right uppercuts, so Rocky'd continually lunge in on kind of an arc to his right, with his left held high under his chin to ward off blows.

The main plan of attack would always be just that—attack, always initiating, never counterpunching. Because of Rocky's size disadvantage, he'd have to keep in there on top of Holmes every second.

If it works, after two-to-three rounds, the left side of Holmes' body would be inflamed. Holmes wouldn't have a choice—he'd have to lower his guard to protect his ribs. At that point, Rocky would play it like Floyd Patterson: fire off a kangaroo punch to the jaw, lunge into the air and double-hook. Inside, Rocky would be constantly applying his head to Holmes' chest, actually turning his lack of height into an advantage. (If you want to know how tall Rocky Balboa is, he's exactly the same size as another Rocky, a fellow named Marciano—who also knew how to make a lot out of what he had.) Rocky's left wouldn't be getting as much of a workout as it might normally, because he'd be busy guarding against Holmes' straight right cross.

I think there'd be a great deal of clinching and grappling inside, similar to the way Vito Antuefermo fought Hagler the first time. I can see a very brutal, in-close fight, with a lot of damage inflicted from 6-8 inches, with Rocky thowing a whole storm of short, chopping hooks.

But the main thing is that Rocky would never wait for Holmes, he'd be rushing every second, driving away at the left side of Holmes' chest. Rocky'd have to try to hurt Holmes early, not give him any time to mount a counter attack. He'd try to get inside, and once inside, I think Rocky's unorthodox style would give him a chance to land a straight, short, low left to Holmes' liver. He'd also be throwing a lot of right-left combinations on the break, every break, pretty much what Jimmy Young did to Ali. By the ninth round of that fight, Ali was gun shy, and had to expose his jaw to protect his torso.

All this, of course, assumes that Holmes wouldn't get that right cross of his through Rocky's defenses and flatten Rocky in the first round. If he did, it would be luck. But don't ever forget about luck.

Rocky had better have all the luck on his side when he climbs into the ring with Gerry Cooney. For Rocky, Cooney is a tougher opponent: he's a very good inside man, and his toe-to-toe is devastating, plus his uppercuts are lethal, left or right.

Cooney's also a converted southpaw, which means that if you press him, you stand the chance of him going lefty on you. But to take advantage of Cooney's power, Rocky would keep circling to Cooney's right, keeping very, very low and shooting straight lefts into the right side of Cooney's body. Rocky and Mickey would have talked this out before, and he'd go in aiming for one spot—about two square inches right by Cooney's liver. A man the size of Cooney is such a large target that you have to go for one place, hit it over and over again if you're going to do any damage.

But all the while Rocky's trying to damage Cooney, Cooney would, of course be trying to damage him. What you might call one of Rocky's leading priorities is keeping this from happening; and a good way to do this is to drive a straight left into the biceps of Cooney's right arm. One good shot like that can cramp an arm so it's half-useless for the rest of the round—if you can land it to begin with.

Rocky Balboa versus Gerry Cooney would be like a mongoose fighting a cobra. Rocky would want to come in low, and throw what would appear to be awkward overhand lefts. But those lefts are what Cooney would be most vulnerable to, since they'd be striking him on his open side.

Against Larry Holmes, Rocky tried to make Holmes' height work against him. Against Cooney, he'd do the same thing, tying him up, tiring him out. Strike and clinch, strike and clinch—this would make the most of the vast weight difference, wearing Cooney down a lot faster than Rocky.

All the time, Rocky would be circling, always towards Cooney's right hand, away from that left hook. Rocky would circle while keeping up the barrage of lefts to the liver and overhands to the jaw. The whole fight would be won or lost inside. The key to Cooney is not to give him leverage or a stationary target. But it's just as dangerous to try to stay on the end of his jab, just out of range. Sure, every time he throws a jab and hits air it tires him a little more, but the first time he jabs and Rocky gets in the way . . .

I don't see it as a pretty fight.

Now, the big question is, could Rockly win against Holmes and Cooney? Against Larry Holmes, I'd say "yes"—and that's because he beat Apollo Creed twice, and Creed is Holmes' kind of fighter. And Rocky has that something extra, tenacity and an amazing tolerance to pain. Rocky can take punishment like nobody else. Pain almost rejuvenates him, in a way.

So, Rocky can hang on. If he can hang on through eight rounds against Cooney, yes, I think Rocky could take him. Against somebody like Cooney, with all that muscle mass, a fight is a lot like bull baiting. All the dogs have to do to bring the bull down is grab one spot and hang on. The trick is not getting killed while they're hanging on.

That's how Rocky would do against Holmes and Cooney. How about Clubber Lang?

Clubber is the guy from Chicago who wants to take Rocky's crown away in "ROCKY III."

I'm not going to tell you the strategy Rocky decides to use against Clubber. For that, my friends, you'll have to see the movie . . .

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Two Trainers A Fighter & A Promoter Elected To Boxing Hall Of Fame

Barney Nagler On Ray Arcel Jack Blackburn Harry Jeffra & Jacobs

¶ The Boxing Hall of Fame, housed in the offices of *Ring* Magazine, elected four new members—in alphabetical order, Ray *Arcel,* Jack *Blackburn,* Mike *Jacobs and Harry Jeffra*—for 1982, bringing to 156 the number of boxing's elite enshrined in the Hall of Fame. ¶ The Hall of Fame is made up of three divisions: the *Pioneers,* elected by the Board of Directors for their meritorious service to boxing; The *Old-Timers,* made up of fighters who were active thirty years ago or more, selected by a blue-ribbon-panel composed of newspapermen, radio and television sportcasters, and other experts from around the world. This year the inductees include three men selected by the Board of Directors for their contributions to the sport of boxing, bringing to nine the number in the Pioneer Section, and, for the first time in history, those invaluable cornermen known as "trainees," in the person of Ray Arcel and Jack Blackburn. The Old-Timers selection commitee picked Harry Jeffra, fromer Bantamweight and featherweight champion. Unfortunately, no Modern boxer polled the necessary two-thirds to merit induction, with three former champions missing by the smallest of margins.

The Ring's poll of experts—and mostly genuine experts, too—picked Mike Jacobs, the promoter, Jack Blackburn, Joe Louis's trainer; Ray Arcel, another trainer, and Harry Jeffra, a former bantamweight and featherweight champion, as the newest members of The Hall of Fame.

This was a satisfaction because they belong, each for his individual achievements. And yet they belong for another reason, because a common string ties them together, each to the other, the way a string of pearls connects its lustrous gems.

As a promoter, Jacobs first sensed the role Louis would play in boxing. Blackburn was the man who took the block of marble that was Louis and brought out the truth within by chiseling away the rough edges while going just deep enough to preserve the best of it.

Of Arcel, who still works at his craft, though he is well into his 80's, W.C. Heinz once wrote, "Ray Arcel worked with seventeen world champions, and as one of the most gentle, kind, and refined of men, was concerned about the fighter as a person more than anyone else I ever knew. To him I would have entrusted a son."

And what about Jeffra? In 1937, when promoter Jacobs put on four title bouts in one night at the old Polo Grounds, Jeffra was on the card, challenging Sixto Escobar for the world bantamweight championship.

Jeffra beat the little Puerto Rican in 15 rounds and in Baltimore, his home town, he was hailed as the greatest thing to come out of that city since the invention of crabcakes.

Jacobs smiled that night, though the Carnival of Champions, as it was called, lost a considerable sum while serving the purpose for which it was intended.

Two months before the "Carnival of Champions" took place, Jacobs had promoted a world heavy-

weight championship bout in Chicago between James J. Braddock, the defender, and Louis, the Brown Bomber who was trying to become the first black to hold the title since the riotous days of Jack Johnson.

Braddock had floored Louis with a right to the jaw in the first round. "It didn't hurt much," Louis said later, "but it took me off my feet." He got up and warded off Braddock's right for the rest of the round. By the eighth round, Louis was in complete control of the fight. Braddock was bleeding from a wound in his lip. Louis teed off and caught the champion on the right side of the face, splitting it open. Braddock fell in a face-down dive and Louis was the champion.

Jacobs had paid dearly to promote that fight. He had given away to Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, a ten percent piece of his profits from heavyweight title bouts for the next ten years. But he was near his objective: taking control of boxing in Madison Square Garden.

However, the Garden, resisting Jacobs' campaign, insisted it would keep going with Jimmy Johnston as the promoter. Jacobs needed one more nail with which to seal Johnston's fate. The "Carnival of Champions" produced that nail.

The Garden was hard-pressed at the time to get matches involving even one champion. Here was Jacobs using four title-holders on one card in one night in a New York City ballpark. The event was a clincher. Within a year the Garden surrendered to Jacobs, who was on his way to monopolizing boxing in the United States.

Jacobs was not without allies. Actually, he was, in his role as president of the 20th Century Sporting Club, an equal partner with three sports editors employed by William Randolph Hearst. They were Damon Runyon, a Hearst columnist for three decades before his fictionalized Broadway characters became known wherever English was spoken and read; Edward J. Frayne, sports editor of the New York American, and Wilston S. Farnsworth, sports editor of the *Journal.*

For years the trinity had promoted boxing shows for Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Free Milk Fund for Babies. For all their facade, they were a rough-and-tumble trio known widely for the avarice they generated in the good name of charity.

Jacobs himself was a curmudgeonish product of the tough West Side of New York. He knew all the holds being used on Broadway and had, in his time, achieved a reputation as the most resourceful theatrical ticket speculator in town.

A man writing about Jacobs described him as "Hard-crusted and crafty and totally without formal education. When he was in need of a favor he was charming and warm and obliging, almost to the point of sycophancy; otherwise, he was a ruthless predator who had struggled up from poverty and had become the foremost promoter of boxing in the world."

In time he would be called "Monopoly Mike" and he worked hard to maintain his reputation. The years from 1937 to 1949 were raucous ones in boxing. Jacobs prospered until and right through World War II; he withstood libel, slander, and founded accusations on all sides. When Red Smith dubbed him "Monopoly Mike," nobody entered a demurrer.

He was described as "ruthless and arrogant," perhaps the most ruthless and arrogant dictator the business of sports promotion has ever known, up to, and including, Jim Norris. Neither Don King nor Bob Arum belongs in the same ballpark.

From 1937 through 1947, Jacobs promoted 61 world championship bouts and more than 1,500 boxing cards. His promotions involving Louis grossed receipts in excess of $10,000,000, and during his years as a promoter he sold 10,000,000 tickets worth $30,000,000 at face value.

He was accused of scalping working-press tickets, creating a monopoly in which he alone decided which fighters were to fight for world championships, and of holding hands with assorted underworld lords. But what he did was to hold boxing together in the difficult years of World War II, when most sports reporters predicted its doom. In the end, a physical infirmity did him in, but when he was active he was by far the most visionary of promoters.

It is not difficult to put him in his niche in the Hall of Fame because he was, in a way, ahead of his time. He was not the first to bring broadcasting into boxing, but he was a man who could measure accurately its possibilities in real money. He sold boxing to the Gillette Safety Razor Company and Gillette was a sponsor for many years.

His 20th Century Sporting Club sold out to Madison Square Garden for a mere $100,000, before the advent of big-time TV, but he was still at the helm when his promotional group put on the second meeting of Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott in 1948.

That fight was on home-TV, part of the Gillette Cavalcade of Sports, though there were relatively few sets in New York homes. But those who did see the fight on TV rushed out the next day to buy sets on their own. The stores were cleaned out. People in boxing were not surprised because some years earlier Jacobs, in his wisdom, had predicted, "One of these years fights will be held in small studios and be seen by millions on TV." Nostradamus had come to Broadway.

Before Jacobs got into the fight business, he not only scalped theatre tickets but prospered running steamship excursions between New York and Atlantic Highlands, N.J. If passengers got motion sickness he increased his score by selling them a weak tea he brewed himself and defined as a remedy for seasickness.

The passengers who escaped seasickness were suckers for another gimmick. These he would sell elastic cords that tethered hatbands to lapels to keep hats from blowing overboard. A man later wrote, "He could beat winds and waves, but not rain."

When Louis was champion, Jacobs matched him with Buddy Baer in old Griffith Stadium, the Washington Senators' park. Because the baseball season was on, the fight had to be scheduled without a "rain date" available. A cloudburst hit Washington at noon on the day of the fight.

"All afternoon," Red Smith wrote, "the streets of the capital were awash. All afternoon Jacobs sat in his hotel room with Rose Cohen, from his front office, and Harry Markson, his public relations man. All afternoon reporters hammered on locked doors. Jacobs spoke once.

" 'Call downstairs,' he told Rose Cohen, 'and order up some sandwiches.'

"About 5 or 6 P.M. the rain abated. Through a window Mike saw the skies begin to clear. For the first he showed his dentures.

" 'Me boy,' he said to Markson, 'I've been battlin' the elements all me life.' What he didn't know was that when the storm broke, Arthur Donovan, the referee, had taken refuge in a bar. Getting Arthur ready to go into the ring at 10 o'clock called for a minor miracle. Mike won that battle, too.

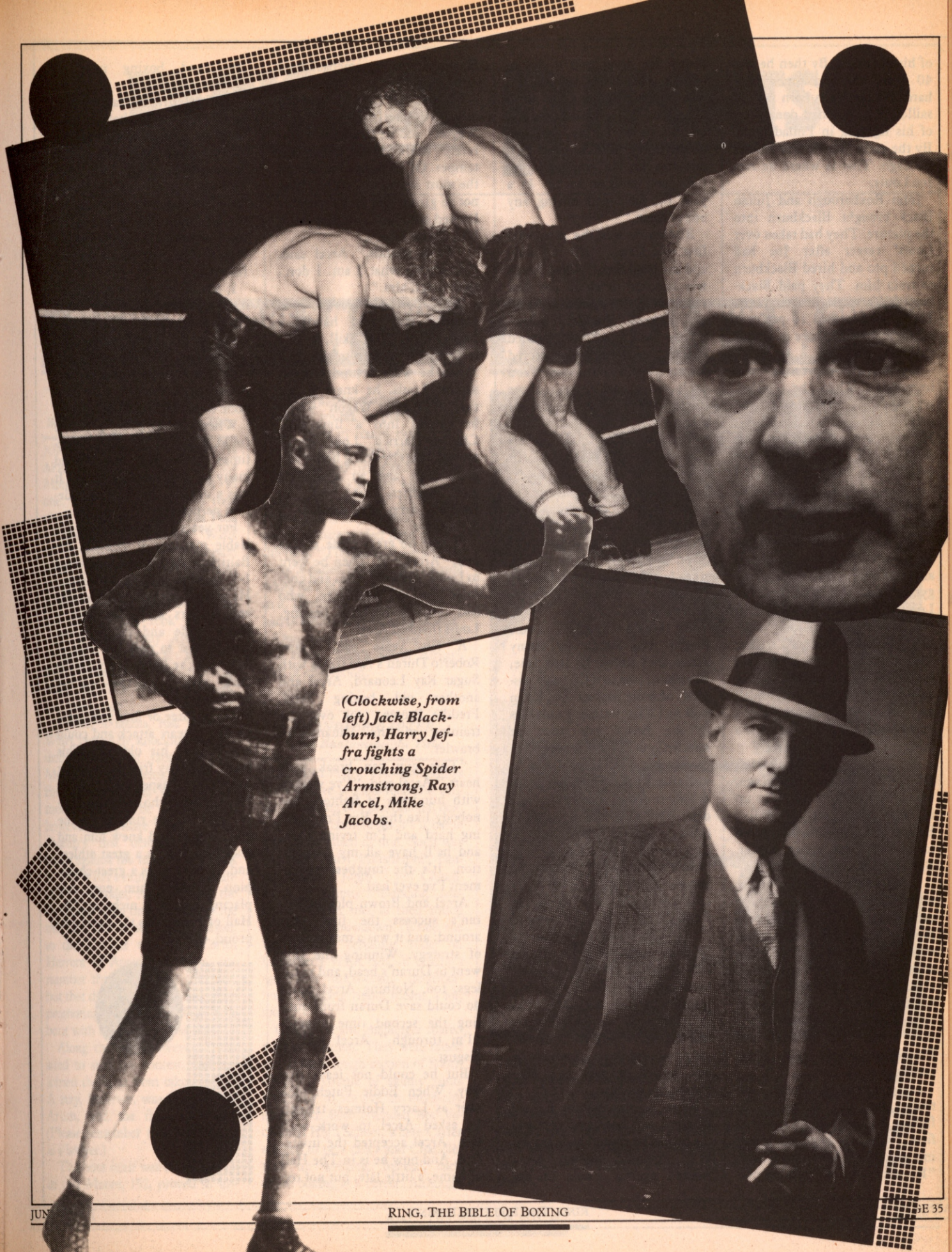
Mike Jacobs did not invent Joe Louis. If anybody did, the task was accomplished by Jack Blackburn.

In his time Blackburn was a great lightweight who, in another time and under other circumstances, would have been a world champion. But he was black and black fighters were hard-pressed to keep working in the years of Blackburn's career as a boxer.

During the first decade of the 20th Century, Blackburn had more than 100 bouts, many with Sam Langford, though Blackburn was only a lightweight. He went in with Joe Gans three times and withstood the great Baltimore fighter's hardest blows in no-decision bouts. He could move and punch, and his agility drew rave notices from critics.

In 1908 he went to prison for cutting a man in a love triangle and did a dozen years—hard—languishing there to reflect for hours at a time on the waste of a promising career.

When Blackburn was freed in 1920, he resumed his career in the ring, but there was little left



(Clockwise, from left) Jack Blackburn, Harry Jeffra fights a crouching Spider Armstrong, Ray Arcel, Mike Jacobs.

of his old skills. By then he was 40 years old and times were hard. He had been born in Versailles, Ky., but had done most of his fighting in Philadelphia. By the early '30s he was around Chicago. That is where he met Joe Louis.

John Roxborough and Julian Black brought Blackburn into the picture. They had taken over Louis' career after Joe had turned pro and hired Blackburn to train him. They paid Blackburn $35 a week. In later years, Blackburn received 10 per cent of the managers' share of Louis' ring earnings.

Blackburn's expression was immobile. When he smiled, which was infrequently, he bared gold-highlighted dentures. He was tall and lean, and his skull, utterly devoid of hair, was marked by the stigmata of numerous brawls. He ran Louis' training grind with an iron hand.

The trainer was addicted to cleanliness. No dressing room in any training camp or boxing gymnasium was cleaner than Louis'. Blackburn insisted on it. He also insisted on total discipline. What he said as a trainer was absolute law and Louis paid him absolute respect. They called each other "Chappie" and they laughed at each other's antics, and between them grew a bond only death could sever.

In June, 1934, Louis left Detroit and moved to Chicago, where his mangers put him up in the apartment of Bill Bottoms, a chef who was hired to cook for the young fighter. Blackburn stayed with Louis.

"I liked training," Louis once said when he was recalling those early days. "I liked roadwork mostly. I would get up around six in the morning and run twice around Washington Park. It was about three miles once around." Chappie would wait for him to come back from roadwork. Then they would have breakfast and Blackburn would talk about boxing.

Louis trained in George Trafton's gym in Chicago. The fighter worked hard on basics at first. "Chappie kept me blocking punches," Louis said later. "He worked on my fighting positions. He never said things to swell my head. He never said I was a good fighter. He never compared me with other fighters, but he would say, 'You can do anything. You can beat anyone you hit, but you got to get into good position to hit. In a year I'll have you hitting any one of them.' "

Blackburn was the man who first told Louis, "Hit the body and the head dies." When Louis was knocked down in the first round of his title-winning bout with James J. Braddock, he got up too fast. Blackburn scolded him. "You should have stayed for nine," Blackburn said. "You can't get up fast enough, those folks won't notice you was down."

By 1942, when Louis had his second bout with Buddy Baer, in Madison Square Garden, Blackburn was sick. "His heart was giving out on him," Louis said. When they left the dressing room, Louis told Blackburn, "You won't have to climb these steps but once tonight, Chappie. I'll make this one short." Louis kept his word.

On March 7, 1942, Louis fought Abe Simon for Army Emergency Relief. By that time, Blackburn was in a Chicago hospital. Mannie Seamon had taken over as Louis' trainer. Louis was in the Army, but after he knocked out Simon in the sixth round, he went to Chicago to visit Blackburn in the hospital. A month later, Blackburn was dead. Louis' commanding officer permitted him to go to the funeral. Louis was a pallbearer and after the funeral, the Brown Bomber said, "I loved Chappie. He was a great fighter."

"He was a great fighter"—no finer accolade can be uttered in this business. It also goes for both Arcel and Jeffra.

Consider this: Arcel has been in boxing for almost 65 years and has never faltered in his devotion to the sport in which he has earned respect and allegiance and money.

When he was training Ezzard Charles, who has never received the regard he should have gained as a splendid fighter, Arcel worked against Louis in the Brown Bomber's comeback bout with Charles.

For years they had been calling Arcel "The Meat Wagon" and he had smiled correctly while never losing his temper. Of all fight men he was the most articulate, yet he chose not to give honor to a nickname latched onto him in jest by Mullins, the cartoonist.

"We're friends," Arcel said. "He knows what I am. I don't have to tell him."

What Arcel was—is—was enough. He could handle a fighter with great skill, in the training camp. And in the ring. When he went behind Charles against Louis, he knew at last that "The Meat Wagon" would be turned into a limousine. Charles "carried" Louis for 15 rounds, thereby doing honor to a great man and an absolutely great fighter, yet none in Charles' camp were exultant in his success.

"I take no great pride in this one," Arcel said. Then he went to Louis' dressing room and consoled the old champion, who had taken a frightful beating. Louis thanked Arcel.

A few years ago, before Roberto Duran's two fights with Sugar Ray Leonard, Arcel and another old boxing hand, Freddie Brown, took over the training of the Panamanian brawler.

"This guy can break your heart," Arcel said. "I've worked with hundreds of fighters, but nobody like this. But I'm working hard and I'm trying hard, and he'll have all my cooperation. It's the toughest assignment I've ever had."

Arcel and Brown plotted Duran's success the first time around; and it was a masterpiece of strategy. Winning the title went to Duran's head, and to his legs, too. Nothing Arcel could do could save Duran from quitting the second time around. "I'm through," Arcel said in disgust.

But he could not leave this way. When Eddie Futch took over as Larry Holmes' trainer, he asked Arcel to work with him. Arcel accepted the invitation. And now he is in The Hall of Fame, a little late, but not too late, and boxing men are pleased.

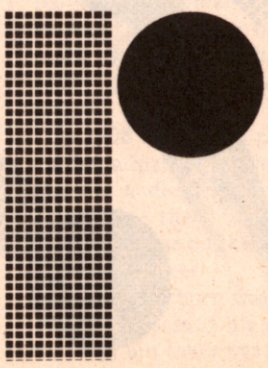
As for Jeffra, he had the good sense long ago to alter his name when he went into boxing. Ignacius Pasquali Guiffi was born in Baltimore on Nov. 30, 1914. Nobody ever rooted for Guiffi; they have been cheering for Jeffra for years. He is one of the most popular athletes in the history of H.L. Mencken's wonderful town.

It has long been held that Jeffra went into the wrong game. He should have become a professional golfer. He did very well in his 14-year boxing career, winning the 118-pound and 126-pound titles, but he may have done even better as a golf pro.

When he was going good, he could shoot in the 80's, sometimes in the 70's, and hustled many an unsuspecting friend. It was a deed perpetrated by a decent perpetrator.

For years Jeffra worked as the stable manager at Pimlico, the Baltimore race course, and was a 1-5 favorite among horsemen. He greeted hundreds of trainers and owners each day with a ready smile and people came around just to pass the time of day with the little man with the dark eyes and the smiling countenance.

Then, three or four years ago, he had a heart attack and could not stay at his old job. This made his many friends in racing unhappy, especially those among them who had seen Harry Jeffra in the ring or on the golf course and knew him and respected him as a great athlete and, in boxing, as a great champion. Stuffing him now and placing him in a niche in The Hall of Fame does the pantheon proud, indeed.



RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHT OF THE MONTH

MOORE-WEIR
WBA Junior Middleweight Title

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA—This "Fight of the Month" involved two fights in one. The more obvious one took place in Johannesburg's Ellis Park Tennis Stadium between WBA junior middleweight champion Davey Moore of New York and challenger Charlie Weir of South Africa. The less obvious—but no less furious—one took place in court between Tony Ayala, Jr.'s manager, Lou Duva, and the fight's promoter, Bob Arum of Top Rank, Inc. The WBA was, ahem, also mentioned.

Moore, it seems, had won the WBA crown by knocking out Tadashi Mihara in Japan—a fight Moore got by agreeing to make his first defense against Weir for promoter Arum. The WBA rules, however, stipulate that a new champ's first defense must be made against the number one (that is, the WBA's number one) "available" contender. Ayub Kalule, the ex-champ rated first, passed up the title shot for some strange reason, as did number two man Carlos Herrera of Argentina. Ayala, the number three contender, did not, but that didn't stop Top Rank from promoting the Moore-Weir title bout with the WBA's blessing.

Along the way, however, Duva sued to stop the contest, and enjoined the bout from taking place. A stay, however, was obtained by Arum, and the fight went on. (Please remember that Bob Arum is a lawyer.)

The bout itself was exciting only in that Moore, 152, proved so unexpectedly devastating. After an even first round, he put Weir, 151, down twice in round two from a left hook and a flurry, floored him again with two rights and a combo in the third, knocked him down two more times in the fourth round, and finally knocked him out with a picture perfect right hand in the fifth. "The Silver Assassin," as Weir is called because of a natural white lock of hair he has, was never in it. Davey fought as if he knew he had to score a kayo in order to win.

One more note: the ring canvas was black. That's South Africa's idea of integration.

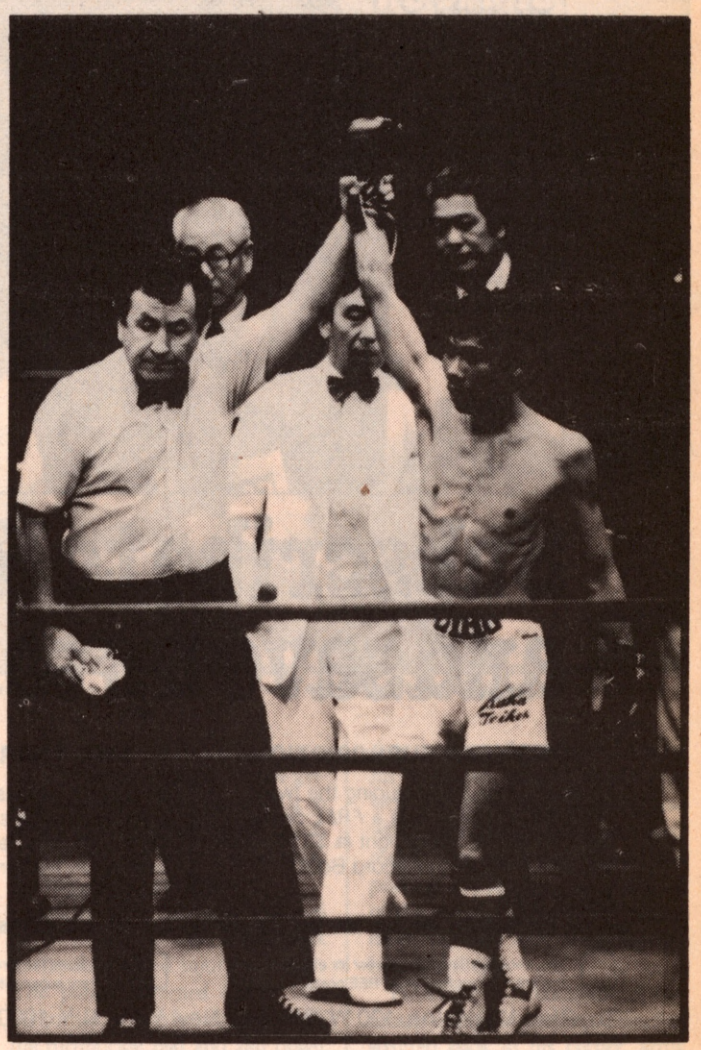
(04-26-82)

CHANDLER-CARTER
WBA Bantamweight Title

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Sometimes there's more at stake than the winning or losing of a professional boxing crown. Sometimes it's a battle for turf as much as title. Such was the case when Philadelphia bantamweights "Joltin' " Jeff Chandler and Johnny "Dancing Machine" Carter met in their much anticipated showdown. While the big money certainly rode on Chandler's WBA belt, in boxing's egocentric microcosm, neighborhood bragging rights meant a lot, too.

Champion and challenger shared a lot in common. They were raised in the same tough section of South Philly, a couple of skinny runts scrapping to survive an inner-city childhood. Both attended Boc Vocational High School, where Carter studied to be a tailor and Chandler took up welding. Instead, each chose boxing as a career. Although

FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



Japan's Jiro Watanabe had lost a hairline, but unanimous, decision to WBC super flyweight champion Chul-Ho Kim in Seoul on April 22, 1981. Watanabe had been undefeated up to that point, but there was room to improve, and improve he did. Defending WBA junior bantamweight champion Rafael Pedroza found himself almost a shutout loser to the southpaw from Osaka, who had picked up some knowledge of infighting to go with his speed and boxing talents. Watanabe's triumph makes him *The Ring's* "Fighter of the Month."

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they followed different roads to the top, it seemed inevitable that their paths would eventually cross. The fact that it was for world honors was icing to the cake.

The rivalry was not just convenient promotional hyperbole. Carter had handed Chandler his only boxing loss when they were still amateurs, a small detail that Chandler was anxious to rectify. The needle between the pair seemed genuine and the difference of opinion among their supporters was definitely intense.

"Jeff, I've got two months' mortgage money bet on you," screamed one fan as the fighters made their entrance. To say that feelings were running high would be an understatement. It was, as Chandler later said, "a very hysterical event."

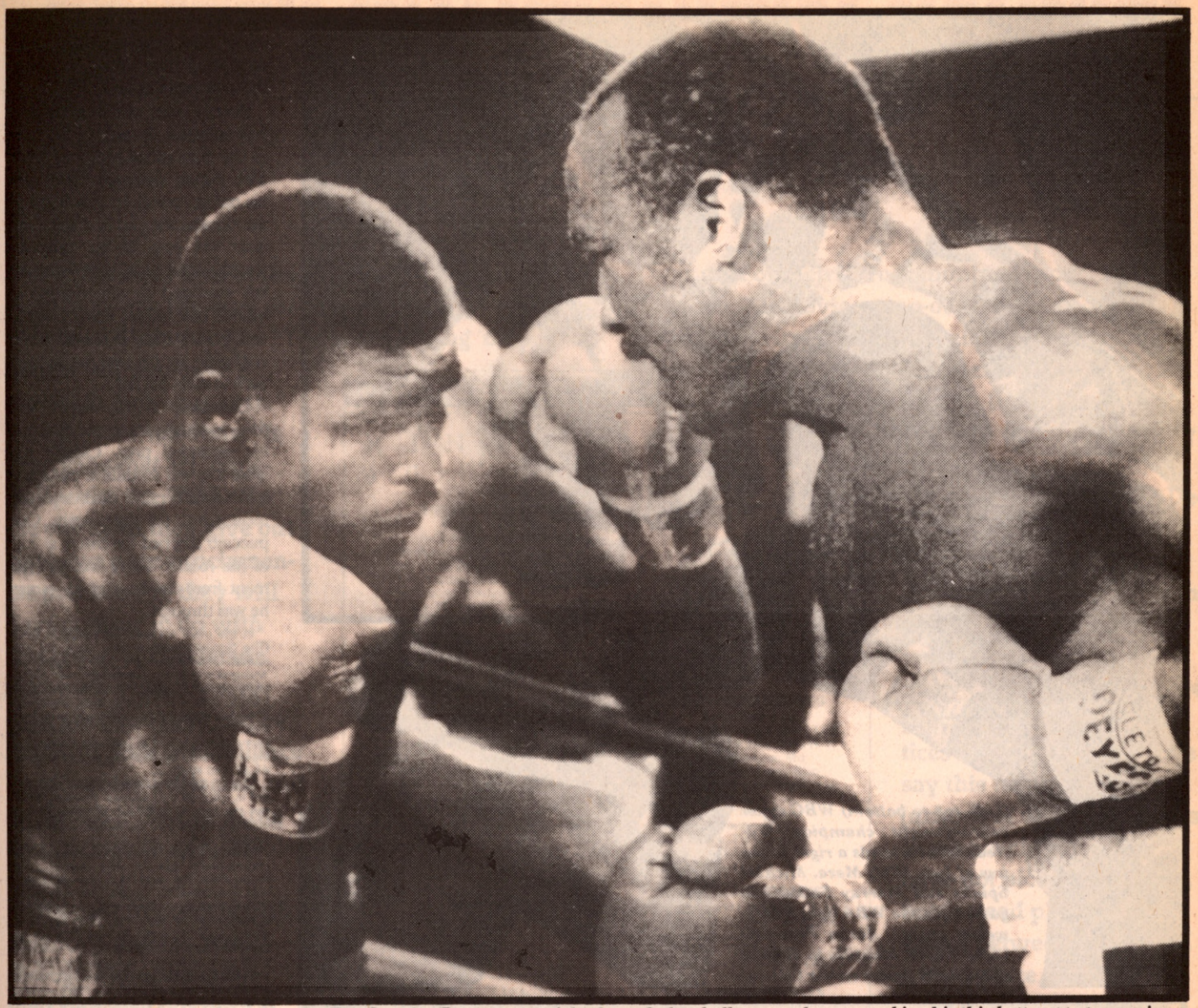
Carter sprinted to an early lead over the first two rounds. His darting, dancing style seemed to give Carter problems. The champ missed several punches as "The Dancing Machine" bounced around, shifting directions, from side-to-side, feinting with his body and then quickly pulling away from harm's way. As his confidence grew, Johnny popped in flashy counters, scoring well with both hands. Even if his punches were not particularly hurtful, they were embarrassingly obvious.

"I felt him out the first two rounds," said Jeff. "I saw he was jumping in off his feet, throwing punches. There was no defense at all."

A strange thing happened in the third. Carter began to stand his ground, suddenly willing to take a punch to land one. Was he crazy? Johnny is too fragile for this kind of stuff and Chandler quickly took advantage of the situation, connecting with short jarring punches on the inside. It wasn't long before Carter started to wilt, dramatically.

"At the beginning of the fight, I wasn't sure what punch I could hit him with," said Chandler. "Then i saw that he was easy to hit with left hooks in close, so I went to a couple of hooks. Then I started working the straight right hand in his face, and once that worked, I could go to even more powerful hooks. He just slowed down to a walk. There was no bounce to him."

What Chandler saw and did is not in question. He performed like the champion he is, showing all the



Dwight Braxton menaces Jerry Martin. The Camden Buzzsaw ate right through the challenger, who was making his third attempt at annexing a world crown.

signs of a great-in-the-making. What puzzled most observers is why Carter stopped moving and elected to stand and trade—a tactic tantamount to suicide.

"Sometimes a cut changes your whole plan," claimed Carter. "Your corner keeps telling you that it's all right, but deep down inside, you don't know how bad it is."

This explanation doesn't wash. Carter was down off his toes, gunning belly-to-belly by the third. A small abrasion under his right eye didn't appear until the fourth. Maybe his early success gave Johnny false confidence? Chandler, however, seemed to think it was inevitable that Carter would blow his cool.

"I knew he was a hot dog. I knew he wouldn't pay any attention to his fight plan," said Jeff scornfully. "How many sensible bantamweights would run right at the top dog in the division? How many? I think I'm the hardest puncher in the division. How many guys would do that? Just a fool. And a kayoed fool at that."

Following the conclusion of the fourth and iffth rounds, Chandler strutted back to his corner, arms raised in victory. He knew it was only a matter of time, and a very short time at that.

The end came in the sixth. Chandler was stalking, looking for a way to get matters over with, even intimidating Carter by cranking up a fake bolo punch.

"The bolos were my way of getting him upset. He tried to do it to me by talking, saying things. So after hitting him with a good shot, the bolo really upset him."

Shortly after the bolo inflicted psychological damage, a left hook to the chin added injury to insult. The punch slammed Carter into his corner, where he ricocheted off the turnbuckle pad and slid down onto the seat of his baby-blue trunks. John was badly stunned, but managed to scramble up in time to beat referee Frank Cappuccino's count. Still dazed, a look for confusion on his face, he wobbled back to meet his fate.

Chandler, 117¾, wasted little time tracking down and finishing his wounded prey. Carter's legs were like wet strands of pasta, and when another left hook sent him reeling into the ropes again, Cappuccino stopped the match at 2:28 of the round. There was no argument from the loser or his corner; he was through.

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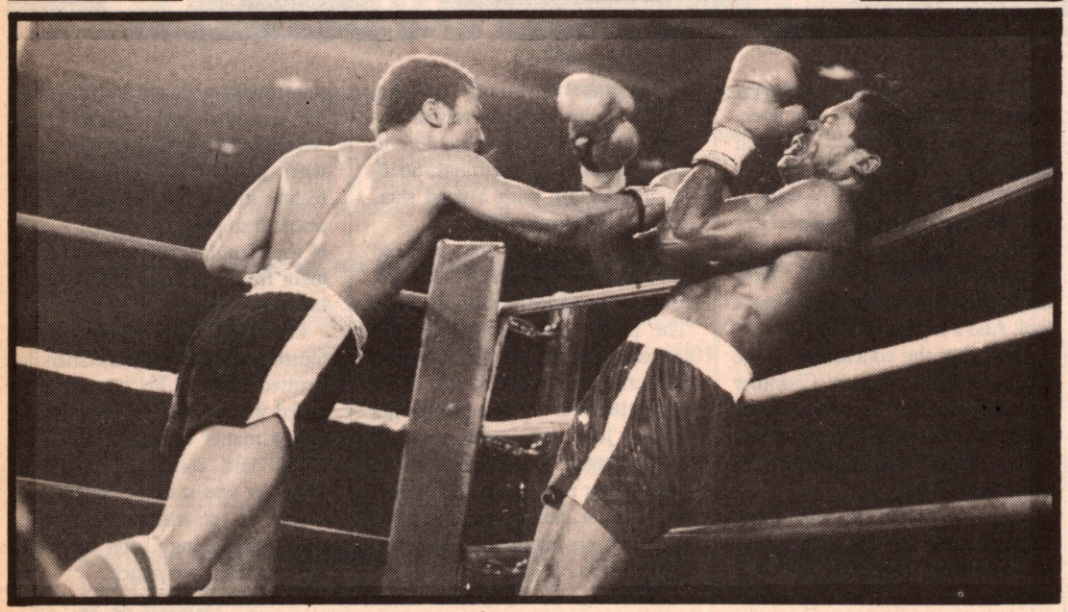
(Left, top to bottom) WBC super bantamweight champion Wilfredo Gomez lands a right to the jaw of Juan (Kid) Meza. Michael Spinks and Murray Sutherland go at it for the WBA light heavyweight crown. Aaron Pryor attacks Miguel Montilla in defense of his WBA junior welter title.



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In the main support, Philadelphian Kevin (The Spoiler) Howard lived up to his nickname, upsetting highly touted Bobby Joe Young in a thrilling welterweight war that left both boxers looking like they had been worked over with baseball bats. There were enough lumps, bumps, and blood to supply a lifetime of "Rocky" movies. It was bombs away from first bell to last, with Howard taking a majority decision by scores of 48-45, 47-46, and 46-46.

Young, 147, Steubenville, Ohio, slipped a tad to 14-2 with 13 kayoes. Howard, 150¼, ran his record to 14-2-1, with seven early endings. Would it be too sadistic to ask for an encore?

Johnny Cooper, 148½, Phila., avenged his controversial loss to Mike Picciotti, 148, Ridley Park, Pa., scoring a unanimous decision in another 10. Cooper, you may recall, was shafted by the New Jersey State Athletic Commission last year. They made him put his gloves back on and continue after the referee had awarded him a cut-eye TKO. Picciotti went on to win a split nod that time, but took a solid drubbing in the rematch. Cooper lefthanded him into a bloody mess, winning by scores of 49-44, 47-45, and 46-45.

In prelim action, Charlie (Cho Cho) Brown, 136 ¾, Phila., TKO'd Derek Cuttino, 137½, Paterson, N.J., at 2:24 of the sixth. Fulgencio Martines, 147, TKO'd Henry Wilson, 149½, at 2:48 of the second. Both from Philly. Granny Michell, 130¼, Pottstown, kayoed Alfonso Mitchell, 128½, Phila., in 2:38 0f the first. Eddie Tyler, 156, Pittsburgh, won a unanimous decision over Steve Naylor, 152½, Phila., four.

Title fight judges—Tommy Cross, Carol Polis, Eddie Woods.

Alternate Referees—Andy (Kid) DePaul and Ozzie Sadler.

Main event televised live over NBC-TV.

Promoter—Peltz Boxing Promotions, Inc.

(03-27-82)

NIGEL COLLINS

BRAXTON-MARTIN
WBC Light Heavyweight Title

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—Dwight Braxton, the self proclaimed Camden Buzzsaw, showed the boxing world that he is just what he claims to be—devastating.

Braxton, in his first title defense since demolishing Saad Muham-

RING'S INTERNATIONAL RATINGS

One of the local wits at the United Nations—they must have one the way they're functioning—once described diplomacy as "The art of saying 'nice doggie' 'till you have a chance to pick up a rock."

Right now television is practicing that art. Especially with the WBA. On the one hand they give out righteous pronounciamentos proclaiming they will have nothing to do with that group of charlatans who write rules in very light pencil so they can be erased at their convenience (see Ringside Editorial) and on the other they're using their ratings in non-title fights.

The case in point is CBS. And it's pointless. First, through Mort Sharnik, their in-house boxing expert, they recommend not doing business with the WBA until they clean up their act. Then, in the Boza-Edwards vs. Johnny Verderosa fight, they used the WBA ratings—which, ironically, had Verderosa, the loser, rated by the WBA and Boza-Edwards, the winner, unrated. (Ring had Boza-Edwards second and Verderosa sixth.)

When asked about it, CBS Sports explained that it was part of their "Programming Practices Department," an obvious cop-out, or worse, if the Sports Department has abdicated its power to a department whose sole purpose in life is keeping the network out of trouble. By their supposed action, the Programming Practices Department has shown their callous disregard of the good of boxing; and, not incidentally, their own network. Unlike the diplomacy CBS thinks they have practiced with their Practices Department—and we say this tongue-in-cheek (unsure of whose tongue is in whose cheek)—they have not picked up a rock, but instead placed themselves between a rock and a hard place.

And, it is not improbable, as one cynic suggests, that the same CBS which was greeted with somewhat less than open arms at the recent WBA convention in Santo Domingo, might just have kissed and made up with the WBA in exchange for getting the rights to the Mancini-Frias fight. That makes more sense than assigning something as sensitive as selecting WBA ratings to the Programming Practices Department, doesn't it?

BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

RING RATINGS 40 YEARS AGO

From the June, 1942 issue of The Ring.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Joe Louis, Detroit, Mich.

1. Bob Pastor, Saratoga, N.Y.
2. Billy Conn, Pittsburgh, Pa.
3. Melio Bettina, Beacon, N.Y.
4. Harry Bobo, Pittsburgh, Pa.
5. Turkey Thompson, Los Angeles
6. Abe Simon, New York, N.Y.
7. Alberto Lovell, Argentina
8. Roscoe Toles, Naftel, Ala.
9. Buddy Baer, Oakland, Calif.
10. Lou Nova, Alameda, Calif.

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion
Sammy Angott, Philadelphia, Pa.

1. Lenny Mancini, Youngstown, Ohio
2. Bob Montgomery, Philadelphia
3. Richie Lemos, Los Angeles, Calif.
4. Slugger White, Athens, Ga.
5. Juan Zurita, Mexico City, Mexico
6. Allie Stolz, Newark, N.J.
7. George Latka, San Jose, Calif.
8. Chester Rico, New York, N.Y.
9. Vern Bybee, San Francisco
10. Maxie Shaprio, New York, N.Y.

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside, N.J.

1. Booker Beckwith, Chicago, Ill.
2. Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland, Ohio
3. Ken Overlin, Decatur, Illinois
4. Johnny Colan, New York, N.Y.
5. Billy Soose, Farell, Pa.
6. Anton Christoforidis, Greece
7. Joey Maxim, Cleveland, Ohio
8. Alabama Kid, Concord, Ga.
9. Tommy Tucker, Rockaway, N.Y.
10. Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Chalky Wright, Los Angeles, Calif.

1. Lulu Costantino, New York, N.Y.
2. Harry Jeffra, Baltimore, Md.
3. Pedro Hernandez, Puerto Rico
4. Abie Denner, Boston, Mass.
5. Jimmy Hatcher, Lake City, S.C.
6. Bobby Ivy, Hartford, Conn.
7. Sal Bartolo, Boston, Mass.
8. Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.
9. Mike Raffa, Weirton, Pa.
10. Jackie Callura, Canada

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion
Tony Zale, Gary, Indiana

1. Georgie Abrams, New York, N.Y.
2. Ezzard Charles, Atlanta, Ga.
3. Ernie Vigh, Carteret, N.J.
4. Tony Martin, Milwaukee, Wisc.
5. Steve Belloise, New York, N.Y.
6. Kid Tunero, Cuba
7. Antonio Fernandez, Chile
8. Coley Welch, Portland, Me.
9. Fred Apostoli, San Francisco, Cal.
10. Ron Richards, Australia

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion
Lou Salica, Brooklyn, New York

1. Kui Kong Young, Hawaii
2. Rush Dalma, Philippines
3. Manuel Ortiz, Los Angeles, Calif.
4. Jim Brady, Scotland
5. Tommy Forte, Philadelphia, Pa.
6. Kenny Lindsay, Vancouver, B.C.
7. Peter Kane, Lancaster, Eng.
8. Tony Olivera, San Francisco
9. Freddie Pope, Columbus, Ohio
10. Benny Goldberg, Detroit, Mich.

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion
Freddie Cochrane, Elizabeth, N.J.

1. Ray Robinson, New York, N.Y.
2. Jackie Wilson, Los Angeles
3. Charley Burley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
4. Cocoa Kid, Puerto Rico
5. Young Kid McCoy, Detroit, Mich.
6. Tony Motisi, Chicago, Ill.
7. Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh, Pa.
8. Marty Servo, Schenectady, N.Y.
9. Holman Williams, Detroit, Mich.
10. Harry Teaney, Cleveland, Ohio

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion
Title Vacant

1. Jackie Paterson, Scotland
2. Little Dado, Philippines
3. Sammy Reynolds, England
4. Joe Curran, England
5. Luis Castillo, Cuba
6. Paddy Ryan, Lancaster, Eng.
7. Small Montana, Philippines
8. Lupe Cordoza, Sacramento, Calif.
9. Humberto Espinosa, Cuba
10. Jimmy Gill, Nottingham, Eng.

GENUINE

Budweiser Presents The Ring International Ratings

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

LARRY HOLMES** . . . . . Easton, Pa.
1 **Mike Weaver*** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
2 **Michael Dokes** . . . . . Akron, Ohio
3 **Gerry Cooney** . . . . . Huntington, N.Y.
4 **Greg Page** . . . . . Louisville, Ky.
5 **Gerrie Coetzee** . . . . . South Africa
6 **Trevor Berbick** . . . . . Halifax, Canada
7 **James (Quick) Tillis** . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
8 **Randall (Tex) Cobb** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
9 **Tim Witherspoon** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
10 **Renaldo Snipes** . . . . . Yonkers, N.Y.

11. John Tate, 12. Jimmy Young, 13. Leon Spinks, 14. Bernardo Mercado, 15. Larry Frazier, 16, Pinklon Thomas, 17. John Denis

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(not over 175 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

DWIGHT BRAXTON** . . . . . Camden, N.J.
1 **Michael Spinks*** . . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
2 **Matthew Saad Muhammad** . . . . . Phila., Pa.
3 **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad** . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
4 **Carlos DeLeon** . . . . . Puerto Rico
5 **Jerry Celestine** . . . . . New Orleans, La.
6 **Murray Sutherland** . . . . . Bay City, Mich.
7 **Marvin Camel** . . . . . Missoula, Mont.
8 **James Scott** . . . . . Rahway, N.J.
9 **Jerry Martin** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
10 **Marvin Johnson** . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.

11. S.T. Gordon, 12. John Davis, 13. Bashiru Ali, 14. Mustapha Wasajja, 15. Vonzell Johnson, 16. Lotte Mwale, 17. Young Joe Louis, 18. Niva Tofaeoni

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 160 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

MARVIN HAGLER . . . . . Brockton, Mass.
1 **Tony Sibson** . . . . . England
2 **Frank Fletcher** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
3 **Mustafa Hamsho** . . . . . Syria
4 **Dwight Davison** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
5 **Fulgencio Obelmejias** . . . . . Venezuela
6 **Thomas Hearns** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
7 **Ray Seales** . . . . . Tacoma, Wash.
8 **Bernard Mays** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
9 **James Green** . . . . . Irvington, N.J.
10 **Alex Ramos** . . . . . Bronx, N.Y.

11. Wilford Scypion, 12. Vinnie Curto, 13. Ronnie Harris, 14. Bobby Czyz, 15. Teddy Mann, 16. Curtis Parker, 17. Robbie Epps, 18. Robbie Sims, 19. Mark Holmes, 20. James Kinchen

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(not over 154 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
1 **Wilfred Benitez**** . . . . . Puerto Rico
2 **Ayub Kalule** . . . . . Uganda
3 **Tony Ayala, Jr.** . . . . . San Antonio, Tex.
4 **Carlos Herrera** . . . . . Argentina
5 **Charlie Weir** . . . . . South Africa
6 **Davey Moore** . . . . . Bronx, N.Y.
7 **Roberto Duran** . . . . . Panama
8 **Gary Guiden** . . . . . Muncie, Ind.
9 **Clint Jackson** . . . . . Nashville, Tenn.
10 **James Green** . . . . . Irvington, N.J.

11. Walter Gomez, 12. Tadashi Mihara, 13. Herol Graham, 14. Luigi Minchillo, 15. Rocky Fratto, 16. Kenny Bristol, 17. Bruce Johnson, 18. Tony Braxton, 19. Carlos Santos, 20. Sean Mannion, 21. Nino Gonzalez

WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 147 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

RAY LEONARD . . . . . Palmer Park, Md.
1 **Thomas Hearns** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
2 **Roger Stafford** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
3 **Pipino Cuevas** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Milton McCrory** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
5 **Roberto Duran** . . . . . Panama
6 **Donald Curry** . . . . . Ft. Worth, Texas
7 **Colin Jones** . . . . . England
8 **Bobby Joe Young** . . . . . Steubenville, Ohio
9 **Kevin Howard** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
10 **Marlon Starling** . . . . . Hartford, Conn.

11. Randy Shields, 12. Bruce Finch, 13. Mauricio Bravo, 14. Pete Ranzany, 15. Luis Primera, 16. Davey Moore, 17. Chung-Jae Hwang, 18. Pat Hallacy, 19. Sean O'Grady, 20. Mark Harris, 21. Akio Kameda, 22. Kevin Morgan, 23. Hans Henrik Palm, 24. Jo Kimpuani

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
(not over 140 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

AARON PRYOR* . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
1 **Saoul Mamby**** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
2 **Jo Kimpuani** . . . . . France
3 **Dujuan Johnson** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
4 **Johnny Bumphus** . . . . . Nashville, Tenn.
5 **Leroy Haley** . . . . . Las Vegas, Nevada
6 **Miguel Montilla** . . . . . Dominican Rep.
7 **Monroe Brooks** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
8 **Steve Hearon** . . . . . Houston, Texas
9 **Willie Rodriguez** . . . . . Allentown, Pa.
10 **Billy Costello** . . . . . Kingston, Pa.

11. Lennox Blackmoore, 12. Bruce Curry, 13. Obisia Nwankpa, 14. Guillermo Fernandez, 15. Juan Jose Gimenez, 16.

How **The Ring** International Ratings Panel works: Boxing authorities from all six major continents have submitted their ballots—marked from one to ten to indicate their rankings under **The Ring**'s champion—to reflect their evaluation of the relative challengers' positions as of May 1, 1982. Their ballots were then weighted with scores of from ten (for a first-place vote) to one (for a tenth-place vote) and totaled up to provide the final standings. After the top ten were tabulated, those other fighters receiving votes were then listed in order, according to the number of votes received, from 11th on.

(AS OF MAY 1, 1982)

The names following each division received votes (in order of their listing)

***WBA champion** ****WBC champion**

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 135 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

ALEXIS ARGUELLO** . . . . . Nicaragua
1 **Aaron Pryor** . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
2 **Andrew Ganigan** . . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
3 **Art Frias*** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
4 **Ray Mancini** . . . . . Youngstown, Ohio
5 **Howard Davis, Jr.** . . . . . Glen Cove, N.Y.
6 **Gonzallo Montellano** . . . . . Bakersfield, Calif.
7 **Hilmer Kenty** . . . . . Detroit, Mich.
8 **Rodolfo (Gato) Gonzalez** . . . . . Mexico
9 **Edwin Viruet** . . . . . .
10 **Claude Noel** . . . . . Trinidad, W.I.

11. Roberto Elizondo, 12. Ernesto Espana, 13. James Busceme, 14. Curtis Harris, 15. Herman Montes, 16. Greg Coverson, 17. Jorge Morales, 18. Barry Michael, 19. Jerome Artis, 20. Cocoa Sanchez, 21. Orlando Romero

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
(not over 130 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SAMUEL SERRANO* . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Rolando Navarrete**** . . . . . Honolulu, Ha.
2 **Cornelius Boza-Edwards** . . . . . England
3 **Edwin Rosario** . . . . . Puerto Rico
4 **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon** . . . . . Mexico
5 **Bobby Chacon** . . . . . Pacoima, Calif.
6 **Yasutsune Uehara** . . . . . Japan
7 **Johnny Sato** . . . . . Stockton, Calif.
8 **John Verderosa** . . . . . Staten Island, N.Y.
9 **Ildelfonso Bethelmy** . . . . . Venezuela
10 **Carlos Pinango** . . . . . Venezuela

11. Chung-Il Choi, 12. Jorge Alvarado, 13. Hector Camacho, 14. Frankie Baltazar, 15. Enrique Maxwell, 16. Mario Vizcaya, 17. Il-Bok Lee, 18. Johnny Aba, 19. Leonardo Moreno, 20. Hector Cortez, 21. Alfredo Paiva, 22. Reinaldo Hidalgo

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 126 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

SALVADOR SANCHEZ** . . . . . Mexico
1 **Eusebio Pedroza*** . . . . . Panama
2 **Wilfredo Gomez** . . . . . Puerto Rico
3 **Juan LaPorte** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
4 **Rocky Lockridge** . . . . . Paterson, N.J.
5 **Ruben Castillo** . . . . . Bakersfield, Calif.
6 **Mario Miranda** . . . . . Colombia
7 **Pat Cowdell** . . . . . England
8 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . . Mexico
9 **Paul Ferrari** . . . . . Australia
10 **Patrick Ford** . . . . . Guyana

11. Reyes Gonzalez, 12. Marcos Villasana, 13. Guillermo Vallejo, 14. Freddie Roach, 15. Bernard Taylor, 16. Augustin Martinez, 17. Tony Santana, 18. Gustavo Salgado, 19. Bernabe Montanez, 20. Alcibiades Blandon, 21. Carlos Pinango, 22. Jung-Han Hwang, 23. Norberto Cabrera

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
(not over 122 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

WILFREDO GOMEZ** . . . . . Puerto Rico
1 **Sergio Palma*** . . . . . Argentina
2 **Mike Ayala** . . . . . New York, N.Y.
3 **Jaime Garza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
4 **Leo Cruz** . . . . . Dominican Republic
5 **Ricardo Cardona** . . . . . Colombia
6 **Lupe Pintor** . . . . . Mexico
7 **Roberto Rubaldino** . . . . . Mexico
8 **Juan (Kid) Meza** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
9 **Soon-Hyun Chung** . . . . . Korea
10 **Nicky Perez** . . . . . Tucson, Ariz.

11. Carmelo Negron, 12. Oscar Muniz, 13. Jorge Lujan, 14. Joaquin Acuna, 15. Franco Torregoza, 16. Jose Caba, 17. Carlos Mendoza, 18. Vilchit Muangroi-Et, 19. Juan Antonio Lopez, 20. Julio Saba, 21. Salvatore Melluzo

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(not over 118 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

JEFF CHANDLER* . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
1 **Lupe Pintor**** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Chul-Ho Kim** . . . . . Korea
3 **Kiko Bejines** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Albert Davila** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
5 **Oscar Muniz** . . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
6 **Eijiro Murata** . . . . . Japan
7 **Johnny Carter** . . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
8 **Jose R. Narvaez** . . . . . Argentina
9 **Rafael Orono** . . . . . Venezuela
10 **Freddie Jackson** . . . . . Houston, Texas

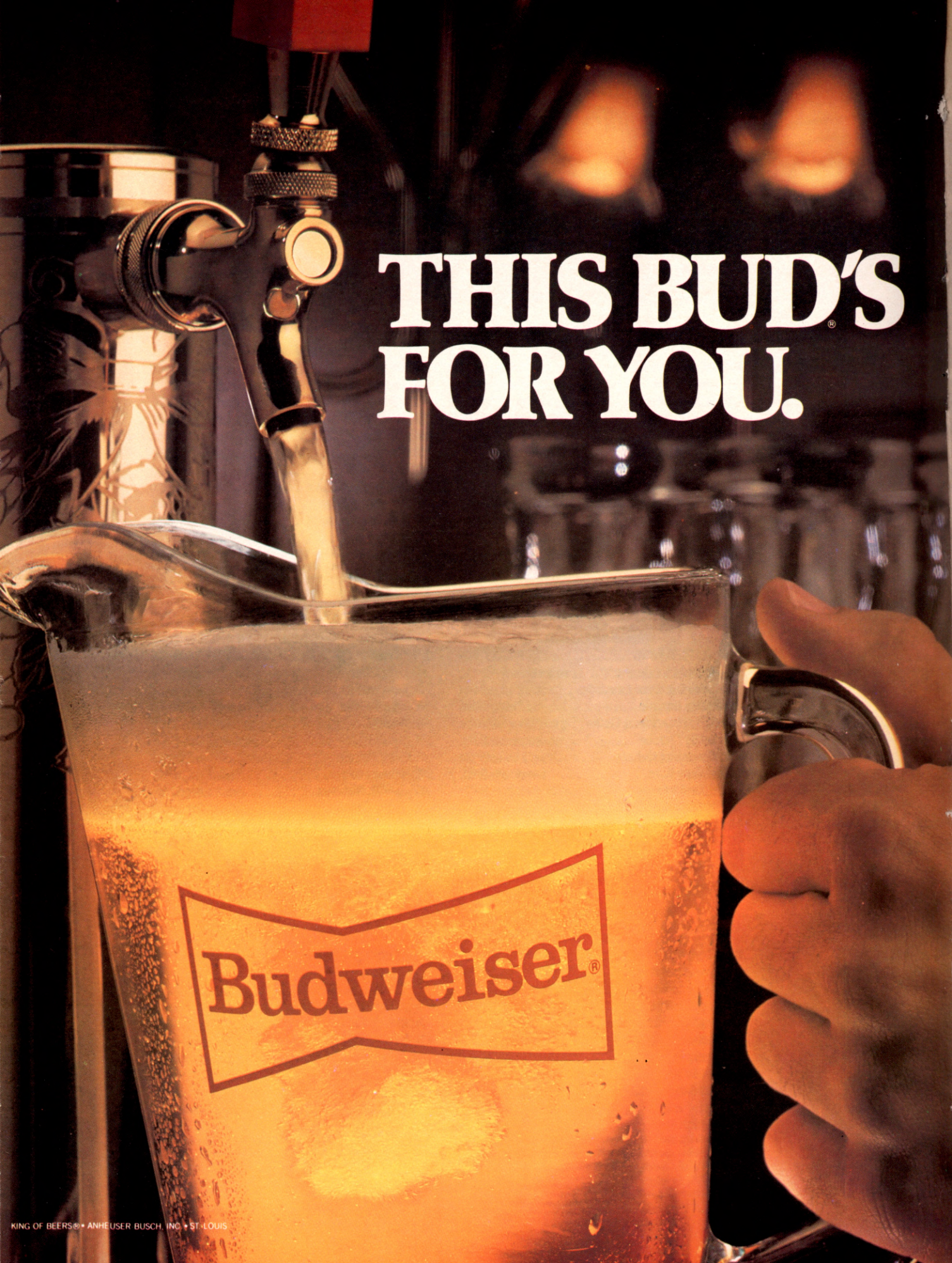
11. Jiro Watanabe, 12. Julian Solis, 13. Jaime Garza, 14. Carlos Bejarano, 15. Miguel Iriarte, 16. Jovito Rengifo, 17. Diego Rosario, 18. Welile Nkosinkulu, 19. Jorge Ramirez, 20. Ramon Soria, 21. Seung-Hoon Lee, 22. Artemio Ramirez, 23. Enrique Sanchez, 24. Shuichi Isogami

FLYWEIGHTS
(not over 112 pounds)
WORLD CHAMPION

PRUDENCIO CARDONA** . . . . . Colombia
1 **Juan Herrera*** . . . . . Mexico
2 **Tadashi Tomori** . . . . . Japan
3 **Amado Ursua** . . . . . Mexico
4 **Hilario Zapata** . . . . . Panama
5 **Katsuo Tokashiki** . . . . . Japan
6 **Antonio Avelar** . . . . . Mexico
7 **Hwan Jin Kim** . . . . . Korea
8 **Rafael Pedroza** . . . . . Panama
9 **Gustavo Ballas** . . . . . Argentina
10 **Candido Tellez** . . . . . Mexico

11. German Torres, 12. Luis Ibarra, 13. Betulio Gonzalez, 14. Juan Diaz, 15. Charlie Magri, 16. Reinaldo Becerra, 17. Gabriel Bernal, 18. Eleoncio Mercedes, 19. Alonso Gonzalez, 20. Stephen Muchoki, 21. Pedro Flores

GENUINE



KING OF BEERS® • ANHEUSER BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

mad last December, battered and bruised a hapless Jerry (The Bull) Martin around the ring until referee David Pearl stopped the contest at 2:30 of round six.

The champ, who had to shed three pounds to make the 175-pound limit, took command from the opening bell, mauling Martin, 173½, against the ropes. By the second round, Jerry had been on the canvas twice. A right-left combination put Jerry down, and no sooner was he on his feet than Braxton charged at him—bombing! Two more lefts and then a right uppercut almost put The Bull out of the ring. Martin survived the round, clutching and holding on for dear life.

From the third round on, Braxton was relentless, bombarding the dazed Martin with pulverizing lefts and rights. It was a tribute to Martin's courage that he managed to last almost six rounds. Braxton consistently rushed Martin, rocking him with powerhouse left jabs and searing combinations to the head.

This was The Bull's third unsuccessful attempt at a world light heavyweight title, and the WBC's seventh ranked contender later stated he might call it quits.

The champion was jubilant after the bout as he told reporters, "My corner told me what to do, and it worked. They told me to go to the body and then come up to the head."

Braxton added that he was surprised when Martin got up from the two knockdowns. "I hit the man hard enough to put a hole in a brick, wall," he exclaimed, "but he kept getting up again. He has a lot of courage and stamina. And I respect him as a fighter."

When asked about a title unification bout with WBA champion Michael Spinks, Braxton shouted, "I'm going to knock him stiff."

Edwin Rosario, 131¾, halted Dennis Quimayousie down with a straight right, and pummelled him with a barrage of combinations until referee Harry Drause stopped the bout. Rosario is now 25-0 with 24 knockouts.

Cubanito Periz, 139, knocked out Charlie Evans, 139¾, in 1:43 of the sixth round in a scheduled eight. Perez is now 22-0 with 20 kayoes.

Alberto Mercado, 127, kayoed Sylvester Price, 125, in 2:59 of the third round in their scheduled eight.

Juan Carlos Barbosa, 125, TKO'd Don Porter, 127, at 2:25 of the third round in a scheduled four.

The card took place before a capacity crowd of 2,200 at the Showboat Hotel's Sports Pavilion.
(03-21-82)

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MANAGERS' CORNER MANAGERS' CORNER

WATANABE-PEDROZA
WBA Junior Bantamweight Title

OSAKA, JAPAN—Clever southpaw Jiro Watanabe, 114¼, outboxed, outpunched, and outlegged defending champion Rafael Pedroza, 115, Panama, to win the WBA junior bantamweight title with an unexpectedly onesided unanimous decision at the end of 15 speedy rounds in Osaka Prefectural Gymnasium.

All of the officials came from the U.S., and their scoring was as follows; referee Larry Rozadilla (California), 150-135; judge Chuck Hassett (California), 149-136; judge Al Tremari (Illinois), 148-138. Rozadilla, in fact, scored every session 10-9, Watanabe. It was that kind of a fight.

There were no knockdowns, but the 27-year-old Watanabe was in complete command all the way. He had Pedroza at bay in rounds six, seven, and nine.

Moving to his right, the challenger took the first round with smashng lefts and cleverly avoided the champion's long rights. By round three, the hertofore cautious Pedroza had turned into an aggressor, but Watanabe countered him with well timed lefts and rights.

The fourth and fifth rounds followed the same pattern: Watanabe moving to and fro and countering the champ. Jiro was weak in the infighting department when he lost to Chul-Ho Kim in a bid for the WBC super flyweight throne on April 22, 1981, but his progress in that facet of the boxing game was evident throughout this bout. In round six, he bounced a strong left off Pedroza's head, pinned him against the ropes, and let loose with a flurry.

Rafael was game. He weathered that and similar crises in the seventh and ninth rounds to last the distance. In the 10th, he tried a lefty stance, but Watanabe landed fast right jabs to the pseudo-southpaw's face, and Pedroza soon reverted to his natural style.

If Pedroza won any round, it was the 11th. He squared off against the challenger and scored with light but accurate short punches at close quarter. Jiro, however, was ringwise enough to keep his distance. He stayed at long range and fought back with counterpunches. From then on, the contest was all Watanabe.

"Jiro was perfect tonight," said Kiyoshi Yoshii, Watanabe's manager. "He showed 100 percent of what he can really do." Former world junior lightweight contender Apollo Yoshio served as a special advisor to the challenger for this bout, and he seemed well pleased. "I kept instructing Jiro to use his fast footwork and punch in combinations. He listened and obeyed."

"I'm thankful to my manager for getting me this shot," said Watanabe. "I did my best."

"He was faster that me," admitted the ex-champion, Pedroza. "He wasn't a hard hitter, but he moved and punched faster. I had to spend my energy stalking him all the way."

Watanabe, Japan's 21st world champ and the first born in Osaka, is now 15-1 with 10 kayoes. Pedroza is 26-8-1 with 22 knockouts.

Mitsuo (Junya) Kushikino, 147, retained his Japanese welterweight crown by flooring Koji Sasagawa, 145, three times with solid rights for an automatic knockout in 2:10 of the first round. Kushikino is now 17-13 with 12 kayoes. Sasagawa is 6-8-1 with three knockouts. The scheduled 10-rounder was refereed by Nobumitsu Inukai.

Eijiro Kuruma, 126, won a unanimous decision over taller Masahiro Takagi, 125½, 10. Scoring: referee Ryoji Kashiwagi, 99-94; judge Hiroshi Matsumoto, 100-94; judge Hiroyoshi Yasuda, 100-94; Kuruma is now 18-4-2 with five kayoes. Takagi is 12-3-1 with five stoppages.

Southpaw Koji Okishima, 143½, eked out a split verdict over Scorpion Kitazaki, 144¼, six. Scoring: referee Uenaka, 59-58, Kitazaki; judges Fugita and Inukai, 60-57 and 59-57, respectively, Okishima. A dull affair.

Four-rounders: Takanobu Suzuki, 144½, made his pro debut by outpointing Tadashi Maruo, 143. Shinichi Sugita, 112, won a shutout decision over Katsutoshi Horie, 111¾, in the opener.

Ringside Physician—Dr. Hiroshi Suzuke.

Announcer—Torao Kimura.

WBA representative—Nick Kerasiotis (Illinois).

Nationally telecast by Yomiuri TV, the Osaka subsidiary of Nippon TV.

Attendance—6,700.

(04-08-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

TOKASHIKI-MADERA
WBA Junior Flyweight Title

SENDAI, JAPAN—Japanese footworker Katsuo Tokashiki, the WBA junior flyweight champion, barely kept his crown with a disputed split decision over Mexican challenger Lup Madera at Miyagi Prefectural Sports Center.

It was a difficult fight to score. Madera was the agressor all the way, but the defending champ was able to counter him effectively on numerous occasions.

Many thought Madera had won easily, but some experts gave more weight to Tokashiki's counters than to Madera's less effective body punches.

Former world champions Yoshio Shirai and Yoko Gushiken, who served as TV comnmentators, both scored the bout for Madera, giving him a five-point edge. A great many TV viewers concurred, and the protest was strong. Strangely, however, neutral foreign observers, like Albert Aleman, the WBA's representative, Caliifornia referee Chuck Hassett, and Illinois State executive secretary Nick Kerasiotis, agreed with the official verdict.

That official verdict was as follows: referee Stanley Christodoulou (South Africa), 145-143 and judge Eva Shain (U.S.A.), 144-141, both for Tokashiki. Judge Rodolfo Hill (Panama) had it 146-142, Madera.

This reporter carded 146-145, Madera.

Southpaw Hiroyuki Tada, 107½, the JBC's top ranked junior flyweight, was held to a draw by Katysumi Sato, 107¼, in the 10-round semi-final.

Takamichi Yamaga, 113¼, knocked out Nobuo Horigome, 112, in 1:57 of the third round in a scheduled six.

Four-rounders: Toshihiko Hamaguchi, 107½, stopped Hideo Midorikawa, 106¼, in 0:35 of the first round. Hiroshi Murada, 156, and Takashi Watanabe, 155½, drew. Hideo Osanai, 108, halted Tsuyoshi Yamada, 107¼, at 1:12 of round three in the opener.

Kyoei Promotions in association with Chiba Enterprises.

Nationally telecast by TBS TB of Tokyo.

Attendance—8,000.

(04-04-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

SPINKS-SUTHERLAND
WBA Light Heavyweight Title

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—The light heavyweight division is getting to be such an awful bore. The ranks are so thin that guys are qualifying for title shots more by default than anything else. Take Michael Spinks' eighth round technical knockout over Murray Sutherland for example. Sutherland, already blasted by Matthew Saad Muhammad last year, had also dropped a decision to Spinks before Michael won the WBA portion of the crown. Sure, the public relations people would have you believe that Murray was given his second chance because of the controversy surrounding the quick-count ending in his title but with Saad. Poppycock! The truth is, there was nobody else around. Jerry Martin had already been led to the slaughter three times and was thankfully unavailable.

Sutherland's camp showed plenty of brass, boldly sporting T-shirts that proclaimed: "Spinks will sink like the Titanic in the Atlantic." Unfortunately for Sutherland, the only way Spinks was going to sink was if an iceberg washed over the boardwalk and swamped the Playboy Hotel & Casino.

The fight was an untidy affair throughout, with both men thrashing about in the most ungainly manner. Spinks, never the most graceful of stylists, turned in a particularly ragged performance, his huge advantage in strength and punching powrer making all the difference.

Spinks, generally a slow starter, allowed Sutherland to jump off to a lead over the first two rounds. Murray peppered merrily away with an assortment of small-bore punches that succeeded in bringing a trace of blood to the champion's mouthpiece and a look of anger to his brow.

"He hit me with one of those uppercuts that he hit Saad with," said Spinks. "But not as bad." In fact, it merely served to stir Mike from his lethargy. It's better to let sleeping dogs—and champions—lie, as Murray quickly discovered.

A looping right rocked Sutherland into the ropes in the opening moments of the third. Spinks, 172, tried to follow-up, but Sutherland scampered to safety.

"You've got to move, Murray. You got to move," implored the challenger's corner. An early punchout was assuredly not their fight plan.

"We were hoping to take him into the late rounds," said Sutherland. "Our strategy was to win the early rounds by a small margin and conserve energy for later." As it was, he needed all the energy he had to survive as long as he did.

Referee Zack Clayton was kept busy trying to bring a little order to the generally sloppy, and often dirty, proceedings. He warned Spinks for holding behind the neck in the third and for hitting low in the fourth. Mike's were not the only violations.

"Things did get a little rough in there," admitted the champ. "He was throwing elbows, a few heads, so when he came in, I pulled him down, completely out of the way. I didn't want to get caught in the lip or around the eye."

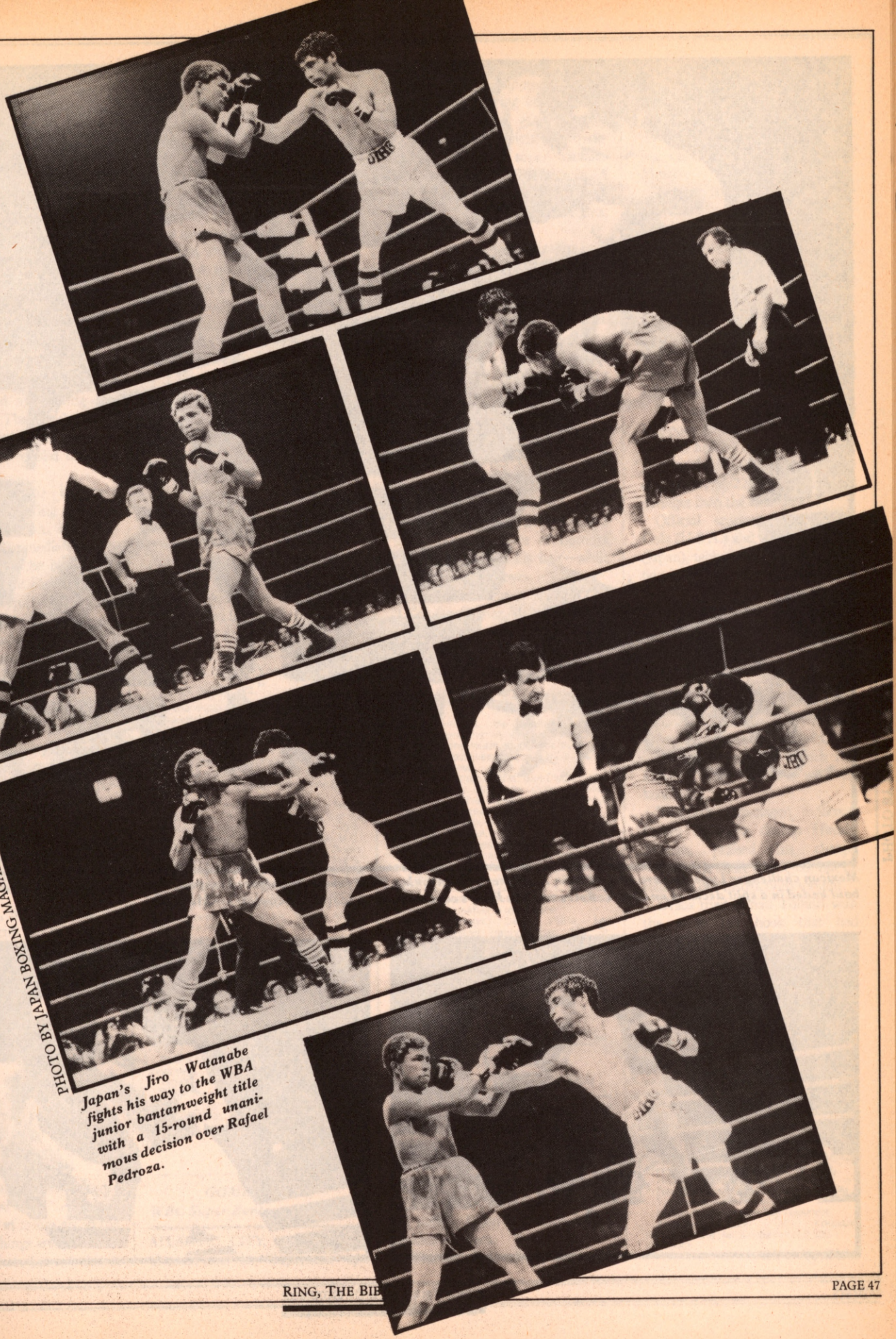


PHOTO BY JAPAN BOXING MAGAZINE

Japan's Jiro Watanabe fights his way to the WBA junior bantamweight title with a 15-round unanimous decision over Rafael Pedroza.

PHOTO BY JAPAN BOXING MAGAZINE

Mexican challenger Lupe Madera came within a whisker of dethroning WBA junior flyweight champion Katsuo Tokashiki in Sendai, Japan. The bout ended in a split decision and Joe Y. Koizumi, The Ring's correspondent, scored the contest for Madera.

Another solid right shuddered Sutherland early in the fifth. He rallied back gamely at the end of the round. It proved, however, to be his last good flurry. From then on, Spinks took over.

Sutherland's engine was starting to sputter by the sixth and Spinks was landing left hooks and rights with increasing frequency. Murray was under heavy pressure when the bell came to his rescue.

"There's no tomorrow," cried Sutherland's manager, Art Dore, as he sent his charge out for the seventh. How prophetic he proved to be. Spinks dished out a steady diet of punishment the entire round and then landed a booming left hook at the bell. The punch practically knocked Sutherland onto his stool as it was being slid through the ropes.

Spinks smelled the kill and wasted little time getting down to business in the eighth. He clobbered Sutherland immediately with a smoking right to the head. The force of the shot sent Murray stumbling along the ropes. He then spun around and walked away, completely turning his back on Michael. Referee Clayton looked confused for a second and then leaped in and administered a standing eight-count before Spinks could launch another missile at the back of Murray's head. Clayton's move was later questioned by many along press row. Neither New Jersey rules or WBA rules provide for a standing count.

"Suppose I had allowed Spinks to hit him in the back of the head, or neck? What do you think would have happened?" asked Clayton. We don't know, but that's exactly what Ray Mancini did to Diablito Valdez a few months back and nobody batted an eyelid. Sutherland was certainly very grateful, however.

"I was very surprised. I know that there's no standing eight-count in this state. It was a lucky break for me. I knew what I was doing. That's why I was running. He caught me very good and stung me. I just wanted to get the hell out of there before he caught me with another one."

"Discretion and common sense has a lot to do with it," explained Clayton. "A lot of things are in the rules. A lot of things are not in the rules." Okay, Zack, but is it fair to make them up as you go along? What's good enough for Mancini should also be good enough for Spinks.

Following his momentary reprieve, Sutherland was promptly floored again by another right. He went down hard on his knees, gathered himself, and bravely struggled to his feet at seven.

Spinks was all over him, raining punches as fast as he could. Several more rights did most of the damage in a finishing onslaught that simply bowled Sutherland over. Clayton stopped the fight as soon as he hit the ground. Time: 1:24

"I was hitting him most of the time on the temple," said Spinks. "I know I was shaking him up because every time he came back up, he was like—wow!" (Whatever that means.)

Sutherland, 173¾, says he wants a crack at Dwight Braxton next. In this thread-bare division, he'll probably get it. Poor Murray.

For Spinks, now 20-0 with 14 kayoes, it was the third successful defense. None have been classics, or even good fights for that matter. Mike needs a challenge, not just a challenger, to bring out his best. It's like he said: "You haven't seen the best of me yet."

In the most interesting prelim, Quadir Montaquim, 179, Blackwood, N.J., upset undefeated Felton (The Executioner) Woods, 180, Detroit, with a knockout in 0:47 of the fifth. Lefty Woods decked Montaquin in the first, but soon ran out of gas and Quadir rallied to take charge. Woods was counted out on his knees after a series of punches battered him down.

Elio Diaz, 149¾, Venezuela, TKO'd Preston Jones, 153¾, Buffalo, at 2:53 of the first. James (Black Gold) Shuler, 160¼, Phila., TKO'd Ricky Sheppard, Camden, N.C., at 2:29 of the fourth. Tony Tubbs, 237, Cincinnati, kayoed Baker (Bear) Tinsley, 218¼, Louisville, Ky., at 1:41 of the third. (One look at Tinsley's hairy body and you know why they call him Bear) Southpaw Bernard McClean, 176¼, Brooklyn, won a six-round decision over Mike Hardin, 180½, Akron, Ohio. Terry Hollyfield, 135¾, Detroit, TKO'd Joshua King, 130¼, N.Y.C., at 0:47 of the sixth.

Scoring in the championship after seven was as follows: judge Vinnie Rainone, 68-65; judge Sam Sanghis, 69-66; and judge Larry Hazzard, 67-66. All votes, of course, going to Spinks.

The main event was carried live over ABC-TV's Wide World of Sports.

Prelim Referees—Joe O'Neil and Tony Perez

Prelim Judges—Richard F. Murry and Phil Newman.

Timekeeper—Roy Johnson.

Promoter—Butch Lewis Productions.

Attendance—2,000 + (SRO).

(04-11-82)

NIGEL COLLINS

GOMEZ-MEZA
WBC Super Bantamweight Title

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.—Wilfredo Gomez, sans the "Superman" appelation, the cape and moniker having been unceremoniously ripped away during last August's futile attempt at Salvador Sanchez's featherweight crown, defended his WBC super bantamweight title for the first time in 15 months and showed that, at least among the junior featherweights, Bazooka is still king.

In a compulsory against the Council's number two contender, Juan (Kid) Meza, a Mexican fighting out of Los Angeles, the Puerto Rican idol demonstrated just how effective incessant body punching can be. While Meza's own attack consisted almost entirely of right hands to the head, he found his whole body under a Bazooka assault, with much of the shrapnel landing below the belt and behind the head. For the Mexican, with his limited firepower, deflecting the champion's tow-fisted attack proved as frustrating as removing a sticky two-cent piece of Bazooka bubble gum from his hair—while wearing boxing gloves.

The result was a sixth round TKO for Gomez, the champion's record 14th consecutive knockout in defense of his crown.

Larry Holmes, preparing for and publicizing his upcoming date with Gerry Coonney, breezed through six exhibition rounds, two with Mitchell Green and four with Jumbo Cummings.

Mark Holmes, the champ's brother, looked impressive in knocking out Jesse Abrams in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-round middleweight bout. Mark is now 18-0 with 11 kayoes.

James Kinchen, 160¾, San Diego, upped his record to 19-0-1 by stopping LeRoy Green, Jr., 159½, Kansas City, in the ninth frame of their scheduled 10.

Ronnie Shields, 141½, Houston, hammered Floyd Pearson, 138½, Chicago, to the canvas three timnes in the second round, but referee Paul Venti waited till the next inning to stop the mismatch. Shields is now 12-1.

Freddie (Pebble) Jackson, 117, Houston, batttered Enrique Castro, 115½, from the opening bell until referee Rudy Battle stopped the contest in round nine.

Percell (Magic) Davis, 238½, Los Angeles, kayoed Henry Porter, 196, St. Louis, in the seventh round of a scheduled eight. Davis is now 14-2.

Playboy Hotel & Casino.

(03-27-82)

BEN SHARAV

TOMORI—URSUA
WBC Junior Flyweight Title

TOKYO, JAPAN—Three world title bouts were held in Japan in the month of April, and Japanese fighters won all of them. The three fights were staged within 10 days of each other, and, from the looks of things, Japan has come into a golden fistic era.

The last fight of the three saw Tadashi Tomori turn down all prefight forecasts, put up an aggressive performance, and win the WBC junior flyweight crown with an upset majority decision over defending champion Amado Ursua of Mexico.

Tomori, the WBC's ninth ranked contender and the Japanese national champ, fought so seriously that he befuddled Ursua and was well out in front at the end of the first 10 rounds. The champ turned on the energy throughout the last five sessions, but Tomori met him gamely, and the pair slugged toe-to-toe. Tomori was outpointed in those rounds, but his early lead earned him the verdict.

Both fighters weighed in at the 108-pound limit, but the 5′ 3″ Tomori had an inch and a half advantage in height. The Japanese challenger, at 22, was three years younger than the champion.

Official scoring: judges Dick Cole (U.S.A.) and Shoichi Uchida (Japan), tabbed the hard fought affair 145-142 and 148-145, respectively, for Tomori. Judge Guillermo Ayon H. (Mexico) had it a 145-145 draw. Referee Rudy Ortega (U.S.A.) didn't score in accordance with WBC rules.

"It was a fair decision," said the WBC representative, Bob Busse of Texas. "Tomori put on a game fight, and he deserved the win."

Tomori is now 19-5 with five kayoes. Ursua is 28-9 with 23 knockouts.

Tomori's manager, former Orient flyweight champ Hitoshi Misako, praised his charge. "Tomori is short tempered, but he followed our instructions tonight."

Ursua tried to nail Tomori with the same left hook that had kayoped Hilario Zapata in the final session of the contest, but Tadashi managed to survive. This was truly his best showing.

Masaaki Miyata, 130, floored Tadao Yamane, 129¼, midway in the fourth round and won via unanimous decision, eight. The scores were 80-76, 80-75, and 78-74. Miayata, 23, is now 10-5 with eight kayoes.

Miharu Muto, 134½, won a close but unanimous decision over slower Fighter Matsukawa, 134¼, six.

Four-roundes: Takashi Tomura, 121½, outpointed Masayuiki Ono, 121¼. Yoshio Mitsuboshi, 115, outscored Fumihiro Shibayama, also 115. Ryuji Ikeda, 108, and Tadashi Kuramochi, 106¼, drew. Tomotomo, 124¾, and Michio Sasaki, 126, drew in the opener.

Hitoshi Misako's Misako Promotions.

Ringside Physician—Dr. Takashi Suzuki.

Timekeeper—Riichi Hirano.

Nationally telecast by Fuji Television.

Attendance—3,000 at Korakuen Hall—over the Hall's capacity of 2,500.

(04-13-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA

▲ **BAKERSFIELD—Strongbow Stadium**—Alonso B. Strongbow (AKA Alonso Gonzalez), 110, San Fernando, successfully defended his California State flyweight crown by stopping Marcelo Comacho, 109, Fresno, at 2:25 of the ninth round in a scheduled 12. Frank Rustich, referee.

Strongbow is now 18-3-1. He recently stopped USBA flyweight champion Willie (Birdlegs) Jensen in the fifth round, and is now ranked in the top 10 by the WBC.

Steadily improving southpaw Mike Anderson, 135, Los Angeles, brought his record to 9-1 with a unanimous decision over Ruben Casanova, 134, Los Angeles, five.

Francisco Veloz, 130, outmauled Carlos Chavez, 133, Bakersfield, five.

Referees/Judges—Martin Denkin, Frank Rustich, Hal Rickertts.

Timekeeper—Aaron Koslow.

Ringside Physician—Michael Tivnon.

Attendance—350.

(03-01-82)

PAUL ARMSTRONG

▲ **SACRAMENTO—Civic Auditorium**—Less than an hour after claiming his boxing career was nearing an end, former WBC featherweight champion Bobby Chacon, 131½, was busy beating the stuffing out of tough Renan Marota, 132, Nicaragua. Marota could not come out for the ninth round, and the fans went home buzzing with talk about Chacon's performance.

Scoring after eight: referee Pros Montano, 80-71; judge Terry Smith, 80-68; judge Mario Duccini, 80-72—all in favor of Chacon. Bobby is now 47-6-1 with 40 kayoes.

Tino Huggins, 130¼, Fairfield, won a close but unanimous decision over Danny Patino, 133, Los Angeles, six.

Leland Hart, 148, Sacramento, won a split decision over Johnny Staggs, 147½, Auburn, six. A sloppy fight, and both men had the stamina of chronic smokers.

Palo Gomez, 126, Cupertino, won a split decision over Wayde Griffin, 127, Sacramento, six.

Tony Talley, 129, Sacramento, stopped Jose Tarango, also 129, Mexico, at the end of the first round in a scheduled five.

Promoter—Babe Griffin.

Attendance—2,095. Gross—$18,327

▲ **SACRAMENTO—Civic Auditorium**—Bobby Chacon turned away from the referee at ring center, and, with the crowd standing and cheering him, began to cry in the arms of his brother-in-law. The day before, Bobby's wife, Valerie, had put a gun to her head and ended her life. Chacon did not break down until after he'd knocked out opponent Salvador Ugalde in the third round, and then, sobbing quietly, he said, "It's over . . . Oh, God, it's over."

Chacon fought as a man possessed. From the opening bell, he tore into Ugald, smashing his face and body viciously with both fists. Ugalde, a 20-year-old Nicaraguan now living in Los Angeles, came in with a 16-4 log, and like Chacon, weighed 133. Salvador survived a second round knockdown only to be dumped hard twice in the third. He was badly beaten and defenseless when referee Terry Smith raised Chacon's arm in victory.

"I know a lot of people didn't want me to go through with this fight," Chacon said later. "But I had to do it. So I could keep my mind off of her. My kids all told me to go through with it. They told me to be strong. I was strong. Now I just want to go back and see my wife for the last time. I guess we'll be doing a lot of crying, but that's all right. Yes, I cried in the ring. If people saw me, I really don't care. I got something to cry about. So if I look dumb or weak, forgive me this time. I won't ask again."

Mario Savala, 114¼, Sacramento, knocked out Jose Salvidar, 114, Stockton, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight.

Alfredo Aguayo, 134, Stockton, halted Johnny Staggs, 134½, Auburn, at 2:25 of the second in a scheduled six.

Tony Talley, 134, Sacramento, won a unanimous decision over Tony Styles, 134½, Santa Rosa, four.

(03-16-82)

▲ **OAKLAND**—Oscar Rivadeneyra, 175, originally from Peru but now living in Oakland, saved the show with a picture perfect one punch kayo over Jesse Island, 173, San Diego, in the second round of the main event. Referee Rudy Ortega went throught the standard 10-count, but it was just a gesture, like waving at an airplane in the sky. Island was out cold for several minutes.

The punch was a right hand, "the first right hand I threw at him," as Rivadeyra described it. Oscar is now 14-0 with 11 knockouts.

Manny Hernandez, 131¼, Oakland, TKO'd Tony Styles, 131, Santa Rosa, after five.

Former Golden Gloves champ Johnny Keyes, 214, San Francisco, won a dull unanimous decision over Ruben Williams, 194, San Jose, four.

Kelly Pickering, 155½, Santa Rosa, iced 32-year-old former kick boxer Igie Heitman, also of Santa Rosa, in 0:45 of the first in the scheduled four-round opener.

Attendance—800.

World Wide Boxing.

(03-31-82)

CHRISTOPHER COATS

CONNECTICUT

▲ **HARTFORD—Civic Center Coliseum**—Marlon (Magic Man) Starling, 149, uncoiled a pair of power-laden left hooks to the jaw that stiffened and dropped Jose Santana for a one-round knockout in their slated 10. A follow-up right cross helped Santana down a split second before the bell, and referee Lou Bogash counted him out as he rolled over trying to arise. As in other states, a decked boxer in Connecticut can be counted out after the bell in all but the final round.

Ranked among the top 10 in The Ring's International Ratings, the Hartford welter scored his 21st victory and 13 kayo in sensational fashion. Unleashing an accelerated assault a few seconds before the round's end, Starling caught most spectators inattentive as he seemingly dropped his foe as the bell clanged.

Johnny Heard, 158½, Chicago, outscored Muhammad Shabazz, 157, Hartford, eight. Heard smartly scored with counterpunches and turned a somersault on hearing the decision. He made most of his blows count, slipped punches, broke his rival's stance repeatedly, and proved to be a clever defensive boxer.

Efraim Nieves, 130, Milwaukee, TKO'd Jamie Rodriguez, 131, Lawrence, Mass., in three.

Wilbur Henderson, 157, Hartford, TKO'd Danny Chapman, 156, New Paltz, New York, in four.

Zora Folley, Jr., 159, Chandler, Arizona, and Don Miller, 156, Bridgeport, Conn., drew, four.

George Ruiz, 149, Camden, N.J., outpointed Steve Snow, 152, Holyoke, Mass., four.

Referees/Judges—Lou Bogash, Sam Maltempo, Bob Muravnick

Timekeeper—Lou Dell.

Announcer—Bob Steele.

Ringside Physician—Steven Stein, M.D.

Championship Promotions (Lou Tallarita).

Attendance—2,142. Gross—$31,155.

(03-22-82)

JOSEPH CASSANO

FLORIDA

▲ **TAMPA—Curtis Hixon Hall**—Mark Frazie, 159, West Virginia, knocked out Freddie Creech, 160, North Carolina, with a picture left-right combo in 2:02 of the first round in a scheduled 10. Frazie is now 17-0.

Cuban Pedro Laza, 134, now fighting out of Miami, looked very impressive in winning a unanimous decision over Bobby Pappion, 130, New Orleans, eight. Laza, who floored Pappion in round three, is now 13-0.

Keith Stevenson, 138, Kentucky, brought his log to 4-0 by stopping Jacksonvilles's Clay Davis, 136. Davis couldn't answer the bell for round five.

Dale Wilburn, 175½, Ohio, TKO'd Dennis Korall, 174½, Tampa, at 2:42 of the fifth round in a scheduled six. Dale is now 4-0-1.

George Prendas, 127½, Hialeah, TKO'd Randy Edens, 125½, West Virginia, at 2:46 of the fifth.

Alan Hetrick, 152½, South Carolina, knocked out debuting Augie Fleming, 147½, Savannah, Georgia, in the second.

Alessi Promotions; Phil Alessi.

Matchmaker—Ken Rosenberg.

Attendance—1,202.

(03-26-82)

▲ **MIAMI BEACH—Convention Hall**—Cuba's Isidoro Moreno, 145½, won a unanimous decision over Los Angeles veteran Jimmy Heair, 151, 10. Eddie Eckert, referee.

Kenny Whetstone, 160, Homestead, stopped Al Cook, also 160, Jacksonville, who couldn't come out for the sixth round of their scheduled 10.

Steve Whetstone, 115½, Homestead, and Juan Nievas, 115, Puerto Rico, battled to a rousing eight-round draw. Whetstone won the last round, and he seemed to have the edge.

Larry Byrd, 147, Miami, knocked out Luis Mejias, 146, Puerto Rico, with a terrific right to the chin in 1:50 of the first round in a scheduled six. Bill Conners, referee. Byrd is now 5-0.

Ruben Herasme, 130, Santo Domingo, TKO'd Jorge Suarez, 130, Cuba, at 1:37 of the second in their scheduled six. Eddie Eckert, referee.

Joe Medina, 151, Cuba, TKO'd Tommy Grassy, 150, Miami, at 1:30 of the first round.

Randy Coll, 130, Kansas City, won a unanimous decision over Herminio Hernandez, 129, Cuba, four.

Tuto Enterprises; Felix Zabala.

Matchmaker—Lew Barsky.

(03-26-82)

▲ **HIALEAH—Milander Auditorium**—A new promoter has entered the field in south Florida. Julio Martinez put on a show that brought out a capacity crowd of 750.

Undefeated Cuban Pedro Laza, 134, successfully defended his Florida State lightweight crown with a unanimous decision over Tomas Diaz, also 134, 10.

Braulio Santiesteban, 135, Miami, outscored Jesus Sanchez, 135, Miami, six.

Dario De Asa, 154, Miami, TKO'd A.W. Muhamnmad, 153, Miami at 2:10 of the second in a scheduled six.

Jose Ribalta, 147, Miami, kayoed Mark Fawler, also 147, Miami, in 2:40 of the first round.

Luis Fernandez, 143, Miami, TKO'd Oscar Nacedo, 145, Miami, at 1:39 of the fourth round in their scheduled six.

Sammy Chapman, 127, Miami, knocked out Ismael Llorente, 126, Miami, in 2:04 of the first round in a scheduled four.

(03-19-82)

▲ **FT. LAUDERDALE— War Memorial Auditorium**—Before a huge crowd that reminded one of the old days in New York, promoters Hank Kaplan and Romiro Ortiz staged a new talent card that met with great success.

"Irish" Mutt Daniels, 160, Ferdandina Beach, TKO'd Buck Robinson, 159, Coral Springs, at 1:27 of the fifth round in the scheduled six-frame main event. Daniels is now 8-1 as a pro.

Juan Arrayo, 137, Miami, won a shutout unanimous decision over Robert Whymms, also 137, Daytona Beach, in their six-rounder. Arroyo is now undefeated in eight pro contests. Whymms was floored in the first and second rounds, but came back fighting both times, and cut Arrayo over the left eye in the final round in a collision of heads.

Danny Sanchez, 141, Homestead, won the last round and the verdict over Artie Johnson, 144½, Ft. Lauderdale, six.

Willie Wiggins, 150, Belle Glade, outscored Raul Henandez, 154, Cuba, six.

Ralph Auriemmo, 149, Margate, stopped Ben Perez, also 149, Pahokee, at 1:12 of round three. Bernie Soto, referee.

Pete Trematero, 162, Coral Springs, stopped Jack Coley, 163½, Miami, who couldn't come out for the second. Trematero is now 6-0.

Jerry Campbell, 117, Ft. Lauderdale, won a unanimous decision over Rico Alford, 120, West Palm Beach, four.

Southpaw Van Jackson, 147, Ft. Lauderdale, halted Miron Jowannes, 148, Miami, at 2:19 of the second in their scheuled four-rounder.

Attendance—1,530.

(03-16-82)

LOUIS ZIPKIN

INDIANA

▲ **INDIANAPOLIS—Sherwood Club**—Buster James, 234, Columbus, Ohio, won a unanimous decision over Ric Enis, 193, Union City, Indiana, six. James dropped Enis for an eight-count in the first round. Scores: 58-57, 58-56, 59-58.

Tim Hall, 153, Middletown, Indiana, outpointed Mike Pollitt, 158½, New Lisbon, Indiana, five. Hall is now 2-0. Pollitt is 5-2-1.

Four-rounders: Jesse James, 145½, Indianapolis, kayoed Mike Thomas, 145, Indianapolis, in 2:30 of the first round. Victor Claar, 156¾, New Lisbon, TKO'd Jerome Gaston, 164, Indianapolis, at 1:40 of the first. Mark Wickliff, 202, Indianapolis, kayoed Henry Johnson, 209½, Middletown, in 1:35 of the first. Bobby Atchison, 142½, Anderson, Indiana, made his pro debut by stopping Kenny Willis, 139, Indianapolis, who did not come out for round three. Gary Gamble, 138, Indianapolis, outscored Jerry Rosenberg, 137¾, Indianapolis. Billy Smith, 127, Kendallville, Indiana, 18 years old, made his pro debut by outpointing previously undefeated James Black, 133¾,

Indianapolis.
Promoter—Fred Berns. Matchmaker—Pete Susens.
Attendance—450. Gross—$4,500.
(04-08-82)

GARY L. MERRITT

ILLINOIS

▲ **CHICAGO—Aragon Ballroom**—Johnny Lira, 139, Chicago. won a unanimous decision over Al Ford, 137¼, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, 10. Ford was down in the eighth round.
Primo Ramos, 137½, Chicago, TKO'd Gary Brown, 135½, Indianapolis, at 2:03 of the fourth round in a scheduled eight.
Four-rounders: Andrew (Puncho) Ruiz, 135½, Chicago, won a unanimous decision over Gary Gamble, 136. Emilio Sotomayor, 136½, Chicago, wan a unanimous decision over Tony Taylor, 137. Mike Essett, 139, won a unanimous verdict over Mike Essett, 139.
Floyd (Jumbo) Cummings, 225, Chicago, boxed a four-round exhibition with James C. Neuman, 228, Chicago Ridge, Ill.
Referees—Al Preslinger, Stanley Berg.
Judges—Mike Glienna, Harold Marovitz, John Ricci, James DiVito.
Timekeeper—Mike Murphy.
Announcer—Ben Bentley.
Ringside Physician—Glenn Bynum, M.D.
Promoter—Jack Rimland.
Attendance—798.
(03-11-82)

▲ **CHICAGO—McCormick Inn**—Three eight-rounders headlined.
Lee Roy Murphy, 181, Chicago, knocked out Ed Smith, 185½, Charlotte, N.C., in 2:09 of the fourth round.
Lenny LaPaglia, 162, Melrose Park, Illinois, TKO'd Judson Ward, 159, Cincinnati, at 1:09 of the first.
Terry Whitaker, 139½, Chicago, kayoed Jerry Strickland, 138, in 2:21 of the first.
Billy Moreno, 139, Chicago, and Kevin Austin, also 139, Milwaukee, drew, six.
Four-rounders: Mike Landini, 153, Chicago, won a unanimous decision over Jim Sansone, 157, Chicago. Khoren Perzigian, 194, Chicago, TKO'd Roger Moore, 191, Chicago, at 0:42 of the second. Henry (Goodtime) Mobley, 138½, Chicago, won a unanimous vedict over Emilio Satomayor, 139, Chicago.
Referees—Stanley Berg, Nate Morgan.
Judges—Al James, Mike Glienna, Collins Brown, Harding McCain.
Timekeeper—Kenny Knich.
Announcer—Art Manzy.
Ringside Physician—Jorge Tovar, M.D.
Promoter—Ernest Terrell.
Attendance—722.
(03-19-82)

▲ **DANVILLE—Civic Center**—Former WBC light heavyweight king Marvin Johnson, 177, Indianapolis, TKO'd Darnell Hays, 178½, Columbus, at 1:55 of the second in a scheduled 10-rounder.
William Hosea, 202, Bloomington, Ill., TKO'd Larry Sims, 214, Cleveland, at 0:52 of the second round in a scheduled eight.
Francis Sargent, 176, Bloomington, won a unanimous decision over Tony Curovic, also 176, Maple Heights, Ohio, six.
Randy Smith, 164, Chicago, TKO'd Dave Carter, 165, Cleveland, at 2:41 of the third round in their scheduled six.
John Plaza, 136¼, Chicago, kayoed Tony Brown, 133¼, in 2:29 of the third round in a scheduled four.
Emilio Sotomayor, 140, Chicago, TKO'd Rodell Nelson, 139, Cleveland, at 2:40 of the first round in their scheduled four.
Referees—Ed Stage, Stanley Berg.
Judges—John Naylor, Jim Lebell, Dr. R.B. Lorey.
Timekeeper—Kenny Kinch.
Announcer—Chuck Nagle.
Ringside Physician—Alfonse Barquero, M.D.
Promoter—Frank Roose.
Attendance—1,095.
(04-06-82)

BOB SODERMAN

NEBRASKA

▲ **OMAHA—Convention Center**—Dale Hernandez, 150, Omaha, won a unanimous decision over Bruce (The Mouse) Strauss, 146, Neola, Iowa, in a hard fought 10-round contest that saw neither embrace afterwards. Strauss accepted the bout on short notice.
Rickie Kellar, 215, Council Bluffs, Iowa, and James Dixon, 190, Chicago, drew, 10. Scoring: Harley Cooper, 96-95, Dixon; Robert Ruiz, 98-95, Kellar; Dick Noland, 96-96.
Walter Ware, 200, Omaha, knocked out Kenny Johnson, 193, Terre Haute, Indiana, in the second round of a scheduled six.
Lamont Kirkland, 184, Omaha, kayoed Jim Hearn, 173, Omaha, in round three of their scheduled six. Kirkland is now 123-0.
Darrell Miller, 153, Macy, Nebraska, won a unanimous decision over Mario Collazo, 159, Omaha, four.
Rafael Valdez, 139, Omaha, knocked out Tommy Gibson, also 139, Omaha, in round three of their scheuled four.
Missouri Valley Boxing Club.
Attendance—979.
(04-06-82)

ROBERT J. RUIZ

NEW JERSEY

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Claridge Hotel Casino**—Undefeated Jimmy Clark, 212¼, Coatsville, Pa., scored a pointless TKO over late sub Miles Price, 195¾, Atlanta, Georgia, at 2:41 of the first round in a scheduled eight. Clark finished Price with an unanswered flurry, but one has to wonder how much Jimmy is learning from such travesties.
Gerald Hayes, 129, Newark, and Robert Mullins, 129, Spartenburg, S.C., drew in a highly entertaining eight-round war. Both battlers are anxious for a rematch.
Jimmy Connelly, 147, Philadelphia, TKO'd washed up Sammy Hailstock, 149¾, Easton, Pa., at 1:58 of the third. Hailstock should hang up his gloves before he gets hurt, and Connelly should start fighting a few warm bodies.
Talented Bobby Johnson, 135, Easton, ran his log to 9-0 (six kayoes) with a unanimous decision over Cookie James, 136, Philly, eight.
Kerry Judge, 210, Warminster, Pa., won a unanimous decision over Roger Truope, also 210, Atlantic City, six.
Tim Eaton, 176, Queens, New York, won a unanimous verdict over Frank Crossan, 174¾, Atlantic City, six.
Promoter—Joe Hand.
(03-19-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino**—If, as someone once suggested, "middle-age is when the best exercise is one of discretion," they forgot to tell Bennie Briscoe. The 39-year-old middleweight is still pushing leather and, believe it or not, beating the tar out of some of the division's young turks. In his latest endeavor, Bennie, 161½, busted up Norberto Sabater, 161¾, for a TKO at the end of five rounds in a scheduled 10. Will wonders—or Bennie's 20-year career—never cease?
Sabater, 15 years Briscoe's junior, should have enjoyed a field day. He's still got legs and reflexes, a couple of luxuries Bennie has had to do without for some time now. But Norberto is only human. We're not too sure about Bennie.
Briscoe fought a crisp, conservative fight. He chugged after Sabater, scoring cleanly with jabs at long range and short combos on the inside. Norberto's left eye was reddening as early as the first.
The second was Sabater's only good round. He danced away from the plodding Broscoe and nailed him with quick flurries. One good right rocked Bennie momentarily, but he recovered well and never seemed in trouble again. The Philadelphian's ability to shrug off punishment is one attribute that has not tarnished with age.
From the third on, it was all downhill for Sabater. The scared look on his face told much of the story. He seemed shaken by the worsening eye and began to fade under pressure. Norberto also made the fatal mistake of fighting along the ropes. This has always been Briscoe's playpen, and he chewed the youngster up in the trenches.
Briscoe had a big fourth and continued to dominate in the fifth. Sabater's eye was getting really ugly, and the doctor would not permit him to come out for the sixth. There was no argument from Norberto. He'd seen enough of this old man to last him a lifetime.
"I needed this win," said Bennie. "I don't know if it's a big win, but it's a win. I'm just happy to be fighting again."
All things considered, it was a big win, indeed. Sabater had only lost to Frank Fletcher and Alex Ramos in 22 pro bouts, both of those on points. While it could be said that Fletcher and Ramos softened Norberto up, it should also be noted that Briscoe accomplished something neither of them could—he stopped the man.
Albert (Steel) Mills, 155¼, Plainfield, Ohio, TKO'd Carl Crowley, 158, Tipton, Iowa, at 1:57 of the first.
Leon Drummond, 129½, Easton, Pa., won a unanimous decision over Baby Lopez, 129¼, New York, four.
Joey Caraballo, 128¼, New York, TKO'd Lyndon Denny, 133½, Georgetown, Guyana, at 2:41 of the first.
Mike James, 148¾, Springfield, Va., won a unanimous decision over Cliff Lee, 144, Newark, four.
Referees—Frank Cappuccino and Zack Clayton.
Judges—Bill Carrozza, Richard F. Murry.
Promoters—Don Elbaum, Teddy Menas.
Attendance—1,300.
(03-23-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Sands Hotel Casino**—Bernard (B.T. Express) Taylor is a pretty little boxer. He knows how to slip and block, jab and parry. He knows how to set up a combination, when to lead and when to wait. This less-than-blood-and-guts approach is apparently not appreciated by the casino fight mob. They booed his unanimous 10-round decision over Jose Vidal, not so much because anyone thought Jose won, but because Taylor chose to do it with brains instead of brawn.
Vidal, 127, Santo Domingo, is no slouch, and fights in a manner similar to Taylor's. This made for a thinking man's match—lots of defense and little slugging.
Taylor, also 127, Knoxville, was beaten to the punch in some of the early sessions, but soon figured out Vidal's style and boxed his way to a clear win by scores of 5-4-2, 7-2-1, and 8-1-1. Vidal was cut over his right eye in the ninth, but the injury did not play a significant role in his defeat.
Vidal, making his U.S. debut, suffered his first pro defeat and dropped to 11-1-2 with eight kayoes. Taylor, now 16-0 with eight stoppages, is being groomed for a shot at Eusebio Pedroza. But let's not rush things. Pedroza is a tough customer. Just ask Juan LaPorte.
In another scheduled 10, "Tough" Tony Suero, 156¾, Philadelphia, used poor Danny Long, 161½, South Boston, for a punching bag and scored a TKO at 2:56 of round six. Suero dropped Long once in the second, once in the third, and twice more in the sixth before referee Joe Cortez made his overdue move. Straight rights to the head caused most of the damage. It seemed like Long couldn't move. A total mismatch.
Suero improved his record to 11-3-2 with nine early endings. He's finally getting a build-up after being matched tough in the early part of his career. Long dropped to 18-6 with eight kayoes, and should consider another line of work. His face was puffy around the eyes when he stepped into the ring. He looks well-used and could get hurt if permitted to carry on.
James (Broad Axe) Broad mauled his way to a unanimous decision over Harold Rice in an eight-round bout that failed to impress anyone. Broad, a fleshy 238, and Rice, a flabby 265, combined their bulk in a slow motion bore that proved that bigger certainly isn't always better. It was Broad's sixth straight pro victory. So far, he's showed little to warrant the careful buildup he's been getting.
Milton Guest, 148¼, upset hotshot prospect Luis Rivera, 147½, with a unanimous six-round decision in the evening's most entertaining bout.
Guest, an unorthodox slugger, piled into Rivera from the start, jarring him with a left hook in the third and dropping him with a left-right to the head in the fourth. Rivera, Camden, New Jersey, showed heart, rallying back to floor Guest with a solid right in the fifth. Milton, however, recovered well and carried the last round and the decision by scores of 4-2 and 3-2-1 twice.
Guest upped his log to 5-1 with five kayoes, while Rivera tasted defeat for the second time in nine pro outings. A rematch would be pleasing.
In the walkout, Atlantic City's Joe Manley, 136¾, outpointed David Brown, 137¾, Elizabeth, N.J., over eight.
The card was televised live over ESPN, with Randy Gordon and Sal Marchiano behind the mike.
Alternate referee—Joe O'Neil.
Judges—Richard F. Murry, Tommy Kaczmarek.
Promoter—Top Rank, Inc.
Attendance—850 (est.)
(04-02-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino**—Middleweight prospect Jeff McCraken managed to hang onto his unbeaten tag with an unpopular majority decision over Jerry Holley in a revealing 10-rounder.
Holley, 159¾, Orlando, Fla., exposed many of McCraken's shortcomings with his jab-and-move style. McCraken, 160, Sand Point, Idaho, is very wooden and unimaginative in his approach. Only his strength and Holley's lack of power allowed him to extend his winning streak to 15 straight, 12 kayoes. As it was, Jerry's jabs cut Jeff on the bridge of his nose and raised a mouse under his right eye before a stretch drive pull it out of the fire.
Judge William Kostgrub voted a 5-5 draw, but was overruled by judge Bill Carrozza and referee Frank Cappuccino, 5-4-1 and 6-3-1, respectively. The crowd, originally cheering for McCraken, booed the verdict.
Len Villars, 159½, Youngstown, Ohio, stopped Newark's Tommy Merola, 163¼, at the end of the fifth round in a scheduled eight. Merola walked in and the lanky Villars countered him silly.
Charlie Singleton, 174, Philadelphia, survived a couple of shakey moments to score a unanimous decision over Tony Campbell, 174¼, Buffalo, in an entertaining six-round brawl. This was voted "Fight of the Night" by the ringside press and the game pair split an extra $500 for their efforts. Singleton is now 11-0, with eight wins inside-the-distance. Campbell, who was not in the best of condition, tried like hell, but dropped to 5-3, with four quick wins.
Maurice (The Thin Man) Blocker, 141, Washington, D.C., blitzed Charlie Triplett, 140½, Cleveland, for a TKO at 0:53 of the first. A left hook had Triplett out on his feet and referee Rudy Battle was so slow moving in, Blocker almost murdered Charlie with a follow-up right. Get the lead out, Rudy, before someone gets hurt.
Dave Slaughter, 188½, Cincinnati, had his pro debut spoiled when Stanley Ross, 185, Philadelphia, tagged him for a TKO at 2:30 of the third.
Timekeeper—Roy Johnson.
Promoters—Don Elbaum and Teddy Menas.
Attendance—1,000 (est.)
(03-30-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Resorts International Hotel**

UNITED STATES RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Greg Page (Kentucky)
1. Gerry Cooney (New York)
2. Michael Dokes (Ohio)
3. Tim Witherspoon (Pennsylvania)
4. Randall (Tex) Cobb (Pennsylvania)
5. Renaldo Snipes (New York)
6. James Tillis (Illinois)
7. Jimmy Young (Pennsylvania)
8. John Tate (Tennessee)
9. Leon Spinks (Missouri)
10. Larry Frazier (Washington)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Jerry Martin (Pennsylvania)
1. Matthew Saad Muhammad (Pennsylvania)
2. Eddie Mustafa Muhammad (New York)
3. Carlos DeLeon (Puerto Rico)
4. S.T. Gordon (California)
5. Jerry Celestine (Louisiana)
6. Murray Sutherland (Michigan)
7. Marvin Camel (Montana)
8. James Scott (New Jersey)
9. Marvin Johnson (Indiana)
10. Vonzell Johnson (Indiana)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Dwight Davison (Michigan)
1. Frank Fletcher (Pennsylvania)
2. Ray Seales (Washington)
3. James Green (New Jersey)
4. Wilford Scypion (New Jersey)
5. Alex Ramos (New York)
6. Vinnie Curto (Massachusetts)
7. Bernard Mays (Michigan)
8. Mark Holmes (Pennsylvania)
9. Ronnie Harris (Ohio)
10. Teddy Mann (New Jersey)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Rocky Fratto (New York)
1. Tony Ayala, Jr. (Texas)
2. Gary Guiden (Indiana)
3. Clint Jackson (Tennessee)
4. Bruce Johnson (Florida)
5. James Green (New Jersey)
6. Sean Mannion (Massachusetts)
7. Tony Braxton (New Jersey)
8. Carlos Santos (Puerto Rico)
9. Mike McCallum (New York)
10. Nino Gonzales (New Jersey)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Title Vacant
1. Thomas Hearns (Michigan)
2. Roger Stafford (Pennsylvania)
3. Milton McCrory (Michigan)
4. Donald Curry (Texas)
5. Marlon Starling (Connecticut)
6. Kevin Howard (Pennsylvania)
7. Bobby Joe Young (Ohio)
8. Bruce Finch (Nevada)
9. Mark Harris (New Jersey)
10. Kevin Morgan (Nevada)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Bumphus (Tennessee)
1. Monroe Brooks (California)
2. Dujuan Johnson (Michigan)
3. Willie Rodriguez (Pennsylvania)
4. Steve Hearon (Texas)
5. Billy Costello (New York)
6. Bruce Curry (Texas)
7. Leroy Haley (Nevada)
8. Jorge Morales (California)
9. Ronnie Shields (Texas)
10. Tony Baltazar (California)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Howard Davis, Jr. (New York)
1. Andy Ganigan (Hawaii)
2. Ray Mancini (Ohio)
3. Edwin Viruet (Puerto Rico)
4. Hilmer Kenty (Michigan)
5. Gonzallo Montellano (California)
6. Roberto Elizondo (Texas)
7. Herman Montes (California)
8. Curtis Harris (New Jersey)
9. Livingstone Bramble (New Jersey)
10. Ken Bogner (New Jersey)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
John Verderosa (New York)
1. Edwin Rosario (Puerto Rico)
2. Frankie Baltazar (California)
3. Bobby Chacon (California)
4. Hector Camacho (New York)
5. Irving Mitchell (California)
6. Ruben Munoz (Texas)
7. Tony Santana (New York)
8. Ralph Aviles (Hawaii)
9. Rafael Solis (Puerto Rico)
10. Louis Loy (California)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Ruben Castillo (California)
1. Juan LaPorte (New York)
2. Rocky Lockridge (New Jersey)
3. Juan (Kid) Meza (California)
4. Bernard Taylor (Tennessee)
5. Freddie Roach (Arizona)
6. Mark Davis (California)
7. Bernabe Montanez (Puerto Rico)
8. Rocky Garcia (California)
9. Richard Savala (California)
10. Jackie Beard (Michigan)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Mike Ayala (New York)
1. Jaime Garza (California)
2. Carmelo Negron (New York)
3. Diego Rosario (New Jersey)
4. Nicky Perez (Arizona)
5. Oscar Muniz (California)
6. Alberto Mercado (Puerto Rico)
7. Franco Torregoza (California)
8. Jose Canizales (Texas)
9. Jose Parilla (Puerto Rico)
10. Derrik Holmes (Maryland)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Johnny Carter (Pennsylvania)
1. Albert Davila (California)
2. Oscar Muniz (California)
3. Julian Solis (Puerto Rico)
4. Richard Sandoval (California)
5. Freddie Jackson (Texas)
6. Mario Chavez (California)
7. George Garcia (California)
8. Ricardo Varela (California)
9. Ruben Solario (Puerto Rico)
10. Harold Petty (Texas)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Willie Jensen (Nevada)
1. Felix Castillo (Texas)
2. Joey Olivo (California)
3. Orlando Maldonado (Puerto Rico)
4. Alonso Gonzales (California)
5. Jerome Coffee (Tennessee)
6. Steve Whetstone (Florida)
7. Julio Rodriquez (Hawaii)
8. Norberto Castellanos (Texas)
9. Ron Cisneros (Colorado)
10. Jose Torres (Arizona)

The United States Ratings were compiled by the Editors of *Ring*, along with the tabulated ballots of the American panelists on *Ring*'s International Ratings Panel.

Casino—Promoter Joe Hand ran a small club show to keep his boxers busy. No big names, just a bunch of prospects learning their trade and padding their records.

Fred McMunn, 157¼, Philadelphia, dominated Randy Coleman, 166, Philadelphia, winning an eight-round unanimous decision. Coleman took a pounding, but hung tough.

Steve Traitz, 159¾, Norristown, Pa., scored a unanimous six-round nod over Leo Martinez, 159¾, Philadelphia. Leo did his human sponge routine, with the only competitive note being—how much can he take?

Joe Thomas, 233½, Trooper, Pa., kayoed Tyrone Harlee, 224, New York City, at 1:08 of the second. Harlee went down from a nothing left hook and the fans booed.

Ricardo Mullins, 138½, enjoyed his pro debut, blasting Sean McGarry, 143, Philadelphia, at 0:47 of the first. An explosive double left-hook darn near killed McGarry. It was ruled a TKO only because referee Frank Cappuccino waved it over even before McGarry hit the floor.

Mark Goodwin, 140, Philadelphia, scored a repeat win over Billy Jones, 142¾, in a good scrap over four. The decision was majority, although Jones was hammered pretty good.

Willie Harris, 148½, TKO'd Greg Foster, 146, at 0:16 of the seond in another all-Philly matchup.

Alternate referee—Paul Venti.

Judges—Milo Savage and John Stewart.

Attendance—900 (est.).

(04-05-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino**—Unpredictable Jerome Artis showed what intelligent boxing is all about, scoring a unanimous 10-round decision over streaking Al (Earthquake) Carter in a minor upset.

Carter, seeking his third consecutive win at this venue, was originally scheduled to face Johnny Lira. When Lira pulled up lame with an old gunshot wound, Artis was rushed in as a last minute replacement. Artis' performance was even more remarkable in light of the fact that he had fought only four days prior in Cartagena, Colombia. In that one, Jerome claims to have dropped a split decision to former junior welterweight champ Antonio Cervantes.

Carter, a vicious puncher with 24 knockouts in a 25-3 career, was completely stymied by Artis' switch-hitting style. He chased him all around the ring, but could never pin him down long enough to do any damage. "Ain't no earthquakes in New Jersey," chided Jerome as he befuddled Carter at every turn.

Artis, half-a-pound heavier at 137, settled into a southpaw stance after several rounds of switching and proceeded to pop Carter repeatedly in the face with crisp rights over the top of Al's jab. It was a deceptively simple tactic, but it worked every time, and only Artis' lack of power kept the loser out of serious trouble. All-in-all, it was one of the best showings of Jerome's roller-coaster career.

The crowd got behind Artis, chanting his name down the stretch and booing vigorously when referee Paul Venti took the eighth round away for excessive holding—a move that seemed a little excessive on Venti's part. It made little difference, however, as all three votes went to Artis—7-1-2, 7-3, and 9-1.

Artis has always been his own worse enemy, training little and talking a lot. He is young enough to still benefit from a little dedication. Maybe his surprising win over Carter will give him the incentive to get serious.

In the top prelim, Marty Capasso, 207¼, Aston, Pa., stopped Don Halpin, 209, Lowell, Mass., at the end of the fifth in a scheduled eight. Halpin was cut under the right eye and taking a pasting. Under New Jersey rules, this will be recorded as a fifth round TKO.

Donny (The Master of Disaster) Long, 211, Columbus, Ohio, put Ernie (Big E) Smith away for good at 1:02 of the third. Smith, 223, Dallas, Texas, went over from a small-bore combo and stayed down for the full count. A complete farce.

Ray Evans, 123¾, Philadelphia, and Felix McKnight, 127¾, Alliance, Ohio, fought to a four-round draw.

The Trop has changed their "Fight of the Night" policy slightly. The main event is no longer eligible, only the prelims. Henceforth, it will be refered to as the "Prelim of the Night," with both of the battlers splitting a $500 bonus. The winners on this card were Eduardo Torres and Gary Evans. Torres, 136, Atlantic City, iced Evans, 139¼, Dover, Del., with a single right to the chin after a free-swinging brawl. Time of the knockout: 0:41 of the second.

Alternate referee—Zack Clayton.

Judges—Richard F. Murry and Linsey Tucker.

Timekeeper—Roy Johnson.

Promoter—Teddy Menas and Don Elbaum.

Attendance—1,300.

(04-06-82)

NIGEL COLLINS

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino**—Johnny (Bump City) Bumphus, 142, Nashville, now living in Clementon, N.J., knocked out previously unstopped Marvin (Kid Harlem) Jenkins, 144¾, in 3:03 of the second.

Roger Stafford, 148, Philadelphia, TKO'd David Madrid, 150½, Houston, at 2:45 of the first.

Diego Rosario, 122, Paterson, won a unanimous decision over Javier Barajas, 118½, Tucson, eight.

Alvino Manson, 176½, Indianapolis, is a man who listens to this trainer. After being blitzed by Toledo's Frank Draper in their first bout, Manson ran and let Draper do all the punching for the first four sessions of this rematch. Then Alvino came from behind to TKO the exhausted Ohioan with two knockdowns in 1:37 of round six.

Robert Hines, 147, Philadelphia, won a unanimous decision over Larry Fleming, 145½, Cincinnati, six.

Simon Brown, 139½, Washington, D.C., won a unanimous verdict over Vito Maselli, 138¾, Elizabeth, six.

Referees—Frank Cappuccino, Rudy Battle.

Judges—John Stewart, Thomas Kaczmarek.

Promoter—Teddy Menas. Matchmaker—Don Elbaum.

Produced in association with the Duvas.

Attendance—1,200. Gross—$18,000.

(03-02-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Tropicana Hotel Casino**—The Elbaum-Menas duo came back again, teaming with Madison Square Garden and Harold Weston, Jr. for a USA-Cable special which saw Italian street kid John (The Heat) Vederosa, 130, Staten Island, retain his USBA junior lightweight crown with a split decision over cool Dominican veteran Julio (Diablito) Valdez, 128¾, Washington Heights, New York, 12. Scoring: referee Arthur Mercante, 7-4-1, Valdez; judge Charley Spina, 6-4-2, Verderosa; judge Eva Shain, 6-6, but 54-53 in points for Verderosa.

Mark Medal, 155, Jersey City, TKO'd Mike Richardson, 157, Dayton, at 2:05 of the eighth and final round.

Kenny Mitchell, 119, Bronx, won a unanimous decision over Robert Mullins, 122¼, Spartanburg, South Carolina, 10. Scoring: referee Rudy Battle, 7-2-1; judge Spina, 7-3; judge Shain, 6-4.

Andres Tena, 122¼, New York, won a unanimous duke over Daryl (Pee Man) Jones, 120¼, Los Angeles, eight. Scoring: referee Mercante, 8-0; judges Spina and Shain, both 6-2.

Henry Brent, 113, Brooklyn, won a unanimous verdict over Angel Marrero, 117¾, Bethlehem, Pa., eight. Angel was down in round four and again in the seventh.

Clarence Hill, 218, New Rochelle, stopped Rodell Dupree, 196¼, Jersey City, with two knockdowns at 1:47 of the second. Roland Cooley, 129¾, Philadelphia, won a unanimous decision over Joshua King, 132, Brooklyn, six.

(03-05-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Playboy Hotel & Casino**—Southpaw Mustafa Hamsho, 159, won a majority decision over Curtis Parker, 159½, Philadelphia, in a 10-round rematch that only proved how little Marvin Hagler has to fear from his contenders. Scoring: referee Joe Cortez, 5-2-3; judge Frank Brunette, 5-3-2; judge John Stewart, 5-5.

Alfonso Ratliff, 194½, Chicago, won a hard fought unanimous decision over Elijah Tillery, 191, Red Bank, N.J., 10. Scoring: referee Larry Hazzard, 6-3-1; judge Brunette, 7-2-1; judge Stewart, 8-2.

Dwight (Tiger) Walker, 159, Newark, belted out tough Guy Kennedy, 161, Bronx, at 2:32 of the third.

Henry Arroyo, 139, Youngstown, Ohio, stopped Bruce Williams, 135, Philadelphia, at 2:56 of the fifth.

Freddie Reyes, 135, Philadelphia, won a majority decision over Davey Odem, 140, Youngstown, six.

Junior Edmonds, 176, Newark, won a unanimous decision over Pedro Rivera, 175, New York, eight.

Dave Brown, 136, Elizabeth, won a unanimous verdict over Arcadio (Pee Wee) Suarez, 141, East New York, six.

Kevin Moley, 158, Selden, New York, halted Harry Reyes, 156, Hoboken, at 2:32 of the seventh.

Referees—Joe Cortez, Larry Hazzard, Zack Clayton.

Judges—John Stewart, Frank Brunette, Bill Hoagland.

(03-13-82)

▲ **TRENTON—Catholic Youth Center**—Cornell Chavis, 180, New York, halted Tee (T.N.T.) Carpenter, 179, Trenton, not out for round six.

Jorge Nina, 140, Passaic, kayoed Terry (Slim) McCoy, also 140, Trenton, with a wild right in 1:37 of the fourth.

Allen Braswell, 145, New York, TKO'd game Steve Richardson, 146, Trenton, at 2:40 of the third.

Tim Richardson, 160, Trenton, won a unanimous decision over Marvin Crawford, 161, Falls Church, Virginia, six.

Arturo Hall, 225, Falls Church, halted Henry Lawson, 220, New York, at the end of the fourth. A left-right combo dropped Lawson at the bell.

Greg Washington, 130, Elizabeth, halted Eddie Torres, 129, Trenton, at 1:30 of the second.

James Downing, 130, Trenton, won a unanimous decision over Luis Mendez, also 130, New York, four.

Roberto (Sugar) Mendez, 145, TKO'd Andy Reid, 144, at 2:19 of the first round. Mendez quit claiming a dislocated shoulder.

Referees—Milo Savage, Zack Clayton.

Judges—William Kostgrub, Lindsey Tucker.

Lupracan Promotions; John Milligan.

Attendance—400. Gross—$3,500.

(04-02-82)

J.R. JOWETT

▲ **NORTH BERGEN—Embassy Hall**—Kevin Moley, the Long Island light heavy attraction, halted Brooklyn's Frankie Mann at 1:39 of round two in the main event.

Don Macaruso, 179, Providence, came from behind to win a six-round verdict over tough Larry Davis, also 179, Orange, N.J.

Lamont Haithcoach, 146, Elizabeth, and James McGirt, 146½, Long Island, drew, four.

Dave Brown, 138, Elizabeth, floored Eddie Robinson, 139,

Paterson, in round one and TKO'd him at 1:38 of the third.

Joe Risoli, 202, Bound Brook, halted Ben Mirado, 200, East Rutherford, at 1:15 of the first round.

John Russinko, 150, East Rutherford, came off the canvas twice in the first to hold Johnny Marrone, 151, Bayonne, to a four-round draw.

Harry Reyes, 147, Hoboken, TKO'd Joe Guzo, 142, Secaucus, at 1:55 of the first.

Referees—Vincent Rainone, Paul Venti.

wjudges—Charley Spina, William Kostrub.

K.O. Productions.

Promoter—George Costa. Matchmaker—Al Certo.

Attendance—1,000. Gross—$10,000.

(03-02-82)

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Sands Hotel Casino—**Unheralded Johnny Davis, 176¾, Hempstead, New York, did little to advance his popularity with a lacklustre drubbing of Willie (The Bull) Taylor, 175¾, Brooklyn, 10. One of the few fighters who lives up to his nickname, the tough Taylor, a sub for a sub, was willing and aggressive, but he couldn't match John's sharpness. Rocked often by right uppercuts, he lost by a unanimous decision. Scoring: referee Joe Cortez and judge Phil Newman, both 9-0-1; judge Harold Lederman, 10-0.

The co-feature, between Trenton's Kenny (Bang Bang) Bogner, 133¼, and Brooklyn's Louie (The Syrian) Hubela, 133¾, had all the action of a Middle Eastern war. Bogner staggered Hubela in the first round and had him ready to go, but Louie rallied back and began opening cuts that nearly cost Kenny the fight. The next four rounds were all-out action, as Bogner applied steady pressure with solid combinations, only to have Hubela bounce back with clubbing rights that rocked him several times. It began to look like a razor fight, with Bogner bleeding over and under both eyes and from the nose and Hubela suffering a cut eye. Some writers had rapped Kenny for showing some quit in the Bramble fight, but he had all the heart in the world in this one. Losing more blood than a cheap horror film, he kept punching away until Hubela crumbled in his own corner, thoroughly exhausted, for a TKO at 1:16 of round six. At that point, the officials had the bout even, Lederman 3-2 for Bogner and Newman and ref Venti 2-2-1.

Doug DeWitt, 161, Yonkers, kayoed highly touted Bill Medei, 157¾, Miami, in 1:12 of the first round. Joe Cortez, referee.

Ramon Ortiz, 140½, Brooklyn, stopped reluctant Felix Theriaux, 135, Hoboken, at 1:44 of the third.

Quadir Muntagin, 178, Camden, climbed off the floor in the second to take a unanimous decision over out-of-shape Furquan Ali, 179¾, Newark, six.

Edwin Santiago, 123, Hoboken, won a split decision over Herman Ingram, 125½, Newark, four.

Top Rank. Televised by ESPN.

Attendance—800 (est.).

(03-04-82)

▲ **NEWARK—Robert Treat Hotel—**Top Flite Promotions (Akbar Akbar, promoter, and Bahar Muhammad, matchmaker) inaugurated a much-needed monthly schedule of local cards in this city, which normally provides the ill-treated "opponents" for more affluent promotions elsewhere.

Jamal Abubakarr, 162¾, Newark, TKO'd Marcos Larios, 164, New York, at 2:05 of the second in the main event.

Newark's Al Little, 166, came off the canvas in the fourth to win a close but unanimous decision over Danny Perez, 164, West New York, N.J., six.

"Ray Ray" Gray, 156, Cleveland, got a lucky draw against Carl Wilson, 157, six.

Tony Costa, 213, Cleveland, made his debut with a unanimous decision over Kevin Richardson, 247, Holmes, Pa., four.

James Singleton, 138½, Newark, halted overmatched Cuban Antonio Machado, 139, Union City, at 0:51 of the second.

Jamil Abdullah, 130½, Newark, pulled out a four-round split nod over Greg Washington, 132, Elizabeth.

Referees—Ronnie Burns, Paul Venti.

Judges—Frances Moore, Sammy Sangis.

(03-19-82)

NEW YORK

▲ **RICHMOND HILL, QUEENS—RKO Theatre—**Tommy McNeece, 179, Oakdale, New York, sustained free-flowing cuts enroute to a unanimous decision over Jose Verdejo, 176½, Springfield, Mass., eight. Johnny Colan, referee.

Six-rounders: Sanford Thomas, 130, Philadelphia, TKO'd Mark Cerenzia, 132, Brooklyn, at 0:37 of the fifth round. David Sears, 175, Queens, upped his pro log to 3-0 with a decision over Jimmy Roberson, 177, Bethlehem, Pa. Russell Kain, 160, Staten Island, outpointed Pedro Montero, 163, Brooklyn. Bryant Ware, 139, Brooklyn, TKO'd Angel Ortiz, 144, Springfield, Mass., at 0:39 of the fourth.

Bobby Bostic, 146½, Queens, won a disputed verdict over Terry Polk, 146, Westbury, New York, four.

Attendance—300 (est.)

(03-29-82)

▲ **RICHMOND HILL, QUEENS—RKO Theatre—**John Capobianco, 185, Huntington, New York, upped his record to 24-4 by mauling his way to a 10-round unanimous decision over Rubio Rodriguez, 208, Brooklyn. Billy Graham, referee.

Michael DeLaRue, 146, Queens, stopped Eddie Robinson, 141, Paterson, New Jersey, at 2:38 of the first round. Paul Venti, referee. DeLaRue thus won his eighth fight in a row.

Milton (Mad Dog) Guest, 147, White Plains, stopped Leroy White, 146, Brooklyn, at 1:57 of the second. Billy Graham, referee.

Gino Gelormiono, 126, Levittown, New York, knocked out scrawny looking Timmy Mark, also 126, Richmond, Virginia, in 1:23 of the first round.

Agurto Lupo, 167, New York, won a unanimous decision over Arthur Roger, 166, Brooklyn, four.

Pedro Montero, 160, Hicksville, New York, won a unanimous decision over Robert Thomas, also 160, Philly, six. Thomas losts all desire after being floored in the third round.

Bobby Bostic, 147, Queens, floored Abdul Rasheed, also 147, Queens, thrice in the first session for an automatic TKO at 1:37.

Attendance—500 (est.)

(03-15-82)

CHARLES D. BROWN

▲ **NEW YORK CITY—Felt Forum—**Pete Padilla, 137, New York, won a hard fought split decision over Junior Velez, 136, Jersey City, in the first of three 10-rounders. Scoring: referee Vinnie Ferguson, 7-2-1, Padilla; judge Artie Aidala, 6-4, Valez; judge Tony Castellano, 7-3, Padilla.

The second 10 saw world rated southpaw Sugar Ray Seales, 158, Tacoma, Washington, win a lacklustre unanimous decision over John LoCicero, 159, New York. Scoring: referee Arthur Mercante, 8-2; judges Aidala and Castellano, both 7-3. Seales is the NABF middleweight champ, but his crown was not at stake.

The third 10-rounder had NABF junior lightweight king Hector (Macho) Camacho, 132, New York, score a TKO over fellow southpaw Rafael Lopez, 131, Providence, at 2:31 of round three. Camacho is now 14-0 with seven kayoes. Luis Rivera, referee.

Jose (The Threat) Baret, 147½, New York, TKO'd Felix Nance, 124, Hartford, Conn., 1:14 of the second in a scheduled eight-round contest. Arthur Mercante, referee.

Robert Rucker, 138, New York, TKO'd Greg Netter, 140½, Columbus, Ohio, at 2:57 of the fourth round in their scheduled eight. Luis Rivera, referee.

Carl Williams, 215, Jamaica, Queens, New York, TKO'd Dwight Triplett, 204, Philadelphia, at 2:52 of the first round in a scheduled six. Luis Rivera, referee.

John (The Baptist) LoFranco, 204, New York, TKO'd Thomas Guida, 203, Staten Island, at 2:13 of the second in the scheduled four-round opener. Vinnie Ferguson, referee.

Another scheduled four, between Rodney Watts, 131, New York, and Juan Cruz, 130, New York, was cancelled.

Attendance—2,140. Gross—$22,324.

(03-31-82)

▲ **NEW YORK CITY—Felt Fourm—**Howard Davis, Jr., 134, Glen Cove, New York, had little trouble winning a unanimous decision over game, aggressive Angel Cruz, 135½, Bethlehem, Pa., 10. Davis is now 16-1 with six kayoes. Cruz is 12-3-1 with five knockouts. Scoring: referee Vincent Rainone, 10-0; judge Harold Lederman, 8-2; judge Simon Ramos, 9-1.

Euclides Valez, 169, Bayamon, Puerto Rico, TKO'd perennial bleeder Tommy McNeece, 173, Huntington, New York, at 2:25 of round four in their scheduled 10. Larry Hazzard, referee.

Mark Medal, 154, Jersey City, scored a predictable kayo over Benji Goldstone, 151, Albany, in 2:58 of the first round in the evening's first 10-rounder. Joe Cortez, referee.

Michael DeLaRue, 148, Richmond Hill, Queens, New York, TKO'd Danny Harold, 146½, Philadelphia, at 1:03 of the fourth round in a scheduled eight refereed by Hazzard.

Tomas Diaz, 131, Bronx, New York, won a unanimous decision over "Sweet" Roberto Vinas, 130½, New York, at the end of an eight-round war which saw Vinas down in the third and fourth. Scoring: all three officials 4-4 in rounds, but 7-4 (referee Cortez), and 6-4 (Lederman), and 5-4 (Ramos) in points for Diaz.

Larry Alexander, 225, Bronx, won a shutout unanimous decision over "King" Arthur Robinson, 245, Canton, Ohio, eight. Vincent Rainone, referee.

Allen Braswell, 141, Brooklyn, TKO'd Sammy Semon, 138, Queens, at 2:09 of the third round in the scheduled four-round opener. Larry Hazzard, referee.

Attendance—2, 583. Gross—$28, 111.

Round Girl—Gale Grimm.

(04-16-82)

HERBERT G. GOLDMAN

▲ **ROCHESTER—War Memorial Auditorium—**Rocky Fratto, 154, Geneva, New York, retained his North American Boxing Federation junior middleweight title with a hard fought unanimous decision over Chris Linson, also 154, Sante Fe, New Mexico, 12. Scoring: referee Frank Adams, 8-3-1; judge Don Nodecker, 8-2-2; judge Sam Marcusfield, 9-3. Fratto is now 25-1.

Jerome Artis, 140, Philadelphia, won a unanimous decision over Frank Minigan, 146½, Rochester, eight. Larry White, referee.

Pablo DeJesus, 165, Rochester, TKO'd Saxton Boynton, 163, Philadelphia, at 0:50 of the fourth round in a scheduled six. Frank Adams, referee.

Four-rounders: Tony Campbell, 182, Buffalo, outpointed Walt Russ, 197, Geneva. Wesley Shuler, 140, Syracuse, outscored Tim LaValley, also 140, Troy. Clarence Hudson, 124, Syracuse, outpointed Danny LeValley, 124½, Troy, in the opener.

Canastota Boxing Club.

Attendance—4,300. Gross—$39,500.

(03-20-82)

▲ **LATHAM—Colonie Coliseum—**Professional boxing returned to the state capital area after an absence of about a year, and around 2,500 fans showed up at this theatre-in-the-round outside of Albany to watch a six-bout card.

Two eight-rounders topped the bill. Kevin Rooney, 147, Catskill, New York, looked good enroute to knocking out Jackie Morrell, also 147, Lowell, Mass., with a right to the chin in 1:40 of the third frame. Ben Morrell, referee. Danny Ferris, 140, Latham, stopped Dave Dezaglio, also 140, Brockton, Mass., with three knockdowns in 2:58 of the first round. The popular Ferris, now being tutored by Cus D'Amato, is 12-0 in the pro field.

Six-rounders: Billy Smith, 142, Boston, TKO'd Jimmy Longo, also 142, New Paltz, New York, at 2:30 of round two. Trevor Evelyn, 135, Kerhonkson, New York, won a unanimous decision over Kenny Willis, also 135, Brooklyn. Preston Jones, 152, Buffalo, kayoed Mike Blythe, also 152, South Boston, in 1:21 of the first.

Billy White, 150, Bridgeport, Conn., won a unanimous duke over Donnie Miller, also 150, Stamford, Conn., in the opening four.

Referees—Ben Morrell, Danny Andrews.

Judges—Joe Healey, Leo Tokryman.

Timekeeper—Shane Shahnian.

Announcer—Chris Martin.

Cha-Cha Enterprises. John Ciarcia, promoter.

(04-02-82)

JIM LEO

NEVADA

▲ **LAS VEGAS—Showboat Hotel—**Former WBC junior middleweight champion Rocky Mattioli, 155½, TKO'd Rudy Barro, 151¼, at 2:43 of the second in a scheduled 10-rounder. Referee John Worth stopped it after two solid lefts and a right had Barro wobbling.

Humberto de los Rios, 157½, knocked out Rafael Capatillo in 0:14 of round nine in their scheduled 10. Capatillo, who took the bout on two days' notice, was knocked down in the third round from a left hook, went down twice more in the fourth round, and took three additional rounds in the sixth. (After the third knockdown, he got up to floor de los Rios with a right.) A left hook finally starched Rafael at the beginning of the ninth, and referee David Pearl stopped the contest without bothering to count.

Jack (The Ripper) Alvarez, 148, kayoed Adolfo Mendoza, 147, in 1:21 of round two in a scheduled six.

Loris Stecca, 125, Milan, Italy, won a disqualification over Baltazar Arroyo, 126, Los Angeles. Referee Joey Curtis ruled Arroyo out after he went down for the second time from what apeared to be mere routine punches. His $400 purse was held up by the Nevada Athletic Commission pending a hearing.

▲ **LAS VEGAS—Silver Slipper—**Jose Caba, 128½, TKO'd Pedro Martinez, 127, at 2:55 of the third round in a scheduled 10. Harry Krause, referee.

Eddie Wilson, 214, TKO'd Jesse (Big Red) Preito, Las Vegas, at 1:05 of the first round in a scheduled six. Richard Green, referee.

Glenn Smith, 182, TKO'd "Cowboy" Mike Creel, 184, Las Vegas, at 1:55 of the sixth and final round. Richard Green, referee. This snapped Creel's four-bout win streak.

Solomon Jones, 151, floored Henry Drummond, 150, twice in the sixth and final round of the curtain raiser for a TKO at 2:00 of the session. Harry Krause, referee.

▲ **LAS VEGAS—Silver Slipper—**Jim (The Heat) Kinchen, 165½, San Diego, upped his record to 17-0-1 with a shutout unanimous decision over veteran Rudy Robles, 168. All three judges carded 100-90. Glenn Powell, referee.

Danny Patino, 136, came back from a slow first round to hammer out a unanimous decison over Danny Quiroz, 139, six. Scoring: judge Duane Ford, 59-55; judges Lou Tabat and Alan Adler, both 60-54. Ferd Hernandez, referee.

Mark (The Cobra) Fernandez, 122½, Denver, looked impressive in winning a unanimous decision over Phil Watford, 123, San Diego, six. The Denverite, in his second pro bout, had Watford down in the first round. Scoring: Duane Ford, 60-54; Lou Tabat, 60-52; Alan Adler, 60-54. Ferd Hernandez, referee.

Pete Ramirez, 123, came off a five-month lay-off to score a unanimous decision over Jaime Gonzales, 127, in the four-round opener. Ramirez is now 5-0. All three judges scored it 39-37. Glenn Powell, referee.

▲ **LAS VEGAS—Silver Slipper—**Niua Tofaeono, 176, Long Beach, rebounded from a rough first round to knock down Jesse Island, 180, San Diego, three times in the second for an automatic stoppage at 1:23 of the round. Ferd Hernandez, referee.

Kid Sterling McPherson, 135½, kayoed James Sowells, 134½, in 1:42 of round two in a scheduled eight refereed by Richard Green.

Lee Mascremas, 157½, won a majority decision over Zack Bolden, 157¼, Compton, Calif., six.

Miguel Cordoza, 145, won a split decision over Dan Quiroz, 146, four. Ferd Hernandez, referee.

Bubba Stotts, 140½, knocked out Armando Romero with a straight right in 0:42 of the first round in the scheduled four-round opener. Richard Green, referee.

▲ **LAS VEGAS—Silver Slipper—**Jim (The Heat) Kinchen, 167½, brought his record to 17-0-1 by knocking out Marvin Sanders, 161¾, in 0:33 of the 10th and final round. Kinchen floored Sanders with a left hook in the seventh and finished him off with a staggering right hand followed by a left hook three frames later. Glenn Powell, referee.

"Cowboy" Mike Creel, 187, TKO'd Rod Smith, 192, at 1:50 of the first round in a scheduled six. Carlos Padilla, referee.

Otis Bates, 206½, Las Vegas, won a unanimous decision over Rocky Young, 216½, six.

Henry Drummond, 148, won a unanimous decision over George Lewis, 145, in the six-round opener. Glenn Powell, referee.

▲ **LAS VEGAS—Showboat Hotel—**Richard Sandoval, 115, upped his record to 12-0 by knocking out Ron Cisneros, 114, in 1:32 of the fourth round in the scheduled 10-round main event. Cisneros, who was also knocked down in the third frame, is now 17-1. Harry Krause, referee.

Bernard Taylor, 129½, won a unanimous decision over Refugio Rojas, 129¼, 10. All three judges, Dave Moretti, Alan Adler, and Duane Ford, scored the contest 98-92. Carlos Padilla, referee.

Lupe Aquino, 150¼, kayoed Solomon Jones, 152, in 2:31 of the first round in a scheduled eight. Carlos Padilla, referee.

Robbie Rizo, 129, and Vinnie Hines, 133¼, drew, six. This was Rizo's pro debut, and the second pro bout for Hines. Harry Krause, referee.

Juan Veloz, 123¾, Las Vegas, won a unanimous decision over Ernie Chavez, 121, Blackfoot, Idaho, six. Chavez was down briefly in the first round, and all three judges, Lou Tabat, Hal Miller, and Dalby Shirley, scored the bout 57-56. John Worth, referee.

▲ **LAS VEGAS—Showboat Hotel—**Albert Davila, 119,

LATIN AMERICAN RATINGS
BY THE LATIN AMERICAN BOXING FEDERATION
(AS OF MARCH 31, 1982)

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Luis Acosta (Argentina)
1. Bernardo Mercado (Colombia)
2. Domingo D'Elia (Argentina)
3. Gilberto Acuna (Costa Rica)
4. Ruben Zamorro (Argentina)
5. Jorge Flores (Argentina)
6. Wendell Joseph (Trinidad)
7. Waldemar Paulhino (Brazil)
8. Eddie Lopez (Mexico)
9. Eusebio Hernandez (Mexico)
10. Augusto Dos Santos (Brazil)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Miguel Cea (Chile)
1. Tomas Polo (Colombia)
2. Cesar Duarte (Argentina)
3. Oscar Rivadeneyra (Peru)
4. Carlos Flores (Uruguay)
5. Antonio Garrido (Chile)
6. Abel Bailone (Argentina)
7. David Cabrera (Mexico)
8. Stanley Williams (St. Marteen)
9. Tomas Ortiz (Panama)
10. Ibi Zimmerman (Curacao)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Jacinto Fernandez (Argentina)
1. Manuel Zambrano (Colombia)
2. Antonio Montano (Curacao)
3. Marcos Geraldo (Mexico)
4. Juan Roldan (Argentina)
5. Dunio Mercado (Ecuador)
6. Sigfrido Colorado (Colombia)
7. Hugo Corro (Argentina)
8. Joaquin Macias (Mexico)
9. Ruben Pardo (Argentina)
10. Jose Baquedano (Mexico)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Patricio Diaz (Argentina)
1. Pedro Cisneros (Nicaragua)
2. Alejandro Garrido (Chile)
3. Emiliano Villa (Colombia)
4. Kenny Bristol (Guyana)
5. Marcelo Quinonez (Peru)
6. Nicanor Camacho (Colombia)
7. Joao Tavares (Brazil)
8. Adalberto Venegas (Colombia)
9. Roberto Rudas (Panama)
10. Jose Vallejo (Dominican Rep.)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Fernando Rocco Castro (Peru)
1. Inocencio (Mao) de la Rosa
2. Rafael Piamonte (Colombia)
3. Humberto Barloa (Argentina)
4. Jose Joaquin Baret (Dominican Rep.)
5. Victor Nilo (Chile)
6. Pedro Gallardo (Peru)
7. Matteo Valdez (Colombia)
8. Segundo Murillo (Ecuador)
9. Frank Albertus (Curacao)
10. Jose Salazar (Panama)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Mercedes Espinoza (Peru)
1. Felix Reyes (Dominican Rep.)
2. Martin Rojas (Colombia)
3. Jose Salazar (Panama)
4. Alfredo Estrada (Peru)
5. Lennox Blackmoore (Guyana)
6. Adriano (Nani) Marrero (Dominican Rep.)
7. Oscar Huerta (Chile)
8. Ricardo Alfaro (Argentina)
9. Cesar Navas (Venezuela)
10. Wianey Ruiz (Costa Rica)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Orlando Romero (Peru)
1. Luis Beltran (Venezuela)
2. Antonio (Kid Can) Cruz (Dominican Republic)
3. Sergio Alvarez (Colombia)
4. Emilio Guerrero (Nicaragua)
5. Ruddy Alpizar (Costa Rica)
6. Pedro Miranda (Chile)
7. Rafael Williams (Panama)
8. Dante Serradilla (Argentina)
9. Sebastian Mosqueira (Brazil)
10. Roberto (Lazarito) Hernandez (Dominican Rep.)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Benedicto Villablanca (Chile)
1. Manuel Gonzalez Amaya (Costa Rica)
2. Juan Manriquez (Chile)
3. Walter Gonzalez (Peru)
4. Carlos Alberto D'Silva (Brazil)
5. Victor Pacheco (Colombia)
6. Ezequiel (Cocoa) Sanchez (Dominican Rep.)
7. Denis Moran (Nicaragua)
8. Chucho Zimmerman (Curacao)
9. Jose Vidal (Dominican Rep.)
10. Enrique Maxwell (Panama)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Victor Torres (Peru)
1. Patrick Ford (Guyana)
2. Johnny DeLaRosa (Dominican Rep.)
3. Juvenal Ordenes (Chile)
4. Jose (Monita) Jimenez (Dominican Rep.)
5. Alvaro Marvaez (Colombia)
6. Ruben Veliz (Venezuela)
7. Guillermo Morales (Mexico)
8. Julio (Raton) Hernandez (Nicaragua)
9. Aquilino Asprilla (Panama)
10. Hipolito Nunez (Argentina)

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Esteban Bustos (Argentina)
1. Juan Araneda (Chile)
2. Julio Llerena (Colombia)
3. Jose (Karate) Loor (Ecuador)
4. Cleo Garcia (Nicaragua)
5. Felix Rodriguez (Panama)
6. Jose Caba (Dominican Rep.)
7. Leopoldo (Gallito) Frias (Dominican Rep.)
8. Raul Gonzalez (Venezuela)
9. Carlos Bejarano (Nicaragua)
10. Enrique Maxwell (Panama)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Benito Badilla (Chile)
1. Danilo Batista (Brazil)
2. Ricardo Bennett (Panama)
3. Jose R. Pena (Dominican Rep.)
4. Julian Solis (Puerto Rico)
5. Horner Meza (Colombia)
6. Jose Narvaez (Argentina)
7. Norberto Cabrera (Mexico)
8. Jose Jimenez (Ecuador)
9. Gardenio Ulloa (Chile)
10. Freddy Hernandez (Colombia)

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Julio Soto Solano (Dominican Rep.)
1. Milciades Alvarez (Panama)
2. Javier Brown (Colombia)
3. Ignacio Espinal (Dominican Rep.)
4. Adelaido Galindo (Mexico)
5. Modesto Gomez (Nicaragua)
6. Freddy Castillo (Mexico)
7. Eusebio Espinal (Dominican Rep.)
8. Miguel Lora (Colombia)
9. Carlos Chavez (Panama)
10. Daniel Casan Solano (Costa Rica)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Gabriel Sepulveda (Chile)
1. Tony (Sordito) Nery (Dominican Rep.)
2. Jaime Miranda (Chile)
3. Segundo Toledo (Peru)
4. Pedro Romero (Panama)
5. Rafael Julio (Colombia)
6. Elpidio de Paula (Dominican Rep.)
7. Luis Ibarra (Panama)
8. Jovito Rengifo (Venezuela)
9. Oscar Bolivar (Venezuela)
10. Nestor Obregon (Nicaragua)

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Alfonso Lopez (Panama)
1. Agustin Garcia (Colombia)
2. Hector Rey Melendez (Dominican Rep.)
3. Luis Beltran (Chile)
4. German Torres (Mexico)
5. Rafael Cabrera (Dominican Rep.)
6. Reynaldo Becerra (Venezuela)
7. Hermogenes Murillo (Panama)
8. Ruddy Cranford (Nicaragua)
9. Rodolfo Rodriguez (Argentina)
10. Jose Badilla (Nicaragua)

moved a step closer to a fourth shot at the bantamweight title with a TKO over Enrique Castro, also 119, at the end of the ninth round of a scheduled 10. A hugh gash under Castro's right eye forced the stoppage, but Enrique was outclassed. Davila is now 41-7. Ferd Hernandez, referee.

Bruce Curry, 141¾, won a unanimous decision over Eddie Nuno, 147, 10. Scoring: Paul Smith, 100-90; Lou Tabat and Chuck Minker, both 98-92. Harry Krause, referee.

Louie Ornelas, 162, kayoed Jose Cervantes, 157, with three knockdowns in 1:13 of the first round in a scheduled six. Ferd Hernandez, referee.

Tony Perea, 205¼, won a unanimous decision over Fred Wills, 210¼, six. Perea was down in the second, but came back to bring his record to 12-0. Ferd Hernandez, referee.

Glenn Kennedy, 172, boosted his professional log to 3-0 with a unanimous six-round decision over Mike Agobian, 170. Scoring: Paul Smith, 58-55; Chuck Minker and Lou Tabat, both 59-54. Harry Krause, referee.

SHIRLEY NORMAN

OREGON

▲ **PORTLAND—Marriott Hotel**—Louie Loy, 128, a recent transplant to Portland from Los Angeles with a number 11 ranking in the NABF, knocked out Ronnie Romero, 130, Salt Lake City, in 1:20 of round two in a scheduled 10 billed for the vacant Northwest junior lightweight title. Loy is now 14-0 with 11 kayoes. Romero is 12-1.

Vinnie Hines, 134, Salt Lake City, kayoed Lorenzo Garcia, 133, Caldwell, Idaho, in 1:10 of the second in a scheduled six.

Ernie Chavez, 120, Blackfoot, Idaho, TKO'd Frankie Granados, 122, Los Angeles, at 1:10 of the fifth round in their scheduled six.

Jihad Karridm, 154, Newport, Oregon, kayoed Victor Deloney, also 154, Seattle.

Charles (Machine Gun) Carter, 168½, won a unanimous decision over Paul Jones, 168, Sacramento, six.

Referees—Jim Cassidy, Bill Thornberg.
Judges—Ben Laford, Paul Weitzel.
Promoter—Delores McNally.
Attendance—1,485. Gross—$14,000.
(03-19-82)

KATHERINE DUNN

PENNSYLVANIA

▲ **VILLANOVA—University Field House**—Jimmy Connolly, 146½, Philadelphia, kayoed Orlando Montalvo, 148, formerly of San Juan but now fighting out of Connecticut, in 2:50 of the second.

Dawud Shaw, 174, Chester, Pa., TKO'd Tank McKenzie at 0:55 of the first.

Frank Lotierzo, 165, Cherry Hill, N.J., and Juan Drorzuitz, 164, Holmes, Pa., drew, four. Lotierzo was dropped by a right in the third.

Clarence (Granny) Miller, 128, Pottstown, Pa., TKO'd Martin Brokenbough, also 128, Philly, via cut eye at 2:45 of round three.

Cookie James, 133, Philadelphia, won a unanimous decision over Mike Golden, 135, Philly, four. Golden was down in the first.

Fine prospect Ken Butts, 115, North Philadelphia, halted Ernest Winslow, 120, Philly, at 1:15 of the first.

Referees—Hank Cisco, Joe O'Neil.
Judges—Carol Polis, Paul Harris.
Promoter—Bob Connolly. Matchmaker—Ted Larve.
Attendance—2,000. Gross—$15,000.
(03-03-82)

▲ **CHADDS FORD—Brandywine Club**—Promoter J. Russell Peltz presented an excellent small club card featuring local favorites from the sadly defunct Upper Darby scene. The new locale, a nightclub a few miles out of the suburbs near the Delaware line, proved a success, and a near full house saw an action packed show.

Richie (The Bandit) Bennett, 170½, Darby, Pa., came back from behind to kayo Ed Smith, 177¼, Charlotte, N.C., in 3:05 of the third.

Mike Sheeran, 159, Philadelphia, TKO'd "Dynamite" Joe Bradford, 154, North Philly, at 1:13 of the fourth.

Al Ferro, 149, Upper Darby, won a unanimous decision over Jimmy Muse, 150, North Philly, in a great six-rounder. The stronger Ferro outgunned the sharper Muse in constant toe-to-toe slugging, scoring a knockdown in the fifth with Muse rallying courageously in round six to stay in the fight.

Prospect Francis Childs, 119, Pottstown, Pa., got all he wanted in winning an exciting four-round unanimous duke over Kevin Seabrook, also 119, Charlotte. Childs was dropped by a right hand in the second, but came back to floor Seabrook in the third. They battled all out in the fourth, and the bout could easily have been called a draw.

Fulgencio Martinez, 148, Puerto Rico, kayoed Melvin Langley, 147, South Philadelphia, in 1:19 of the first. Langley folded meekly from a left hook in what resembled a dive.

Roy Melton, 122, Philly, dropped Alonzo Shands, 123, North Philadelphia, in the first and won via unanimous verdict, four.

Referee—Bob Polis.
Judges—Adalaide Tyndale, Joe Sweeney.
Attendance—600. Gross—$6,000.
(03-09-82)

J.R. JOWETT

TEXAS

▲ **HOUSTON—Sam Houston Coliseum**—In perhaps the most ill conceived, problem plagued show this reporter has witnessed in several years of observing the Houston fight scene, local Pajarito Marquez, 128½, and veteran Juan Escobar, 129, Tijuana, struggled their way to a draw over 10. I wish that I could give a further description of the action, but, since I was among a group of media representatives who were seated in the box seat section of the arena—some 50+ yards from ringside—while the seats normally to the working press were given to representatives of the "Matamoras Meat Market," I really didn't have too good a view.

Now for the rest of the card, perhaps more properly reported in the *National Lampoon* than in *The Ring*:

Ronnie Shields, 142½, Port Arthur, TKO'd Oscar Sauceda, 144, Mexico, at 1:23 of round three after hammering him unmercifully from the start. Sauceda was a last day sub for Mario Rodriguez.

Billy Watkins, 135, Houston, won a unanimous decision over reluctant Ernest Gonzales, Chicago, 10. Gonzales weighed in at 131 fully clothed—so who knows what the frail visitor really weighed? Ernest, who fights four-rounders in Chicago but has fought two tens in Texas, was a late arriving sub for Averisto Rodriguez.

A scheduled 10 between bantamweights Fred Jackson of Houston and Martin Gallegos of Mexico was cancelled the night before the show, and, when the sub arranged for failed to show up for the weigh-in, Fred was reduced to watching the card from the audience.

Carlos Gonzales, Jr., whose dad, Carlos, Sr., was the promoter of record, won a hard fought six-round verdict over Julius Flores, Tijuana, middles. Flores was a sub for Danny Medina.

A curtain raiser, arranged for in mid-afternoon, saw Pascual Arrande stop a grinning Jose Reyna at 1:25 of round three, feathers.

The sponsors of this show priced tickets at $50, $40, and $15—at least double what most Houston fight people thought suitable for the attractions offered. Coupled with the fact that the program was plagued with subs replacing fighters who weren't too well known in the first place, it's a wonder that even 750 fans showed up in the 11,000 seat facility.

Promoter—Carlos Gonzales, Sr.
Matchmaker—Pedro delos Santos.
Referees—Chris Jordan, Barry Yeats.
Judges—Dave McCullough, Roy Auld.
Timekeeper—Tommy Ferris.
Knockdown Timer—Jack Joerns.
(03-02-82)

C.A. JACKSON

CANADA

ONTARIO

▲ **LONDON—Centennial Hall**—Ontario boxers were provided with imported "opposition."

Clint Harris, 142, Windsor, halted Dale Gordon, West Virginia, in the second. It was scheduled for eight.

Dean Ferguson, 158, Windsor, won a unanimous decision over David Carter, 164, Ohio, six, in the only bright spot on the card.

Four-rounders: Sam Bonadanna, 160, Windsor, halted Simmy Stansbery, 155, West Virginia, in the first round. Dave

Martin, 149, London, stopped Bill Thompson, 140, West Virginia, in the first. Terry Albert, 138, London, won a unanimous decision over Ricky Burke, 133½, Toronto.
Referees—C. Williams, B. Cormier.
Judges—R. Walton, A. Paris, C. Williams, B. Cormier.
Ringside Physician—T. Telford, M.D.
Promoter—J. McCarthy.
(03-19-82)

▲ **TORONTO—Columbus Hall**—Carling O'Keefe, Toronto's biggest brewery, presented its third monthly show in the Hall Gymnasium, and an estimated crowd of 300 were in attendance. Eight scheduled six-round bouts made up the program.
Gary Myers, 139½, Indiana, and Aberill Brady, 138½, Toronto, drew. Frank Mills, 162, Indiana, won a unanimous decision over Winslow Fraser, 165, Toronto. Robbie Roe, 147, Toronto, knocked out Kenny Willis, 144½, Indiana, in the second. Don Hurtle, 178½, Toronto, kayoed Kenny Johnson, 189½, Indiana, in 1:43 of the first round. Razor Reddick, 183, Toronto, TKO'd Wes Rowe, 183, Brantford, at 0:34 of the fourth. Bobby Buscombs, 150, Brantford, won a majority decision over Alex McNeil, 153, Toronto. Leroy Pink, 144, Toronto, won a unanimous decision over Tony Taylor, 143½, Indiana. Clarence Ali, 136, Toronto, won a unanimous verdict over Rick Pappa, 138½, Toronto.
Referees—Ray Hipolito, L. Sullivan, Ed Gaudet, H. Davis.
Judges—S. Luftspring, J. Silvers, J. Lapadula.
Timekeepers—A. Paris, F. Shillolo.
Physicians—A. Hacker, M.D., A. Murray, M.D.
(03-20-82)

QUEBEC

▲ **MONTREAL—Paul Sauve**—Gaetan Hart, 138¼, Quebec, stopped Mike Blunt, 138½, Ohio, at 2:49 of the 10th and final session.
Donnie Poole, 146½, Toronto, won a unanimous decison over Jean Paul Petrin, 143¼, Quebec, eight.
Former Canadian lightweight champion Jean LaPointe, 130, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Tony Salvatore, 126½, Montreal, eight. The official scores were 78-76 (twice) and 77-76. This was a fast action, first rate contest.
Dave Hilton, 144½, Montreal, stopped Henry Rosa, 141½, Paterson, N.J., at 1:47 of the first round in a scheduled six.
Eddie Melo, 176½, Toronto, won a unanimous duke over Akbar Abdullha, 174, Minneapolis, six.
John Griffen, 160, Montreal, won a unanimous decision over Jerrold Banks, also 160, New York, in the opening four-rounder.
Referees—F. Deegan, R. Doutre, G. Simpson.
Ringside Physicians—P. Meunier, M.D., L. LeClerc, M.D.
Attendance—5,037.
(03-04-82)

FRANK ALLNUTT

SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA

▲ **CARTAGENA**—Ruben Dario Palacio, Medellin, outscored Jose Rodriguez, Cartagena, 10 rounds, super bantams.
Julio Mallarino, Barranquilla, outpointed Emiro Padilla, Cartegena, six rounds, bantams.
Carlos Amador, Cartagena, outscored Alvaro Narvaez, Cartagena, 10, featherweights.
(03-05-82)

▲ **MAICAO**—Jorge Ortiz, Puerto Rico, halted Felipe Medrano, Colombia, in three, junior flyweights.
Colombian flyweight champion Rafael Julio outscored William Salgado, 10, non-title.
Miguel (Marinito) Perez, Cartagena, kayoed Dorismel Zuniga in 2:30 of the fourth round, bantams.
This card was held in the Caseta Internacional.
(03-12-82)

▲ **CARTAGENA**—Mario Miranda, Barranquilla, TKO'd former WBC super bantamweight champion Rigoberto Riasco, Panama, at 1:32 of round three to retain his American featherweight title. It was scheduled for 12 rounds in the Cartegena de Indias Bull Ring.
Daniel Prada outscored Jose Matias, four, super flyweights. This was easily Fight of the Night.
Luis Miranda TKO'd Pedro Morelos in the third round of a scheduled six-frame feather contest.
Serio Alverez, Medellin, retained his Colombian lightweight title with an 11th round TKO over Simon Ramos. Ramos went down in rounds two and seven. It was scheduled for 12.
Felipe Julio, Monteria, iced Julio Llerena, Cartagena, in the fourth round, lightweights.
Wilson Arias, Medellin, outscored Alfredo Guevara, Barranquilla, 10 rounds, lights.
(03-19-82)

LUIS A. GONZALEZ

EUROPEAN RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lucien Rodriguez (France)
1. Felipe Rodriguez (Spain)
2. Domenico Adinolfi (Italy)
3. Sylvain Watbled (France)
4. Alfredo Evangelista (Spain)
5. Neville Meade (Great Britain)
6. Gordon Ferris (Great Britain)
7. Giovanni De Luca (Italy)
8. Billy Aird (Great Britain)
9. Bernd August (Germany)
10. Al Syben (Belgium)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Rudi Koopmans (Netherlands)
1. Hocine Tafer (France)
2. Bunny Johnson (Great Britain)
3. Alex Blanchard (Netherlands)
4. Fred Serres (Belgium)
5. Christiano Cavina (Italy)
6. Ennio Cometti (Italy)
7. Richard Caramanolis (France)
8. Dennis Andries (Belgium)
9. Tom Collins (Great Britain)
10. Walter Cevoli (Italy)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (Great Britain)
1. Roy Gumbs (Great Britain)
2. Matteo Salvemini (Italy)
3. Nicola Cirelli (Italy)
4. Jacques Chinon (France)
5. Pierre Joly (France)
6. Frank Winterstein (France)
7. Eddie Burke (Great Britain)
8. Jose Lozano (Spain)
9. Eddie Smith (Great Britain)
10. Frank Wissenbach (Germany)

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Luigi Minchillo (Italy)
1. Maurice Hope (Great Britain)
2. Herol Graham (Great Britain)
3. Louis Acaries (France)
4. Marijan Benes (Yugoslavia)
5. Chris Christian (Great Britain)
6. Jimmy Batten (Great Britain)
7. Erwin Heiber (Germany)
8. Jose Hernandez (Spain)
9. Dum Dum Pacheco (Spain)
10. Torben Andersen (Denmark)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Championship
Hans Hendrik Palm
1. Jorgen Hansen (Denmark)
2. Colin Jones (Great Britain)
3. Jo Kimpuani (France)
4. Kirkland Laing (Great Britain)
5. Franco Aresti (Italy)
6. Pierangelo Piras (Italy)
7. Richard Rodriguez (France)
8. Roger Zenon (France)
9. Fred Coranson (France)
10. Jose Ramon Gomez Fouz (Spain)

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Clinton McKenzie (Great Britain)
1. Antonio Guinaldo (Spain)
2. Patrizio Oliva (Italy)
3. Giuseppe Martinese (Italy)
4. Giuseppe Russi (Italy)
5. Steve Early (Great Britain)
6. Des Morrison (Great Britain)
7. Sylvester Mittee (Great Britain)
8. Lucien Navarra (Italy)
9. Eupremio Epifiano (Italy)
10. Chris Sanigar (Great Britain)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Giuseppe Gibilisco (Italy)
1. Jim Watt (Great Britain)
2. Ray Cattouse (Great Britain)
3. Charlie Nash (Great Britain)
4. Francisco Leon (Spain)
5. Jose Luis Heredia (Spain)
6. George Feeney (Great Britain)
7. Lucio Cusma (Spain)
8. Dave McCabe (Great Britain)
9. Ricky Beaumont (Great Britain)
10. Rene Weller (Germany)

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Carlos Hernandez (Spain)
1. Cornelius Boza-Edwards (Great Britain)
2. Jose Luis Vicho (Spain)
3. Carlos Rodriguez (Spain)
4. Alfredo Raininger (Italy)
5. Salvatore Liscapade (Italy)
6. Daniel Londas (France)
7. Angelo Licata (Belgium)
8. Luigi De Rosa (Italy)
9. Alain Le Fol (France)
10. Roman Marichal (Italy)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Salvatore Melluzzo (Italy)
1. Pat Cowdell (Great Britain)
2. Roberto Castanon (Spain)
3. Steve Sims (Great Britain)
4. Jimmy Flint (Great Britain)
5. Loris Stecca (Italy)
6. Esteban Equia (Spain)
7. Cecilio Lastra (Spain)
8. Michele Siracuse (Italy)
9. Philippe Maryin (France)
10. Jean Marc Renard (Belgium)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Valerio Nati (Italy)
1. John Feeney (Great Britain)
2. Giuseppe Fossati (Italy)
3. Vicente Rodriguez (Spain)
4. Juan Francisco Rodriguez (Spain)
5. Dave Smith (Great Britain)
6. Davy Larmour (Great Britain)
7. Luis de la Sagra (Spain)
8. Manuel Barquim (Spain)
9. Roberto Serreli (Italy)
10. Giancarlo Ravaioli (Italy)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Charlie Magri (Great Britain)
1. Paolo Castrovilli (Italy)
2. Manuel Carrasco (Spain)
3. Kelvin Smart (Great Britain)
4. Dave George (Great Britain)
5. Enrique Rodriguez Cal (Spain)
6. Gary Nickels (Great Britain)
7. Franco Cherchi (Italy)
8. Giamiero Pinna (Italy)
9. Ciro De Leva (Italy)
10. Mariano Garcia (Spain)

EUROPE

DENMARK

▲ **COPENHAGEN**—Hans Henrik Palm, Denmark, won the vacant European welterweight title by stopping Georges Warusfel, France, at 1:47 of the second. The 32-year-old Frenchman's nose was cut in the first session, and the towel was thrown in during the following round. Referee Angelo Poletti, did not see it, however, and the bout continued. Body blows then floored Warusfel, and the third man called a halt after he had made it to his feet.
Former world junior middleweight champion Ayub Kalule outpointed French middleweight champion Jacques Chinon, 10. Kalule's right eye was cut in the eighth round.
Mike Irungu, Kenya, outscored Dominique Cesari, France, six, bantamweights.
Pierre Joly, France, halted Torben Andersen, Denmark, at the end of six rounds, junior middles. Torben was decked twice.
Michael Madsen, Denmark, halted Andrej Vestan, Yugoslavia, light heavies. The towel was thrown in as Vestan came out for round two.
(02-26-82)

FRANCE

▲ **PARIS—Pierre Coubertin Stadium**—European heavyweight champion Lucien Rodriguez, France retained his crown with a unanimous decision over Albert Syben, Belgium, 12. Scoring: referee Sid Nathan (Great Britain), 120-110; judges Vasquez (Spain) and Klinderman (Switzerland), 120-111 and 120-115, respectively.
(03-06-82)

GERMANY

▲ **MUNICH—Hilton Hotel**—German lightweight champion Rene Weller outscored Peter Ewebanks, Great Britain, eight. Ewebanks was decked for the first time in his career in round two—and was then floored again in round five.
George Steinherr, Germany, halted Edip Secevic, Yugoslavia, in the sixth round. A clash of heads resulted in the stoppage.
Manfred Jassmann, Germany outscored Bonny McKenzie, Great Britain, eight, light heavyweights.
Wolfgang Lechner, Germany, outpointed Sinisa Popovic, Yugoslavia, six.
Promoter Ernst Loh's show was a tremendous success, with 400 customers paying $200 each for dinner and boxing.
(02-25-82)

ITALY

▲ **GINESIO**—Luigi Marini TKO'd Vincenzo Ungaro in eight for the Italian junior middleweight title. Angelo Bizzaro TKO'd Gavriele Di Stazio in four, lightweights. Mario Loreni kayoed Luciano Di Giacomo in the first round, welters.
(01-13-82)

▲ **REGGIO EMILIA**—Lucio Cusma outscored Paolo Agate, eight, lightweights. Josias Da Silva outscored David Mahnutovich, six, junior lights. Luciano D'Elia outpointed Larby Houd, eight, welters.
(01-22-82)

▲ **CASTROCARO**—Valerio Nati, Italy, retained his European bantamweight crown by stopping Esteban Eguia in five. Marco Boero kayoed Khymie Bougalmi in the second, lightweights. Angelo Liguori outscored Mauro Da Cruz, eight.
(01-27-82)

▲ **RIMINI**—Luigi Minchillo, Italy, knocked out Gary Giron, U.S., in the first round, junior middles.
(02-27-82)

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RATINGS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Trevor Berbick (Canada)
1. Neville Meade (England)
2. Gordon Ferris (No. Ireland)
3. Billy Aird (England)
4. Gordon Racette (Canada)
5. Steve Aczel (Australia)
6. Maile Haumona (Tonga)
7. Conroy Nelson (Canada)
8. Stewart Lithgo (England)
9. David Pearce (Wales)
10. Ken Lagusta (Canada)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Champion
Lotte Mwale (Zambia)
1. Mustapha Wasajja (Uganda)
2. Murray Sutherland (Canada)
3. Chisanda Mutti (Zambia)
4. Tony Mundine (Australia)
5. Roddy MacDonald (Canada)
6. Bunny Johnson (England)
7. John Odehiamba (Uganda)
8. Stan Bogovic (Australia)
9. Dennis Andries (England)
10. Tom Collins (England)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Tony Sibson (England)
1. Roy Gumbs (St. Kitts)
2. Wayne Caplette (Canada)
3. Wally Carr (Australia)
4. Fernand Marcotte (Canada)
5. Monty Betham (New Zealand)
6. Alex Sua (New Zealand)
7. Eddie Burke (Scotland)
8. Mark Truck (Canada)
9. Eddie Smith (England)
10. Glenn McEwan (England)

LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Herol Graham (England)
1. Maurice Hope (England)
2. Ayub Kalule (Uganda)
3. Kenny Bristol (Guyana)
4. Rocky Mattioli (Australia)
5. Pat Thomas (St. Kitts)
6. Chris Christian (England)
7. Steve Dennis (Australia)
8. Elisha Obed (Bahamas)
9. Brian Anderson (England)
10. Steve Hopkin (England)

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Colin Jones (Wales)
1. Sakarai Ve (Fiji)
2. Mark Harris (Guyana)
3. Reggie Ford (Guyana)
4. Kirkland Laing (England)
5. Lloyd Hibbert (England)
6. Mario Cusson (Canada)
7. Lachie Austin (Australia)
8. Dave Barago (Australia)
9. Josef Nsubuga (Uganda)
10. Billy Waith (Wales)

LIGHT WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Obisia Nwankpa (Nigeria)
1. Lennox Blackmoore (Guyana)
2. Clinton McKenzie (England)
3. Des Morrison (England)
4. Jeff Malcolm (Australia)
5. Frank Ropis (Australia)
6. Sylvester Mittee (St. Lucia)
7. Mike Parsons (Trinidad)
8. Steve Early (England)
9. Nick Furlano (Canada)
10. Peter Berrigan (Australia)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Barry Michael (Australia)
1. Claude Noel (Trinidad)
2. Langton Tinago (Zimbabwe)
3. Charlie Nash (No. Ireland)
4. Hogan Jimoh (Nigeria)
5. Ray Cattouse (England)
6. John Summerhays (Canada)
7. George Feeney (England)
8. Davidson Andeh (Nigeria)
9. Dave McCabe (Scotland)
10. Ricky Beaumont (England)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Azumah Nelson (Nigeria)
1. Pat Cowdell (England)
2. Patrick Ford (Guyana)
3. Charm Chiteule (Zambia)
4. Brian Roberts (Australia)
5. Steve Sims (Wales)
6. Jimmy Flint (England)
7. Jey Nardo (Zimbabwe)
8. Gary Williams (Australia)
9. Kabiru Akendele (Nigeria)
10. Terry McKeown (Scotland)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Paul Ferreri (Australia)
1. John Feeney (England)
2. Mike Irungu (Kenya)
3. Dave Smith (England)
4. Davy Larmour (No. Ireland)
5. Francis Musankabala (Zambia)
6. Stix Macloud (Zimbabwe)
7. Young Ali (Nigeria)
8. Glen Walsh (Australia)
9. Stuart Nicol (England)
10. Jimmy Bowen (Australia)

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Stephen Muchoki (Kenya)
1. Charlie Magri (England)
2. Steve Bell (Australia)
3. Wayne Mulholland (Australia)
4. Kelvin Smart (Wales)
5. Kid Sumaila (Ghana)
6. Raimy Joe (Nigeria)
7. Dave George (Wales)
8. Pedro Solo (Australia)
9. Ray Amoo (Nigeria)
10. John Hipwell (Australia)

John Aba (Papua) is the junior lightweight champion. Contenders: Cornelius Boza-Edwards (England), Kazeem Armah (Nigeria), Tiger Man (Papua), Willi Tarika (Fiji).

▲ **CAMPOBASSO**—Joey Gibilisco, Italy, retained his European lightweight crown by holding Ray Cattouse, Great Britain, to a draw, 12. Cattouse, 29, was dropped in the first session and although up almost immediately, was given a mandatory eight-count by French referee Louis Michel. Ray received a warning from the third man in round seven for a low blow, and Gibilisco was cautioned for holding in the final heat. One official scored the bout for Cattouse, another carded for Gibilisco, and the third one saw it as a draw.

NETHERLANDS

▲ **ROTTERDAM**—Joey Singleton, Great Britain, TKO'd Cor Eversteyn, Holland, in the fourth round, junior welters. Ray Somer outscored Steve Henderson, Great Britain, eight.
(03-08-82)

SPAIN

▲ **OVIEDO**—Enrique Rodriguez, Spain, outpointed Kelvin Smart, Great Britain, 12 rounds, flyweights.
(03-06-82)

JACK A. TREE

UNITED KINGDOM

▲ **BELFAST—Ulster Hall**—Barry McGuigan, 127, Clones outpointed Luis de la Sagra, also 127, Spain, eight. Scoreline: 80-76½

Terry Christie, 162, Dublin, kayoed Mick Mills, also 162, Rotherham, in round three after having been floored himself in the first session.

Ben Lawlor, 179, Kilkenny, outscored Antonio Harris, 180, Birmingham, six. Scoreline: 60-59.

Frank McCullagh, 175¾, Belfast, halted Gordon Stacey, 173, Batterrsea. The bout was stopped in round two after Stacey had been cut near the left eye.

Southpaw Hugh Russell, Belfast, beat Eugene Maloney, East Lane, who was disqualified in round four after being warned three times for holding and misuse of the head. Russell was conceding six pounds, a sizeable amount for a bantamweight.

Patsy Quinn, 138, Belfast, scored his third win in a row by stopping Tyrell Wilson, 139, Newport, in round five.
(01-27-82)

▲ **STOKE—Trentham Gardens**—Dean Marsden, 126, Halifax, kayoed Gerry Devine, 128, Glasgow, in round five with a left hook after decking him in the third.

Michael Marsden, 124, Dean's brother, outscored Kevin Hay, 127½, Grimsby, four. Scoreline: 40-39.

Vince Gajny, 160, Stratford, outscored Dennis Sheehan, 158, Nottingham, six. Scoreline: 59-58. Sheehan was down twice in the last round.

Rob Wada, 163, Shrewsbury, outpointed Ian Lazarus, 169½, Leads, six. Scoreline: 59-58½.

Roy Hood, 139, Liverpool, outscored Eric Wood, Doncaster, six. Scoreline: 59½-58½.
(01-27-82)

▲ **LONDON—Elephant & Castle Leisure Centre**—Winston Spencer, 134¼, Peckham, won the vacant Southern Area lightweight crown by stopping Billy O'Grady, 133½, Deptford. The bout was halted in round six with Billy cut around the eyes.

The championship belt was presented to Spencer by former British lightweight king Joe Lucy.

Former light welterweight champion Joey Singleton, 150, Kirby but now based in London, outscored Tony Martey, 149½, Ghana, eight. Scorelihe: 80-77½. Singleton, the current Central Area welter champ, was cut by the left eye in the third session.

Johnny Dorey, 177, Eltham, and Eddie Glencross, also 117, Glasgow, drew, six. Glencross seemed to have the edge.

Terry Smith, 133¼, Covent Garden, outscored Chris MacCallum, 137½, Glasgow, six. Scoreline: 60-57. McCallum fought gamely, but found Smith too clever.

Lee White, 179½, Morden, outpointed Glenroy Taylor, 181, Chiswick, six. Scoreline: 59½-58½.
(02-01-82)

▲ **COPTHORNE—Alan Minter Sporting Club, Effingham Park**—Jimmy Cable, 155, outpointed Steve Davies, 154, Swansea, eight. Scoreline: 80-76½. Cable is now 13-0.

Frank McCord, Swansea, halted Alan Cable, Jimmy's brother, at 0:45 of the first round, welters.

Alan Tombs, 133, outscored Alan Thomas, 132, Pembroke, six. This was a close one.
(02-01-82)

▲ **MANCHESTER—Free Trade Hall**—This was the first promotion at this venue in 10 years, and promoter Brian Robinson couldn't have been happy with the poor attendance. A pity, as so many outstanding boxers have emanated from this city.

Mick Morris, 163, Wolverhampton, outboxed Chris Coady, 162, Manchester, eight. Scoreline: 79-77.

Najib Daho, 136, stopped Alan Cooper, 135¾, Brighton, who was retired by his corner at the end of round six with a cut mouth. It was caused by a right hand that decked him in round three.

Peter Flanagan, 138, halted Peter Phillips, 137, Diddington. The ref stepped in in round two after Phillips was downed twice.

Wayne Crolla, 147½, outpointed Phil O'Hara, 147, Manchester, six. Scoreline: 60-58½.

Clive Beardsley, 178, Melbourne, outscored Jonjo Green, also 178, Manchester, six. Scoreline: 59½-58½. Green was down in the first round from a right hand, but he recovered quickly.

John Malone, 135, Manchester, and Joey Morris, 133, drew. Morris was decked in the fourth, and the scoreline was 59-59.
(02-01-82)

▲ **NEWCASTLE—Bier Keller**—Joe Frater, 177, Grimsby, outpointed Northern Area light heavyweight champion P.T. Grant, 180, Newcastle, eight. Scoreline: 79-78. Grant sustained a possible fracture of the left cheek after being caught with a right hand.

Derek Nelson, 148, Sunderland, halted Peter Stockdale, 159, Grimsby, in round six. Stockdale had been down in the third round.

Dave King, 160, Gateshead, and Dave Rylance, 159, South Shields, drew, six.

Norman Morton, 140, Newcastle, and Joey Lindo, 147, Bradford, drew, eight. Referee Fred Potter scored the eight-round contest 79½-79½, but most thought the southpaw Lindo was the winner.

Phil Gibson, 154, Hartglepool, outscored Teddy Baldwin, also 154, Newcastle, four. Scoreline: 39½-39. Baldwin was floored in the opening session.
(02-01-82)

▲ **LONDON—Walthamstow Assembly Hall**—Funso Banjo, 214½, West Ham, won his fourth consecutive bout by stopping Rocky Burton in the second session of their scheduled eight-rounder. Referee Sid Nathan halted the bout at 2:57 of the second after Burton, 203, Bedworth, had been knocked down twice. Burton, it was later found, had broken his left thumb.

Paul Bussette, 175½, Kensal Rise, outscored Paul Newman, 178¾, eight. Scoreline: 79-78½.

Tim Maloney, 142½, Brighton, outpointed Steve Tempro, 148½, Nottingham, eight. Scoreline: 80-77. A good bout to watch.

Subbing Eric Wood, 135, Doncaster, and Kevin Doherty, 135½, West Ham, drew, eight. Referee Nathan's score was 78½, each. The rounds were two minutes apiece.

Nobbins was thrown in after Jimmy Ward, 147, Southampton, narrowly outpointed Sam Omedi, 147½, Plymouth, six. Scoreline: 59½-59.

Bobby Williams, 166, Southampton, knocked out Robbie Turner, 161, Lewes, in 0:44 of the first inning with a left hook after decking him for six.
(02-04-82)

▲ **MANCHESTER—Angle American Sporting Club**—Mal Kirk, 176¾, Ashton-under-Lyne, halted Reg Long, 177, Teeside, in the fourth.

Wayne Crolla, Manchester, stopped Larry Monaghan, 149½, Leeds, at the end of four.

Kevin Pritchard, 133, Liverpool, outpointed Kevin Howard, 134, Sunderland, six. Scoreline: 59-58½.

Tony Wilkinson, 138, outscored Peter Flanagan, 137½, four. Scoreline: 39½-39.
(02-08-82)

▲ **LONDON—Royal Albert Hall**—Reggie Ford, Guyana, outscored former British welterweight champion Kirkland Laing, 10. Laing obviously didn't agree with referee Sid Nathan's 98-97½ verdict, and ran out of the ring as soon as it was announced.

Former WBC junior lightweight champion Cornelius Boza-Edwards, 132½, Harrow, stopped Arturo Leon, 132½, Phoenix, Arizona, who retired at the end of round four with an injured right shoulder. Sid Nathan, referee.

Mark Kaylor, 164, West Ham, knocked out Romal Ambrose, 165½, Leicester, in 2:30 of the first round in a scheduled eight refereed by Harry Warner. Kaylor is still undefeated.

Lloyd Honeyghan, 145½, Bermondsey, halted Granville Allen, 148, Wednesbury, at 1:25 of the fifth round in a scheduled six refereed by Warner.

Nick Wilshire, 156, Bristol, stopped Steve Davies, also 156, Pembroke, at the end of three, when Davies retired with a cut over the right eye. The scheduled six-round bout was an all-southpaw battle.

Paul Huggins, 127¾, Hastings, kayoed Steve Clark, 125½, Porthcawl, with a right to the head in 1:50 of the second in a scheduled eight refereed by Warner.

Mark West, 123½, Newhaven, outpointed Steve Henderson, Aylesbury, eight. Scoreline: 80-77½.
(02-09-82)

▲ **LONDON—National Sporting Club**—Peter Ewbanks, 134, Brighton, outpointed Ian Macleod, 133, Edinburgh, over eight by 79-78. A fine contest, action packed throughout.

Lee Graham, 126, Finchley, halted Jim McKeown, 128, Glasgow, the referee intervening in round six with McKeown cut over the left eye. The Scot was knocked down in the opening session.

Rocky Bantleman, 122½, Leeds, didn't lose a round out-

scoring Mike Wilkes, Merthyr, over six by 60-58. Wilkes was decked in round three.

Colin Harrison, 136, Glasgow, outpointed Andy Thomas, 135, Swansea, six. The scoreline was 60-59½. Close enough; and there was some booing.
(02-08-82)

▲ **LONDON—World Sporting Club**—Barry McGuigan, 128, Clones, made it seven wins in eight bouts by halting Ian Murray, 127½, Manchester, who took six counts before the bout was stopped in the third round.

McGuigan had considered not going through with this bout, as he had been suffering from influenza.

Hugh Russell, 117¾, Belfast, halted Stuart Nichol, 120½, in round three.

Patsy Quinn, 137, Belfast, stopped Winston Ho-Shing, 136, Sheffield, in the seventh.

Lee White, 178, Morden, outscored Joe Gregory, 176, Norwood, six. The scoreline was 59½-58, and nobbins were thrown in.
(02-08-82)

▲ **WOLVERHAMPTON—Sporting Club**—Cliff Gilpin, 149, halted Derek McKenzie, 146, Guyana but now based in London, in round three.

Vince Gajny, 159, Stratford, outpointed Rob Wada, 161, Shrewsbury, six. Scoreline 59-58.

John Humphreys, 164, Shrewsbury, confirmed a previous win by outpointing Willie Wright, 161, Birmingham, six. Scoreline: 59½-58½.

A clash of styles brought a "no contest" ruling when Joe Jackson, 164, Coventry, and Mick Morrid, 162, Wolverhampton, were both disqualified for allegedly "not giving of their best" in the third round.

Errol Dennis, 146, Wolverhampton, outscored debutant Davey Cox, 147, Northampton, over six by 59½-58½.
(02-09-82)

▲ **GLASGOW—Morley's Nitespot**—Scottish light middleweight champion Charlie Malarkey, weighing only 146½, stopped Ian Murray, 146, Birmingham, who retired at the end of round five with an injured jaw.

Phil Duckworth, 147¾, Leeds, outpointed Tommy McCallum, 146½, Edinburgh, eight. Scoreline: 79½-78½.

Brian Hyslop, 129, Glasgow, outscored Keith Foreman, Hartlepool, over six by 60-59.

Phil Gibson, 148½, Hartlepool, outpointed Don Hughes, 145, Glasgow, six. Scoreline: 60-58½.

Tommy Cooke, 137¼, Larkhall, made his pro debut by outpointing Eddie Glass, 137, Hartlepool, over six by 60-58.
(02-15-82)

▲ **LIVERPOOL—Liver Sporting Club**—Jimmy Bunclarke, 136, Liverpool, halted Steve Parker, 132½, Nottingham, in the second round. The referee intervened, Parker having been down briefly in the opening session.

Wayne Crolla, 148, Manchester, halted Nick Riozzi, 148½, Leicester, in the fifth round. Crolla was down without a count in the first session, and subsequently dropped Riozzi thrice.

J.J. Barrett, 134, Liverpool, outpointed Joey Morris, 133, Manchester, over six by 60-58.

Kevin Pritchard, 137, Liverpool, outscored John Malone, 138, Manchester, over six by 60-57½.
(02-15-82)

▲ **LONDON—Lewisham Concert Hall**—Trevor Cattouse, Balham, avenged a previous defeat by beating Shaun Chalcraft, 176¼, Reigate, who was retired by his corner at the end of round three with a cut near the right eye.

Geoff Pegler, 141, Swansea, scored a narrow points win over Winston McKenzie, 141½, Croydon, eight. Scoreline: 79-78½.

Keith Bristol, 179¼, Battersea, outpointed Lee White, 177½, Carshalton, over six by 59½-58.

Sean Campbell, 147, Farnborough, made his pro debut by outpointing Jimmy Smith, 149, Tottenham, over six by 59½-58½. Campbell was decked by a right to the head in round five.

Another newcomer, Conrad Oscar, 162¼, Lewisham, stopped Mohammed Ben, 163½, Algeria, in round two.

Dave Smithson, 132¼, South Norwood, outscored Joshua Eshun, 133½, over four by 40-38. Good fight to watch.
(02-16-82)

▲ **BIRMINGHAM—Arden Sporting Club**—African Prince Mama Mohammed, 177¾, based in Glasgow, didn't lose a round outpointing fellow southpaw Cordwell Hylton, eight. Scoreline: 80-75½.

Steve Enright, 122, outscored Jimmy Bott, 121½, Liverpool, over eight by 79-78. Plenty of action; a few patrons threw in nobbins.

Hugh Johnson, 163, Small Heath, outpointed Rob Wada, 162, Shrewsbury, over six by 59-58½.

Mark Crouch, 150, Epsom, avenged a previous loss by stopping Kevin Johnson, 148, Birmingham, in the second. The bout was halted after Johnson had been on the canvas twice.
(02-16-82)

▲ **LONDON—York Hall**—Jimmy Cable, 155¾, climbed off the floor in round one to stop Gary Cooper, 153, Lymington, in the seventh. This was an exciting contest, prompting nobbins.

Vernon Vanreil, 138, Tottenham, stopped Gerry Beard, 137½, Nottingham, who retired at the end of round four with a cut lip. He was also marked by the left eye, and was floored in the fourth session.

Ivor Jones, 116, Holloway, outpointed George Bailey, 117¼, Nottingham, over six by 60-57½.

Tony Burke, 162½, Croydon, halted debutant Chris Lewin, 155, at 1:52 of the first canto.

Billy Ruzgar, 121½, Tottenham, halted Welshman Ken Coughlin, 126, at 1:12 of the opening session.

Jack Sharpe, 159¼, Lewisham, stopped debuting Frank Campbell, 162¼, Nottingham, at 1:45 of round one.
(02-16-82)

▲ **LEEDS—Astoria Ballroom**—Central Area heavyweight champion Neil Malpass, 218, South Elmsall, halted sub Theo Joseph, 202, Huddersfield, at 2:40 of the eighth and final round.

Dave Allen, 144, Conisbrough, outscored Tommy Davitt, 148, over eight by 79½-78.

Paul Mitchell, 150, Leeds, outpointed Errol Dennis, 146, Wolverhampton, over six by 60-58.

Peter Tidgwell, 175, Bradford, outscored Gary Jones, 176, Stirling, over six by 59½-58½.

Ray Hood, 138, Liverpool, kayoed Aidan Wake, 144, Leeds, in round four with a left. Hood looked well behind on points up to that time.
(02-16-82)

▲ **BRISTOL—Mayfair Suite**—Clyde Ruan, 127¾, outpointed Midlands Area champion Jarvis Greenidge, 128, eight. Referee Denzil Lewis' scoreline was 80-78½. Ruan is now unbeaten in 16 fights.

Eddie Neilson, 218, Swindon, halted Derek Simpkin, 207½, Sadlincote, referee Lewis stopping the bout at 2:30 of round three after Simpkin had been knocked down twice.

Gordon Haigh, 122, Hull, and Mike Wilks, 124½, drew, six. Referee Lewis scored it 59-59.

Mark Virgin, 146, came off a year's lay-off to outpoint Kevin Webb, 150, Bournemouth, four. Scoreline: 40-39.

Mike Bromby, 138½, Hull, outpointed Tommy Thomas, 142¾, Tottenham, six. Bromby bled from the nose, and Thomas was cut by the right eye.

Mike Clemow, 144½, Cornwall, outscored Delroy Pierce, Tottenham, over six by 59½-59. Many thought that Pierce deserved a draw.
(02-16-82)

▲ **LIVERPOOL—Stadium**—Roy Gumbs, 157¼, retained his British middleweight crown by stopping Glen McEwan, 159¼, in the 13th round. Referee Mike Jacobs stopped the bout at 1:28 of that session after McEwan had been decked twice. Gumbs thus wins a Lonsdale Belt outright, this being his second successful title defense.

Brian Anderson, 160, Sheffield, outscored southpaw Mick Morris, 163, Wolverhampton, eight. Referee Ron Hackett's score was 79-77½.

Noel Quarless, 216¾, Liverpool, outpointed Steve Gee, 216, Birmingham, over six by 59-58 on the scorecard of referee Hackett.

John Linds, 146, Bradford, outscored Terry Welsh, 144, Liverpool, six. Referee Brian Hogg's score was 59½-58.

Tony Willis, 139½, Liverpool, halted Tony Carroll, 137, Liverpool, referee Hogg intervening at 2:52 of round five after Carroll had been down three times. The loser immediately announced his retirement from boxing, and, always on these occasions, the fans showed their generosity by tossing a total of £100 into the ring.
(02-18-82)

▲ **LONDON—Bloomsbury Centre**—Clinton McKenzie, 138¼, retained his British light welterweight title by stopping Steve Early, 137¾. Referee James Brimmell intervened at 2:40 of round four after Early had been knocked through the ropes and taken an eight count. The Coventry challenger never had a chance. McKenzie is also European champion, but his Euro crown was not involved, as continental title bouts are over 12 rounds. This fight, for the British crown, was scheduled for 15.

This was the first championship fight promoted by Frank Warren, who must have been well pleased with the results.

Billy Aird, 200½, Bermondsey, made yet another comeback, outpointing Larry McDonald, 231½, Tottenham, over 10 by 98½-96½ on the scorecard of referee Mike Jacobs. Aird's experience and skills saw him through comfortably, although he broke his right hand and had a heavy cold.

Keith Wallace, 116¾, Liverpool, halted Robert Hepburn, 122¼, in the second. An impressive pro debut by Wallace.

Jimmy Duncan, 127¼, Liverpool, had a shock introduction to the pro ranks, being decked by Rory Burke, 130, Ipswich, in the first round. But he came back well to win on points, referee Paddy Sower's scorecard 60-58.

Rocky Kelly, 144½, Acton, outpointed Dave Sullivan, 146½, Plymouth, by 59½-57½ on referee Jacobs' scorecard after six two-round sessions. Sullivan was decked in the third round, but fought pluckily.

Gary Knight, West Ham, outpointed Randy Henderson, 143¼, East Ham, by 58½-58 over six.
(02-19-82)

▲ **BIRMINGHAM—National Exhibition Centre**—Supports to Sibson-Davison:

British heavyweight champion Neville Meade, 216, Swansea, knocked out Ricky Keller, 226, a seven-fight novice from Nebraska, in 2:30 of the sixth round in a scheduled eight-frame contest. Paul Thomas, referee. A right uppercut was the kayo punch.

Steve Topliss, 125¼, Derby, easily outpointed Mark West, 123, Newhaven, six. Referee Thomas' scorecard read 59½-58 for the Derby southpaw.

Lloyd Christie, 142, Wolverhampton, halted Martin McGough, 142½, Coventry, in the third. A cut by the left optic forced the stoppage.

Richard Wilson, 154½, Nuneaton, halted Dennis Sheehan, 158½, Nottingham, in the fourth.

Former British heavyweight champion Gordon Ferris, 208, stopped Stuart Lithgo, Hartlepool, the Northern Area champ, in an official eliminator for a shot at Neville Meade's crown. The end came in inning two, and Ferris will now meet Welshman David Pearce in a "final eliminator."

Southern Area champion Chris Sanigar came in as a sub and halted Midlands Area light welterweight king Adey Allen at 2:50 of the seventh. Roland Dakin, referee. Sanigar was subbing for Sylvester Mittee.
(02-21-82)

▲ **NOTTINGHAM—Great International Sporting Club**—Paul Murray, 150, Birmingham, outscored Gary Buckle, 145, Wednesbury, 145, eight. Referee Paul Thomas' card was 79-78½.

Vince Gajny, 161½, Stratford, outpointed Deano Wallace, 162¼, Wolverhampton, six. Scoreline: 59½-58.

Errol Dennis, 148½, Wolverhampton, outpointed Cecil Williams, 157, Birmingham, six. Scoreline: 59½-58.

Rod Wada, 162¼, Shrewsbury, outscored Willie Wright, 166, Birmingham, over six by 59½-58½.

Kevin Haigh, 139½, Grimsby, outpointed Darren Craven, 124½, six. Scoreline: 60-58. Craven had a nose bleed from the opening round.
(02-21-82)

▲ **LONDON—Anglo-American Sporting Club**—Danny Lawford, 177¾, Manchester, knocked out Steve Lewin, 169½, Streatham, in 0:40 of the first round in a scheduled eight refereed by Roland Dakin. Steve was down a total of three times.

Eddie Copeland, 138, Manchester, outscored Eric Wood, 135½, Doncaster, over eight by 79-77½, according to referee John Keane.

Neville Wilson, 159¼, Wolverhampton, knocked Steve Buttle, 158¼, Basingstoke, down eight times before referee Dakin stopped the scheduled eight at 1:10 of the fifth. Two minute rounds.

Devon Bailey, 180, Battersea, outpointed Aneurin Williams, also 180, six. Scoreline: 59-58½.
(02-22-82)

▲ **BRADFORD—Yorkshire Executive Sporting Club**—Kevin Durkin, 152, Bradford, avenged a previous defeat by outpointing Archie Salmon, also 152, Kilmarnock, over eight by 79-78. Durkin was floored early in the first by a left hook.

Steve Goodwin, 175, Liverpool, halted previously unbeaten Mal Kirk, 176, Ashton-under-Lyme, in round three of the only other fight on the card.
(02-22-82)

▲ **SOUTHEND—20th Century Sporting Club**—Steve Johnson, 160½, Islington, won a shutout verdict over Steve Jarman, Peckham, six.

Dave Laxen, 128, Ruislip, came off an 18-month lay-off to outscore Eugene Maloney, 124, Walworth by 59½-58 over six.

Nick Jenkins, 169½, Bristol, stopped Chris Thorne, 174, Norwich, in the fourth round.

Noel Blair, 154, Tottenham, outpointed Mike Harrison, 156, Hayes, over six by 60-58½.

Keith James, 160, Ipswich, outscored Cliff Curtis, 162, Swindon, by 60-58½, six.
(02-16-82)

▲ **BELFAST—Ulster Hall**—Barry McGuigan, 128, Belfast, halted Angel Oliver, 129¾, in round three. Olivar was floored three times. A fine performance by McGuigan.

Terry Christie, 161, Dublin outpointed Winston Burnett, 164, Cardiff, seven. Scoreline: 69½-67½. There were several withdrawals at the last moment, and these two were paired. Christie's manager wanted to make it a six instead of an eight-rounder, so they compromised at seven.

Young Patsy Quinn, 137, Belfast, outscored Kevin Docherty, 136½, West Ham, over six by 60-57½. Docherty was decked in the fourth session.

Ben Lawlor, 178½, Kilkenny, halted Greg Evans, Liverpool, in round five after Evans had been down twice.

Hugh Russell, 116¾, Belfast, outpointed Jimmy Bott, 121¼, Liverpool, over six by 60-57. Bott was decked in the fourth round.
(02-23-82)

▲ **SHEFFIELD—City Hall**—Herol Graham, 152, retained his British and Commonwealth light middle titles by stopping Chris Christian, 150, in the ninth.

Mick Mills, 148½, Sheffield, kayoed Frank McCord, 150, in the second with a right to the jaw after decking him for eight.

Jimmy Duncan, 126, Prescot, kayoed Andy Thomas, Wales, with a left hook in 3:04 of the second round.

Jimmy Ellis, 160, Sheffield, halted Ashley Jones, 159, Wales, in the fourth.

Peter Bennett, 147, Sheffield, stopped Gary Brooks, 147, London, in the fourth.
(02-24-82)

▲ **EVESHAM**—John Humphreys, Shrewsbury, and Horace McKenzie, Cardiff, drew, eight, welterweights.

Delroy Pierce, Tottenham, outpointed Peter Sheridan, six. Scoreline: 59½-58.

Ike Lazarus outscored Paul Shell, also by 59½-58 over six. Shell was down in round three.

Kostas Petrou, Birmingham, outscored Peter Ahmed over six by 59-58, welterweights.

Noel Bloar outpointed Bert Myer, six. Scoreline: 59½-58.
(02-24-82)

▲ **HARTLEPOOL—Borough Hall**—Billy Lauder, 163, Bonnyrigg, outscored Neil Fannan, 161, over eight by 79½-78½. Fannan was decked in the third round, but recovered well.

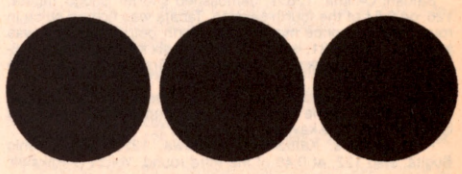
Colin Harrison, 135, Glasgow, halted Kevin Howard, 133, in round seven after the latter had been dropped by a right to the head.

Phil Gibson, 152, Hartlepool, outpointed Gary Petty, 150½, Hull, in an eight-round bout that gave the fans their money's worth. Scoreline: 79-78½.

Eddie Glass, 134, Hartlepool, and Billy Laidman, 141½, Glasgow, drew, six.

Robbie Bewick, 166, Sunderland, made his pro debut by stopping Dave King, 163, Gateshead, in the fourth round. A cut by the left optic forced the stoppage.
(02-25-82)

RON OLVER



JAPANESE RATINGS BY THE JAPANESE BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF MARCH 15, 1982)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Kenji Shibata
1. Caesar Sasaki
2. Keitoku Chirima
3. Kenji Miyata
4. Yoshio Shinbori

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Yohi Arai
1. Michihiro Horihata
2. Katsuhiro Sawada
3. Kazuhiko Yasuda
4. Mamoru Taira
5. Mugen Kawasaka

WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Jyunkya Kushikino
1. Katsuyoshi Kitsumoto
2. Dynamite Matsuo
3. Minoru Sugiya
4. Kazumi Nakao
5. Ikuya Toshinai
6. Koji Sasagawa

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Tatsuya Moriyasu
1. Hidekazu Akai
2. Eiichi Fukumoto
3. Nobutaka Kuwata
4. Ryutaro Otsuki
5. Kazunori Shiratori
6. Seitaro Chinen
7. Katsuhiro Okubo
8. Shogun Hatakeyama
9. Sadao Saito
10. Seiji Fujiwara

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Jyoken Narita
1. Tadao Ishido
2. Hayao Shiba
3. Kaneatsu Yamamoto
4. Syaian Yamamoto
5. Takashi Sugimoto
6. Fujio Ozaki
7. Hammer Itoi
8. Ryo Asuka
9. Hidemitsu Takemoto
10. No Listing

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Yoshimitsu Azato
1. Yonekura Ikhoni
2. Takeshi Hamada
3. Ryu Fakida
4. Katsuji Sano
5. Masahiro Takagi
6. Blazer Okubo
7. Toshiaki Nakamoto
8. Hideyuki Shikano
9. Masaharu Owada
10. Yoshinari Tanaka

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Yushin Napunyi
1. Kuniyoshi Kuwabara
2. Spider Nemoto
3. Eijiro Kuruma
4. Gen Tosa
5. Tomio Nakamura
6. Kosei Kawaguchi
7. Hiroyuki Yatsu
8. Condoru Yamamoto
9. Yasuhide Takahashi
10. Takuya Rokusha

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Hiroyuki Iwamoto
1. Kenichi Ito
2. Naoki Kobayashi
3. Toshiyuki Tanaka
4. Bunji Ando
5. Satoru Koguchi
6. Sanji Ito
7. Toshi Okuma
8. Dragon Hayakawa
9. Keiji Kawamura
10. Takeshi Mitsu

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Syuichi Isogami
1. Hurricane Teru
2. Hitoshi Ohashi
3. Tsuguyuki Toma
4. Mitsuo Imazato
5. Hideharu Mitsui
6. Katsuyuki Ohashi
7. Takeshi Ryu
8. Makoto Taguchi
9. Jiro Takada
10. Yoshimu Oyama

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Tsutomu Itokazu
1. Koji Kobayashi
2. Jackal Maruyama
3. Kiyoshi Ohyama
4. Hiroyuki Kobayashi
5. Kazumi Sato
6. Marushiyano Sekiyama
7. Hiroyuki Seki
8. Yasuo Azato
9. Katsuhiko Fukugomori
10. Kazuki Higa

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Kazumasa Tamaki
1. Syuichi Hozumi
2. Yoshiyuki Uchikoshi
3. Masaru Fuji
4. Shinji Takagi
5. Osamu Yoshiyama
6. Mutsuo Watanabe
7. Yuto Kazaki
8. Takashi Nakayama
9. Yoshiaki Nojima
10. Yoshiyuki Uchida

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Tadashi Tomori
1. Hiroyuki Tada
2. Kazuyoshi Funaki
3. Rikuo Watanabe
4. Road Mitsuru
5. Yoshiaki Kanda
6. Toshihiro Okumoto
7. Katsumi Sato
8. Tetsumi Takeshita
9. Phoenix Taniguchi
10. Tatefumi Taiho

Japanese boxers holding world titles: Katsuo Tokashiki (WBA junior flyweight).

Japanese boxers holding OPBF titles: Eijiro Murata (bantamweight).

Other Japanese boxers rated by world boxing organizations: Tadashi Mihara (#6 WBA junior middleweight), Akio Kameda (#1 WBA junior welterweight; #10 WBC welterweight), Hikaru Tomonari (#4 WBA junior lightweight), Fusao Imai (#5 WBA junior featherweight), Yushi Napunyi (#4 WBA junior featherweight), Jiro Watanabe (#6 WBC junior bantamweight; #7 WBA), Shoji Oguma #4 WBC junior bantamweight), Nobuyuki Watanabe (#8 WBA flyweight), Koki Ishii (*#9 WBC flyweight), Masaharu Inami (#7 WBC junior flyweight; #9 WBA).*

ORIENT

JAPAN

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Lanky Satoshi Koguchi, 121½, halted Hideharu Mitsui, 121, at 2:16 of the first round in a scheduled 10. Mitsui went down twice from left-right combos before referee Kodai Kumazaki called a halt.

Tetsumi Takeshita, 108, pummeled Kiyomi Sato, 107, into submission in 2:56 of the fourth canto in the semi-final 10. Takeshita, 20, is now 6-0 (four kayoes) as a pro. Sato is 8-10-3 with two knockouts.

Satoshi Okuma, 126½, demolished shorter Shogo Tabata, 126, on 0:54 of the fourth session. Tabata was floored twice in round two and once more in the fourth before the fight was stopped. Okuma, 21, is now 11-4-1 with six kayoes. Tabata is 6-17-4 with two knockouts. This was the first 10-rounder of the evening.

Shigeru Kawasaka, 142½, TKO'd Noboru Kawaguchi, also 142½, at 1:44 of the fifth round in a scheduled six. Kawasaka is now 6-1 with five kayoes.

Four-rounders: Katsuhiko Hasegawa, 122, TKO'd Toshio Sugita, also 122, at 0:46 of the third round. Yoichi Shirakawa, 117, won a unanimous decision over Kyoei Nakamura, 117½; both were making their pro debuts. Kazuaki Hamai, 117¼, halted Yoichi Hamamatsu, 117½, at 2:43 of the first round. Shingo Ishihara, 107, kayoed Michihiro Ito, 108, in 2:40 of the first round in the opener.

Kyoei Promotions. TBS TV.

Attendance—1,400.

(02-01-82)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Trial horse Fusao Imai, 127, knocked out Hiroshi Gonohe, 126, the WBA's second ranked junior featherweight, in 3:08 of the ninth round with a right. Scoring after eight: referee Paul Field, 80-77; judge Shoji Nakamori, 79-77; judge Takeshi Shimakawa, 80-75—all in Imai's favor. He's now 10-4-2 with five kayoes. Gonohe, 24, who had been the prohibitive favorite, is 6-1 with four knockouts.

Masahiro Takagi, 128½, won a close but unanimous decision over Masaaki Miyata, 128¼, 10. Scoring: referee Takeshi Shimakawa and judge Shoji Nakamori, both 98-97; judge Takeo Ugo, 99-96. Takagi is now 12-2-1 with five knockouts. Miyata, who ran out of gas in the late rounds, is 9-4 with 8 kayoes.

Undefeated Hiroyuki Seki, 113½, stopped Mutsuo Watanabe, 112¼, at 2:52 of round two in the evening's first 10-rounder.

Four-rounders: Yoshinobu Fukui, 108, outpointed Kazutaka Ito, also 108. Tomomi Shimabukuro, 125½, outscored Masaru Osanai, 125¼. Takaharu Nishimura, 121, outpointed Shinnosuke Nakazawa, also 121. Moriaki Shinzaki, 111¾, knocked out Makoto Kano, 112, in 0:30 of the fourth and final stanza in the opener.

Teiken Promotions. Nippon TV.

Attendance—1,400.

(02-06-82)

▲ **OYAMA CITY—Oyama Park**—Kiyoshi Oyama, 117¼, the JBC's fourth ranked bantamweight, floored Kazumi Sato, 118, thrice (once in the second, once in the eighth, and once more in the 10th) and won via unanimous decision, 10.

Scoring was as follows: referee Takeshi Shimakawa, 99-93; judge Kodai Kumazaki, 96-93; judge Takeo Ugo, 99-93.

Toshizo Kaneku, 131¼, TKO'd southpaw Kozaburo Ichihara, 132, at 0:25 of the third round in the scheduled six-round opener.

Four-rounders: Futoshi Iizuka, 126, TKO'd Kazuto Nakahira, 125½, at the end of the second. Yukinori Onishi, 108, outpointed Kazumi Hamakawa, 107¼. Unbeaten Shotgun Suzuki, 116¾, outscored Akira Saito, 116¼. Nobuharu Sekine, 121½, stopped Akira Yamada, 122, at 1:35 of the first.

Oyama Yonekura Promotions. No telecast.

(02-07-82)

▲ **OSAKA—Prefectural Gymnasium**—The finals of the All-Japan *Shinjin-o* (Novice King) tournaments were held here, with the winners entering the JBC top 10 in their respective weight divisions.

Results were as follows:

Junior Flyweight: Takefumi Taiho, 106¾, stopped Shinroku Koita, 107¾, at 1:43 of the fourth round in their scheduled six. Taiho, 18, is now 4-0 with two kayoes. He's the fourth son of boxing club owner Eiki Taiho, two of whose other sons have also entered the pro game.

Flyweight: Hard hitting Yoshiyuki Uchida, 111¾, halted Hideo Sakamoto, 112, at 2:25 of the sixth and final round. Uchida, 22, is now 7-1 with seven kayoes.

Junior Bantamweight: Kazuki Higa, 114½, won a shutout (60-55 on all three cards) decision over Masami Higashiyama, 115, six. Higa, 21, from Okinawa, is now 6-0 with four kayoes.

Bantamweight: Tyshimu Oyama, 117½, TKO'd Seiichi Hijiri, 118, at 1:43 of the sixth and final session. Oyama, the son of an ex-fighter, is 6-0-1 with three kayoes. He's 18, and looks promising.

Junior Featherweight: Takeshi Mitsu, 122, won a unanimous (60-57, 60-56, and 59-57) decision over Tatsunari Hisamatsu, also 122, six. Takeshi, 19, is 9-1 with three kayoes.

Featherweight: Takuya Rokusha, 122, won a split decision over Mitsuru Sugiya, 124¾, six. This was a hard fought, see-saw battle which saw Rokusha drop the favored Sugiya twice in the first round, suffer a knockdown from a straight right in the same frame, and floor Mitsuru for the third time with a smashing right hand in the third. Rokusha is now 6-0 with three knockouts. Sugiya is 6-1 with three kayoes. Rokusha was named "Best *Shinjin-o* of the Tourney" for his efforts.

Junior Lightweight: Yoshinari Tanaka, 129, decked Kiyoshi Nonaka, 129¼, twice in the third round and halted him at 2:08 of the fifth. Tanaka, 20, is now 7-0 with three knockouts.

Lightweight: Hidemitsu Takemoto, 134½, won a split decision over Miharu Muto, 134¾, six. Scoring: referee Matsumoto and judge Uenaka, 59-58 and 60-59, respectively for Takemoto; judge Yasuda, 59-56, Muto. Takemoto is now 4-1 with three kayoes. He's 29, having make a late start in the sport.

Junior Welterweight: Tricky Sadao Saito, 139½, and Masaji Fujiwara, 139½, drew, six. Saito hit the deck in the first session, and Fujiwara was floored in the second. Saito, 29, is 5-2-2 with four kayoes. Fujiwara, 22, is 6-1-1 with three knockouts. The JBC put both men in its top 10 ratings.

Welterweight: Shigeru Kawasaka, 20, was declared the winner when his scheduled opponent, Tomohiro Nagao, was disqualified by the *Shinjin-o* Tournament Committee. Kawasaka is 5-1 with four kayoes.

Middleweight: Yoshio Shimbori, 160, won a unanimous (double 60-57 and 60-55) decision over Koji Kato, 156, six. Shimbori, 31, is the oldest of the 10 All-Japan winners.

Shinjin-o Tournament Committee. Mainichi TV.

Attendance—4,800.

(02-15-82)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Southpaw Tsutomu Itokazu, 114¼, retained his Japanese junior bantamweight crown by knocking out former champion Jackal Maruyama, also 114¼, in 1:03 of the ninth round in a scheduled 10. A right hook was the kayo punch in this pier-sixer.

Scoring after eight: referee Ken Morita and judge Shoji Nakamori, both 77-76, Itokazu; judge Masakazu Uchida, 76-76. Itokazu is now 5-2-2 with three kayoes. Maruyama is 17-6-2 with nine knockouts.

Seitaro Chinen, 137, floored Hammer Itoi, 137¾, with a right hand counter in the sixth and won via majority decision, 10. Scoring: referee Paul Field and judge Shoji Nakamori, both 96-95; judge Ken Morita, 96-96.

Koji (Cheyenne) Yamamoto, 134½, flattened Sincere Inoue, 135, Osaka, with a left uppercut in 3:04 of the seventh in the program's first 10-rounder. Kodai Kumazaki, referee.

Four-rounders: Kiyotaka Ono, 133¾, polished off Minoru Ono, 134½, with a couple of knockdowns in 2:51 of the first round. Six-foot junior welterweight Nobuyuki Tabata, 139, kayoed Shotetsu Kan, 137½, in 1:24 of the second for his second kayo in as many outings. Tabata sank his man with a beautiful short right. He looks promising. It was the card opener.

J.R.J. Kokusai Promotions. TV Asahi.

Attendance—1,700.

This card was held in commemoration of former WBC super bantamweight champion Royal Kobayashi's retirement. Royal, who retired with a 35-7 pro log, will manage his traditional style restaurant in Tokyo.

(02-16-82)

▲ **OSAKA—Prefectural Gymnasium**—Hidekazu Akai, 142½, demolished the more experienced Kazumi Nakao, 142, in 1:43 of round two in their scheduled 10-rounder. Akai is now 9-0—all knockouts.

A vicious straight right followed by a solid left uppercut to the bread basket sent Nakao into dreamland, with referee Nobumitsu Inukai tolling the fatal 10. Akai, a student at Kinki University, was 44-12 (22 kayoes) as an amateur. He'll meet Filipino champ Mike de Guzman in his next bout.

Lord Mitsuru, 107, kayoed veteran Phoenix Taniguchi, 108, in

2:49 of the 10th and final round. What a fight! Mitsuru hit the deck in the fifth session, and each kissed the canvas in round six. Taniguchi went down in the eighth round from his younger foe's attacks, and the give-and-take show ended with a lethal shot in the last session. Lord is now 9-1 with five kayoes. Taniguchi is 14-15-3 with seven knockouts. Both were ranked among the JBC's top 10 junior flyweights.

Flyweights: Katsunori Nagamoto, 121¾, won a unanimous (double 40-38 and 40-37) over Manabu Niwazukino, 121½. Southpaw Hitoshi Taniuchi, 106¼, dropped Shinichi Sugita, 108, in the first session, but was held to a majority draw. Keiichi Nakatani, 145¾, TKO'd Toshinori Hotta, 147, at 1:07 of the third round, referee Kashiwagi calling a halt. Koyu Eura, 133½, ran his log to 3-0 (two kayoes) by stopping Kazuyuki Yamamoto, 132½, at 1:40 of the second. Takuya Tsuji, 111, won a lopsided (all cards 40-35) decision over Akio Asaura, 110¼, in the opener.

Kambayashi Promotions. TV Asahi.

Attendance—4,900.

(02-22-82)

▲ **TOKYO—Korakuen Hall**—Wild swinging Ryuya Moriyasu, 137, the Japanese junior welterweight champ, missed plenty, but caught glass-jawed Katsuhiro Okubo, 140, and knocked him out in 1:59 of the fifth round in their scheduled 10-round championship bout. The challenger was dropped once in the third round and three more times in the fifth.

Moriyasu, the WBA's third ranked junior welter (ridiculously overrated) is now 11-13 with six kayoes. Okubo, two years his junior at 26, is 9-10. All three offiicals, referee Takeshi Shimakawa and judges Ken Morita and Shoichi Kanaya, had the bout tabbed 39-38, Moriyasu, after four.

Yong-Dae Kim, 143¾, Korea, and Nobutaka Kuwada, 141¼, drew, 10. Scoring: referee Takeo Ugo, 97-97; judge Shoichi Uchida, 97-96, Kuwada; judge Takeshi Shimakawa, 98-97, Kim.

Six-rounders: Rusher Kawaguchi, 123, won a shutout (60-57 and double 60-56) unanimous decision over Tsutomu Hasegawa, also 123. Kawaguchi is now 6-1 with two kayoes. Takashi Sengoku, 128, won a majority decision over Hisashi Ishikawa, 129. Takashi Suzuki, 119, won a unanimous decision over Isao (Wolf) Takashima, 118½, who ran out of gas in the late rounds.

Fours: Masayuki Ono, 123, won a unanimous decision over Seijin Sato, 122½. Hirokazu Takeuchi, 128¾, outpointed Mamoru Tajima, 127¾. Isao Koide, 114¼, won a unanimous decision over Kenji Tanaka, 114, in the opener.

Misako/Kawakami Promotions. Fuji TV.

Attendance—1,400.

(02-25-82)

▲ **OKINAWA—Onoyama Gymnasium**—Japanese junior flyweight champion Tadashi Tomori, 108, retained his crown with a unanimous decision over Yoshiaki Kanda, 107¾, 10. The game Kanda was floored midway in the eighth.

Tomori, 22, is now 18-5 with five kayoes. He's managed by Hitoshi Misako, who announced that he would fight for the WBC light flyweight title against champ Amado Ursua in Tokyo on April 13. Kanda, 20, is 10-5-5 with three knockouts. He's piloted by former world champion Fighting Harada.

Six-rounders: Hiroshi Osumi, 135¼, stopped Shinichi Akagi, 134½, at 2:35 of the fourth round. Kentoku Nakama, 108, polished off Yoshi Ikeda, 107¼, at 1:03 of the second.

Fours: Tadashi Maruo, 137¾, kayoed Yoshikatsu Kouchi, also 137¾, at 1:47 of the first. Masaki Sono, 114½, outscored Hajime Kifuji, 113¾. Seiji Oshiro, 120¾, and Minoru Kamishiro, 121½, drew. Mitsuru Arazaki, 117¼, stopped Takeshi Tokumaru, 115½, at 0:37 of the second in the opener.

Misako Promotions. No telecast.

Attendance—2,000.

(02-26-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

KOREA

▲ **PUSAN—Kudok Gymnasium**—Seung-Hoon Lee, 118½, hardly worked up a sweat in knocking out Hitoshi Ohashi, 119½, Japan, in 1:12 of the first round in their scheduled 10-rounder. The 5'7" Lee landed a chopping right, and Ohashi hit the deck for the full count. Lee is now 20-3 with six kayoes.

Kyong-Hwan Choi, 139½, won the vacant Korean junior welter crown with a decision over Bok-Dong Chang, 140, 10. Choi is now 12-4-2 with two knockouts. Chang is 7-3-1 with two kayoes.

Ki-Hun Kwak, 142, demolished Il-Kwon Chun, 142¼, at 1:53 of the third round in a scheduled eight.

Four-rounders: Chong-Won Park, 110½, outpointed Kun-Sub Lee, also 110½. Yun-Ho Park, 110¼ and Jung-Suk Park, also 110¼, drew, in the opener.

Hanjin Promotions.

(01-31-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Clever and hard punching Soon-Hyun Chung, 122, *The Ring* International Panel's ninth ranked junior feather, regained the OPBF crown with a split decision over Willie Lucas, 121¾, Philippines, 12. Chung had lost the throne to Lucas on a controversial verdict in Manila, and Willie had been reluctant to give him a return. An OPBF order finally resulted in this rematch.

Chung came forward from the start, but Lucas floored him with a sharp left counter in the second. The undaunted Soon-Hyun kept on the attack, however, and had Willie at bay in the seventh and 10th rounds with solid straight rights.

Scoring: referee Kazumasa Kuwada (Japan) and judge Chul-Hee Han (Korea), 117-115 and 117-114, respectively, for Chung; judge Vicente Ballotas (Philippines), 118-116, Lucas.

Korean fighters now hold 11 of the 12 OPBF titles.

Chung, who twice lost close decisions to Ricardo Cardona, is now 26-5 with 15 knockouts.

Hyo-Moung Yuh, 116¾, and Sung-Yun Oh, 119½, drew, eight.

KOREAN RATINGS BY THE KOREAN BOXING COMMISSION (AS OF FEBRUARY 28, 1982)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Soo-Hang Lee
2. Sun-Kap Choi

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Byung-Rae Yuh
1. Yung-Kil Chang
2. Chang-Il Yim
3. Chang-Wan Noh
4. Kyung-Soon Kim
5. Byung-Nam Choi
6. Jin-Nan Kim
7. Myung-Hwan Shin

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Champion
Byung-In Chang
1. Kyung-Min Nah
2. Chingo-Ho Kim
3. Jae-Yung Yuh
4. Sang-Ho Lee
5. Chang-Won Moon
6. Bum-Yong Lee
7. Hyung-Dok Choi
8. Chi-Keun Song
9. Suh Sok
10. Bae-Kyong Park

WELTERWEIGHTS
Championship
Vacant
1. Jun-Sok Hwang
2. Seung-Soon Lee
3. Yung-Sop Suh
4. Kyu-Sang Yuh
5. Kwang-Yul Oh
6. Mu-Sok Hwang
7. Hong-Il Shin
8. Dok-Bong Kim
9. Jae-Hoon Kim
10. No Listing

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Champion
Kyung-Hwun Chae
1. Sang-Hyun Baek
2. Jae-Sung Yuh
3. Yong-Dae Kim
4. Hi-Soo Chung
5. Bok-Dong Chang
6. Tae-Hoon Park
7. Song-Oh Hwang
8. Byung-Son Yuh
9. Chul-Ho Yun
10. Il-Kwon Chun

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Pil-Koo Lee
1. Heung-Sok Yuh
2. Hong-Kyu Lim
3. Hwal-No Hwang
4. Seo-Haeng Lee
5. In-Chang Kim
6. Ki-Hoon Kwakk
7. Sok-Kyu Park
8. Park Hang
9. Kyu-Won Choi
10. Ho-Seung Lee

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Champion
Kyung-Soo Hong
1. Young-Ho Oh
2. Sa-Wang Kim
3. Dong-Koo Woo
4. Chong-Pyo Kim
5. Hyung-Kil Chun
6. Dong-Soo Cha
7. Chong-Kil Chung
8. Chong-Kwon Ahn
9. Min-Soo Lee
10. Sung-Yun Kim

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Yung-Shik Kim
1. Yang Il
2. Min-Keun Oh
3. Chang-Dok Han
4. Ahn Hyun
5. Oh-Hyung Lee
6. Tae-Kook Park
7. Hi-Yung Kim
8. Son-Woo Chung
9. Song-Hwa Chin
10. Song-Dae Kim

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Champion
Swung-In Seo
1. Ki-Yung Chung
2. Kangsan Lee
3. Sang-Yul Ahn
4. Seung-Don Yang
5. Chan-Jung Chun
6. Jae-Wook Kim
7. Kyo-Sok Han
8. In-Kil Kang
9. Ki-Tae Kim
10. Sang-Man Choi

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Yong-Hwan Oh
1. Dong-Yung Kim
2. Chong-Soo Lee
3. Kwon Chul
4. Dong-Shik Park
5. Jin-Sok Chang
6. Ji-Won Kim
7. Kwang-Sop Kim
8. Chang-Sik Park
9. Ho-Man Kim
10. Ju-Nong Chang

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Champion
Mun-Kyun Joo
1. Jae-Myung Choi
2. Ok-Kyun Yuh
3. Yu-Ok Joo
4. Sok-Chul Bae
5. Ik-No Ahn
6. Chang-Yong Park
7. Sang-Yong Kim
8. Hyom-Yung Yuh
9. Nam-Soo Park
10. Yuh-Kyung Heo

FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Chong-Chul Park
1. In-Wan Hwang
2. Kwang-Sok Lee
3. Hyung-Shik Lim
4. Soon-Jung Kang
5. Chan-Soo Chung
6. Sang-Mun Lee
7. Yong-Tae Kim
8. Young-Dok Choi
9. Jung-Man Park
10. Soo-Kon Chang

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Champion
Ho-Chul Pyun
1. Hi-Sop Shin
2. Jung-Hwan Kim
3. Mun-Jin Choi
4. Min-Woong Kim
5. Chong-Kwan Chung
6. Oh-Kong Son
7. Ma-Loh Ji
8. Hwak-Yu Lee
9. Kyung-Shik Park
10. Jin-Young Yuh

Korean boxers holding world titles: Chul-Ho Kim (WBC super flyweight).

Korean boxers holding OPBF titles: Chong-Pal Park (middleweight), In-Chul Baek (junior middleweight), Chung-Jae Hwang (welterweight), Sang-Hyun Kim (junior welterweight), Deuk-Koo Kim (lightweight), Tae-Jin Moon (junior lightweight), Hwan-Kil Yuh (featherweight), Soo-Chon Kwon (junior bantamweight), Hong-Soo Yang (flyweight), Sung-Nam Kim (junior flyweight).

Other Korean boxers rated by world boxing organizations; Sang-Ho Lee (#7 WBA junior welterweight), Kwang-Min Kim (#7 WBC lightweight, #9 WBA), Il-Bok Lee (#8 WBC junior lightweight), Jung-Chul Kim (#6 WBA junior featherweight), Seung-Hoon Lee (#1 WBC bantamweight; #8 WBA), Tae-Shik Kim (#10 WBA flyweight), Jung-Koo Chang (#8 WBA junior flyweight), Hwan-Jin Kim (#3 WBA junior flyweight; #8 WBC).

Four-rounders: Kun-Soo Park, 139½, outpointed Chul-Won Yang, 140¼. Chul-Min Park, 126, kayoed Do-Sun Park, 126½, in 2:41 of the first round. Kuk-Jin Lim, 145¼, outscored Joung-Bok Park, 151¾. Sang-Muk Lee, 120¾, outpointed Ho-Sun Choi, 122¼. Hee-Won Lee, 109¾, stopped Tae-Yun Moon, 109½, in 2:54 of round one in the opener.

Chungchang Promotions.

(02-07-82)

▲ **TAEGU—Kyongbuk Gymnasium**—SUPPORTS TO KIM-ISHII (WBC SUPER FLYWEIGHT TITLE):

Jung-Koo Chang, 109¼, halted the fast rising Jong-Kwan Chung, 107½, at the end of the sixth session in the scheduled 10-round semi. Chung had halted former WBA flyweight champion Alfonso Lopez on December 26 to enter the WBA's top 10.

Chul-Sun Hwang, 121¼, knocked out Hiroyuki Kobayashi, also 121¾, the JBC's fourth ranked junior featherweight, in 2:33 of the ninth round in their scheduled 10 with a left hook. Hwang, a former amateur star, is now 5-0 (one kayo) as a pro.

Four-rounders: Sun-Jung Kang, 115¾, outpointed Sang-Moon Lee, also 115¾. Suk-Kun Song, 109¾, outscored Chong-Won Park, also 109¾, in the opener.

Ho-Yun Chuns Kukdong Promotions.

Telecast by KBS in Korea, and by TV Asahi in Japan.

Attendance—5,000.

(02-10-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Changchung Gymnasium**—In-Chang Kim, 136, the KBC's sixth ranked lightweight, outscored Min-Soo Lee, 136½, 10. Kim is now 3-0. Lee is 7-10-3.

Dong-Soo Cha, 133½, and Ki-Tae Kim, 129½, drew, eight. Cha is 10-1-2 with five kayoes. Kim is 6-1-1 with two knockouts.

Six-rounders: Sam-Yong Kim, 118½, outpointed Suk-Tol Kang, 117½. Myong-Sub Choi, 129, and Oh-Kyu Chang, 129¾, drew. Hwa-Kyu Lee, 110¼, outscored Chul-Yong Park, 111. Jae-Min Shin, 113¾, and Yung-Kil Kim, 112½, drew.

In-Koo Kang, 116¼, halted Sun-Jae Hong, 115¾, at 2:33 of the second in the scheduled four-round opener.

Samwol Promotions.

(02-13-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasikum**—Sung-Dong Yang, 121¼, outpointed Hun-Young Park, 122, eight.

Oh-Kong Son, 106¾, outscored Mal-Oh Ji, 106¾, eight.

Byoung-Sun Yuh, 140, outpointed Bok-Soo Suh, also 140, in the program's first eight-rounder.

Sun-Chul Lee, 127¾, knocked out Jae-Won Kim, 129¾, in 0:38 of round two in a scheduled six.

Yang-Il Shin, 118, halted Kyi-Sang Choi, 119, at 2:09 of the fifth round in their scheduled six-round opener.

Kangpo Promotions.

(02-13-82)

▲ **TAEGU—Indoor Gymnasium**—Former WBA flyweight champion Tae-Shik Kim, 112¾, knocked out Kazuyhoshi Funaki, 112, Japan, in 2:55 of round five in a scheduled 10. Kim is now 15-3 with 12 kayoes.

Yong-Hwan Oh, 120¼, and Chang-Shik Park, 119¾, drew, 10.

Oh-Hyung Lee, 128½, stopped Wan-Tak Choi, also 128½, at

1:14 of round three in a scheduled eight.
Chan-Soo Chung, 114¾, outscored Dong-Chun Lee, 114¼, eight.
Sung-Oh Hwang, 141½, and Sang-How Yuh, 142½, drew, six.
Sung-Hwang Choi, 135½, outpointed Soo-Pyo Hong, 135½, four.
Bong-Hi Lee, 135, halted Ton-Sang Lee, 135½, at 0:15 of round three in the scheduled four-round opener.
Daesan Promotions.
(02-13-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—This was the second half of a two-day card that featured Korean Novice King tournament winners.
Jung-Won Moon, 159¼, outscored Kyun-Sun Kim, 158¾, eight.
Chul Kwon, 118, halted Jun-Young Chang, also 118, at 2:43 of the seventh round in their scheduled eight.
Hyung-Shik Lim, 111½, knocked out Jung-Man Park, 111¾, in 1:18 of the fourth round in another scheduled eight.
Hang Park, 134¼, halted Kun-Soo Park, 135, at 0:55 of the eighth and final round.
Chul-Min Park, 126, decisioned featherweight tourney winner Sung-Hyun Yuh, 125½, six.
Bong-Chul Kim, 153¾, outscored Myung-Ki Lee, 154, in the six-round opener.
Kangpo Promotions.
(02-14-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Heung-Sok Yuh, 136¼, polished off Filipino veteran Max (Boy) Toyogon, also 136¼, at 2:14 of the second in a scheduled 10-rounder. Yuh is now 12-1-1 with nine kayoes. He's now ranked first by the Korean Boxing Commission.
Former OPBF lightweight champion Young-Ho Oh, 136¾, disposed of Nardito Adrayan, also 136¾, at 2:21 of the first round in the scheduled eight-round semi-final.
Tai-Il Chang, 109¾, kayoed Yong-Bon Yun, 111½, in 1:04 of the first frame in a scheduled six.
Four-rounders: Kyong-Hyun Cho, 129, and Kyung-Soo Koh, 130, drew. Dong-Wo Choi, 126¾, halted Yong-Hi Lee, 127¼, at 1:26 of the first round. Chong-Sung Koh, 126, outpointed Jae-Koo Lee, 126¼. Yun-Eu Moon, 113½, outpointed Chung-Bok Park, 114¼. Jin-Koo Lee, 153¾, outscored In-Ho Chung, 151¾, in the opener.
Chungchang Promotions.
(02-14-82)

▲ **DAEJON—Chungmu Gymnasium**—OPBF junior middleweight champ In-Chul Baek, 153¾, retained his crown by knocking out Filipino veteran Alberto Cruz, 152, in 2:53 of the first round in a scheduled 12-round title bout. Baek is now 16-0—all knockouts. He's ranked 19th by the WBC, and looks very promising.
Suk-Kyu Park, 137¾, won a unanimous decision over Kyu-Un Choi, also 137¾, 10. Park is now 12-2-1 with six kayoes. Choi is 7-2 with two knockouts.
Four-rounders: Kun-Sub Han, 110¼, and Ryong-Shik Park, 109, drew. Uo-Ryong Kim, 110¼, outpointed Kwang-Soo Wo, also 110¼. Ju-Do Chun, 115¾, outscored Kyung-Wo Park, 116½. Young-Kil Chung, 141, outpointed Jae-Myung Lim, also 141, in the opener.
Yun-Chun Ho's Kukdong Promotions.
(02-14-82)

▲ **PUSAN—Kukok Gymnasium**—Il-Bok Lee, 132¼, the WBC's 12th ranked junior lightweight, halted Fel Salvador, 132, Philippines, at 0:15 of round four in a scheduled 10. A hard right to the button dropped Fel for the mandatory eight-count in the third round, and he failed to answer the bell for the fourth session. It goes into the books as a knockout in 0:15, the third man counting Salvador out as he sat on his stool.
Hi-Sub Shin, 110½, the KBC's top ranked junior flyweight contender, won a unanimous decision over Chul-Yong Park, 111½, 10. Shin is now 15-1-1 with four kayoes. Park is 9-7.
Four-rounders: Chang-Sung Choi, 119, outscored Jin-Kuk Yum, also 119. Chai-Sun Lee, 126, outscored Sang-Ton Lee, 126¾. Sang-Man Lee, 113¾, and Hae-Youl Yang, 115¾, drew. Byung-Ki Chu, 123½, outpointed Ki-Mun Kwon, 123, in the opener.
Hanjin Promotions.
(02-20-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Sung-Sun Lee, 154½, halted Thai newcomer Kiatsayarm Jokker, 155¾, at 1:38 of round seven in a scheduled 10. Lee is now 14-1 with 10 kayoes.
Korean junior featherweight champion Sung-In Suh, 125¾, halted Kongkiat Sithmanoon, also 125¾, at 2:40 of the third round in the semi-final 10.
Korean middleweight boss Byung-Rae Yuh, 162, outscored Chang-Hwan Ro, 160½, in the evening's first 10-rounder. Yuh is now 10-2-2 with eight kayoes. Ro is 2-3.
Jae-Hun Kim, 118½, outpointed Chul-Hi Jin, also 118½, eight.
Ki-Ho Shin, 114¼, outscored Sang-Muk Lee, 115½, six.
Four-rounders: Sun-Rong Kim, 116¾, outpointed Wul-Sub Shin, 117¼. Bu-Kyong Yuh, 119, outscored Ho-Soo Chun, 118¾. Hi-Yun Chung, 115¼, outpointed Sun-Bin Yim, 115¾, in the opener.
Huyn-Chi Kim's Dong-A Promotions.
(02-21-82)

▲ **PUSAN—Kudok Gymnasium**—Chung-Jae Hwang, 146, retained his OPBF title for the 13th time by knocking out Dan de Guzman, 146½, Philippines, in 2:36 of round three in a scheduled 12-round championship bout. Hwang is now 22-0 with 19 knockouts. He's scheduled to face former WBA champion Pipino Cuevas in Las Vegas.
Hi-Soo Chung, 143¼, knocked out Hong-Il Shin, also 143¼, in 1:30 of the second round in a scheduled eight.
Yong-Ho Yun, 118¼, halted Kyung-Jo Choi, 118½, at 0:36 of round two in a scheduled six.
Four-rounders: Jung-Sok Park, 109¼, outscored Suk-Tae Kim, 110¼. Yun-Ho Park, 110¼, outscored Youn-Tol Chul, 110. Sang-Dae Lee, 131½, outpointed Un-Sub-Lee, 133¾, in the opener.
Hanjin Promotions.
(02-21-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Kuniyoshi Kuwabara, 124¼, the Japanese Commission's fourth ranked featherweight, knocked out Joung-Chul Kim, 124, the WBA's sixth ranked junior feather, in 0:52 of the fourth round in a scheduled 10. A wicked two-punch combo floored the Korean southpaw early in the fatal round, and another left-right put him down for keeps shortly thereafter. Kim was knocked out flat and was unconscious until revived by the KBC ring doctor.
Kuwabara, 21, is now 9-4 with six kayoes. Kim, who had reportedly been slated to meet WBA junior featherweight Sergio Palma in a title bout in May, is 6-3 with five knockouts. (Joung-Chul was 125-5 with 107 kayoes as an amateur.) This was quite an upset.
Amateur star Hung-Min Chang, 109¼, made his pro debut by winning a onesided unanimous decision over a retreating Katsumi Sato, 108, Japan, eight.
Sang-Myun Choi, 125¾, outscored Jung-Tae Hou, 125¼, eight.
Four-rounders: Hyon-Myong Yuh, 116¾, outpointed Byoun-Suk Park, 115¾. Chung-Woo Lee, 112, outscored Hyung-Youn Shim, 112½. Bi-Won Chung, 110¼, outpointed Sun-Tae Lee, 110, in the opener.
Kangpo Promotions.
(02-28-82)

▲ **SEOUL—Munhwa Gymnasium**—Ji-Won Kim, 121¼, a former amateur star fighting his third pro contest, won a unanimous decision over Filipino veteran Danilo Inocian, 122¼, 10.
Ik-Ro An, 115¼, halted Soo-Hi Son, 115¾, at 2:24 of the third round in a scheduled eight.
Chang-Il Yim, 159½, outscored Jin-Nam Kim, 158¾, eight.
Byum-Yong Lee, 159½, kayoed Kwang-Won Kim, 156½, in 3:08 of round three in their scheduled eight.
Jin-Hwan Oh, 114¼, outscored Taek Chung, also 114¼. Jang-Kyun Oh, 112¼, outpointed Byung-Kyu Lee, 113, in the opener.
Saeki Promotions.
(02-28-82)

▲ **NOTES**—On January 17, a Thai fighter billed as Kaosai Galassy was knocked out by Korean Jong-Soo Lee in three rounds in Seoul. "Galassy" was, in fact, the veteran Monsayarm H. Mahachai. The real Kaosai Galassy was in his native Bangkok prepraing for a bout with Sakdisamai Chorsirirat that would decide the vacant Thai national bantamweight title. Galassy stopped Chorsirirat in the seventh, but was dropped from the OPBF ratings because Mahachai's kayo defeat was charged against his record.
On October 30, 1981, another Thai, billed as "Prasong Sithkempetech," 119, was knocked out by Jong-Soo Lee. "Sithkempetch" was really Jaipetch Fairtex.
On January 24, 1982—one week after the Lee-"Galassy" bout—a Thai billed as "Keovanoi Kiatsingnoi," 139¼, was halted by Korean Sang-Hyun Baek, 142¼, in four rounds in Daejon, Korea. "Kiatsingnoi" was really Thai-style kick boxer Chiengmai Kilenthong, who had never engaged in an international style contest in his life. The real Kiatsingnoi was in Thailand.
Your correspondents urge the following:
(1) No foreign fighter be allowed into a ring unless he has an affidavit from his own local commission.
(2) An international license be adopted.
(3) The Thai matchmaker and Korean go-between who arranged the aforementioned bouts be slapped with suspensions.

JOE Y. KOIZUMI AND YOO-CHANG KIM

PHILIPPINES

▲ **PARANQUE—Elorde Sports Complex**—Filipino bantamweight champion Bobby Berna, 123, looked impressive stopping former OPBF junior bantam king William Develos, 122½, at 2:30 of the sixth round in a scheduled non-title 10. The outboxed and outpunched Develos hit the deck thrice in the fatal session.
Berna, a southpaw, was named "Boxer of the Month" by the Filipino Games and Amusements Board.
Filipino junior bantamweight champion Flash Jagdon, 118, won a unanimous decision over southpaw Arnel Arrozal, also 118, 10.
Joe Higas, 119, won a unanimous duke over Jun Mondejar, also 119, 10.
Jun Bobier, 113, won a unanimous verdict over Igme Fernando, an awkward lefty at 111, eight.
Terry Felicilda, 110½, TKO'd Jun Tito, 112, at 2:05 of the fifth round in a scheduled six.
Four-rounders: Southpaw Edison Saladas, 132, won a majority decision over Ernie de Asis, also 132. Rolando Angel, 123, won a majority nod over southpaw Felix Pacana, 122½. Rey Torrenski, 113, won a unanimous decision over Eugene Morados, 111½.
Former world junior lightweight champion Gabriel (Flash) Elorde used his ring earnings to establish a university, a hospital, and this beautiful arena. It was a pleasure to again meet Lope Sarreal, his son, Jun Sarreal, and Flash (Lope's son-in-law) himself. Meeting former flyweight king Erbito Salavarria, who works as a chief second, was another pleasure. Boxing in the Philippines is doing well, indeed.
Galorde Enterprises. Filipino TV.
Attendance—1,000
(01-17-82)

▲ **BAGUIO CITY**—Filipino flyweight champion Frank Cedeno, 112, retained his title with a draw against Ramon Chan, 110, 12.
Jimmy Boy, 117, the GAB's top ranked junior bantam, won a unanimous decision over Rene Busayong, 114, 10.
Danny Segundo, promoter.
(01-23)82)

▲ **SAN JOSE CITY**—Eddie Camero, 130, eked out a majority decision over Gener Cruz, also 130, 10.
Osmundo Nocum, promoter.
(01-23-82)

▲ **MANILA—Rizal Memorial Coliseum**—Filipino junior lightweight champion Nene Jun, 135, won a unanimous decision over former champion Max (Boy) Toyogon, also 135, 10.
Neptali Alamag, 123, TKO'd Glen Orlanes, 122½, in the fourth round of their scheduled 10.
Little Bangoyan, 122, won a unanimous decision over Tale Maguan, also 122, 10.
Agustin Garcia, promoter.
(01-29-82)

▲ **DAVAO CITY**—Alfredo Guanzon, 111¾, and Elmer Magallano, 111¼, drew, 10.
Gar Atayde, 141, TKO'd Al Rodrigo, also 141, in the ninth round of their scheduled 10.
Julian Tan, Jr., promoter.
(01-29-82)

▲ **GEN. SANTOS CITY**—Nick Caputol, 133, won a unanimous decision over Carlos Parcia, also 133, 10.
Maximo Cabreros, promoter.
(01-30-82)

▲ **NUEVA ECIJA**—Amy Pacana, 130, won a unanimous decision over Salvador Darlo, 132, 10.
Romulo Santiago, promoter.
(01-30-82)

▲ **CEBU**—Fel Malatag, 118¼, won a unanimous decision over Leo Kaki, 119, 10.
Former national junior welter champion Ruben Rabago, 139¾, knocked out Mar Marin, 140, in the fourth round of their scheduled 10.
Poker Peregrino, 117, won an upset unanimous decision over Rene Anasco, 118¼, in the program's first 10-rounder. Poker received the GAB's Honorable Mention in the next domestic ratings.
Bernardito Florido, promoter.
(01-30-82)

▲ **OCCIDENTAL MINDORO**—Dommy Pumar, 111, won a majority decision over Tito Abella, 110, 10.
Felimon Vasquez, promoter.
(01-30-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

THAILAND

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Dejumnuen Singthanongsakdi, 126, won a split decision over Arcadej Singjomthong, 125, six.
(01-15-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Saksamuth Singsamang, 112, outscored Joomjim O. Yuthanakorn, 122, six. Singsamang, a southpaw, is now 9-1 with seven kayoes.
(01-16-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Thumgnerng Kiatbunthit, 126, was knocked cold by debuting Pharjan Sithsathaporn, also 126, in the sixth and final round. Kiatbunthit was the TBC's sixth ranked featherweight, so this was a big upset.
(01-18-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Dong Chuvatana, 116, the TBC's 10th ranked junior bantamweight, was knocked flat in the fifth round by debuting Petchngam P. Angthong, 115, in another upset. Chuvatana was hospitalized and underwent a stomach operation. Angthong is now ranked ninth by the TBC.
(01-19-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Suvan Muangsurin, 123, climbed off the canvas in the second round to win a unanimous decision over Tournthanong Sornphajorn, 118, six.
(01-21-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Sakolnakorn Kiatmuangtrang, 109, amazed the crowd by flooring Sereenoi Looknongjok, also 109, thrice for a first round TKO.
(01-22-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Suradej Klongphajorn, 135, halted Thongchai Petsingha, 136, in the third round of a scheduled six.
(01-23-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—TV Channel 7 Ring**—Sensational Pongpan Sorphayathai, 124, knocked out Tim Onpic, 122, Philippines, in 2:45 of round two in a scheduled 10. A wicked shot to the solar plexis, followed by a vicious left hook to the face, and it was over.
Sorphayathai, who entered the WBA and WBC top 10s by stopping then OPBF Willie Lucas last November, is now 29-0 with 28 kayoes. He's scheduled to face Vichit Muangroi-et, the WBA's third ranked 122-pounder on March 12.
(01-24-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Kaosai (Glassy) Vanchamphoo, 117½, won the vacant Thai bantamweight title by knocking out Sakdisamai Chorsirirat, 118, in the seventh round of their scheduled 10-round championship bout. The title had been stripped from Sakda Saksuree because of his failure to make the 118-pound class limit.
Vanchamphoo, a scrappy southpaw, used a jab and solid right hook to kayo Chorsirirat.
Buvatt Laosuvanvatt, promoter.
(01-25-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Jownaeranoi Jomkatha, 111, won a unanimous decision over Don-Kon Sakjarurat, 112, six. This was only Sakjarurat's third pro bout; Jomkatha is the TBC's third ranked junior flyweight.
(01-27-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Laemthong Vorasingh, 113, the younger brother of former WBC junior fly

champ Netrnoi, was knocked out by Singhsak Sakthavil, 112, in the second round of their scheduled six.
(01-29-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Lumpinee Stadium**—Kongkiat (Domepassport) Sithmanoon, 125, flattened rookie Kittisak Sakchanachai, 124, in the sixth and final round.
(01-30-82)

▲ **BANGKOK—Rajadamnern Stadium**—Downthong Chuvatana, 138, halted Meksatan Lookmingkwan, 127, in the sixth and final round. The 11-pound weight difference was too much.
(01-31-82)

JOE Y. KOIZUMI

PAN PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

NEW SOUTH WALES

▲ **CRESSNOCK—Rugby League Supporters Club**—The scheduled 10-round bout between debuting Sid Hatch, 204, and Larry Tatu, 238, Samoa, was halted in the first frame when Hatch sustained an eye cut from an accidental head clash. It goes into the books as a tech draw.

Sam Parsons, 153, outpointed Al Hallett, also 153, six.

Four-rounders: Willie White, 115, halted Lou Valesini, 122, in three. Whizzer Lawrence, 140 stopped Bob Fuller, 156, in four. Mark Apollo Smith, 141, outscored Roy Alexander, 155.
(02-09-82)

▲ **DAPTO—Leagues Club**—Wayne Mulholland, 111, won the vacant NSW State flyweight title by easily outpointing Bobby Williams, 110, in a fast 10-rounder that drew a shower of coins and notes from ringsiders.

The eight-round semi-final was a blockbuster that saw Young Haumona, 196, and Gary Fuller, 203, blast each other until referee Paul Moore stopped the contest in round seven and crowned Haumona. Fuller had reached the end of his tether in a bout that saw no knockdowns but received a really big shower. What a war!

Nick Conditis, 133, outpointed Lou Williams, 130, six.

Billy Hayes, 184, halted Bobby Lulham, 188, in the third round of a scheduled four.
(02-12-82)

▲ **AUBURN—R.S.L. Club**—Kelly Thompson, 146½, and Tommy Roberts, 145½, drew in a 10-rounder that was described as the best fight seen in years. Roberts was decked three times, Thompson was floored once, and the decision was split three ways. The ringside shoer amounted to $130.

Tony Campbell, 148, stopped Mick LaMotta, 143, on a cut eye in round two of a scheduled six-round bout.

Three-rounders: Dean Thomas, 133, halted Les Luxford, 129, in two. Alf Bradley, 186, outscored John Wotherspoon, 181. Ron Brown, 133, outpointed Bill Challenor, 143.
(02-12-82)

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Clint Brown, 165, outpointed Jim Carew, 168, eight.

Sparrow Freeman, 128, outscored Rappy Score, 133, six.

Rodney Roberts, 150, outpointed Joey Collins, 151, five.

Tommy Woods, 142, stopped Bob Tulip, 150, in the second round of a scheduled four.
(02-16-82)

▲ **MT. PRITCHARD—Community Club**—Con O'Connor, 157, stopped Paul Donnelly, 156, in round six of a scheduled 10.

Patrick Young, 128, pulled an upset by outpointing Roger Henry, 131, eight. Henry was decked on the way.

Four-rounders: Ron Donoghue, 148, stopped Adam Gray, 146, in the first round. Peter Melero, 154, outpointed Colin Carr, 150. Johnny (Lachie) Williams, 142½, halted Steve Trajkovski, 148, in one.

David Richards, 134, and Freddie Leonardi, 130, drew, three.
(02-17-82)

▲ **GOSFORD—Central Coast Leagues Club**—Ken Salisbury, 160, comfortably outpointed Benny Tabua, 158, 10. Salisbury is scheduled to meet Australian junior middle champion Alex Temelkov in a title bout at the Sydney Opera House. Boxing should hit a high note there.

Six-rounders: Bodie Malone, 135, outscored Sparrow Freeman, 132. Nash Bula, 169, outpointed John Layton, 174. Rappy Score, 135, and Joey Collins, 144, drew.

▲ **CULCAIRN**—Gil McGrath outpointed Lindsay Goode in the eighth-round middleweight main.

Three-rounders: Max Whittaker, 137, and Jaimie Bouteris, 143, drew. Linsay Antone, 130, outscored Steve Finlayson, 132. Chris Prigg, 172, outpointed Davey Brown, 159. Russell Taylor, 98, outscored Shane Foster, 93.
(02-26-82)

▲ **YENDA—Memorial Hall**—Billy Smith, 161, stopped Laurie Mack, 170, in round seven of a scheduled 10. Mack was down in sessions six and seven.

Jay Crowe, 123, stopped Willie Fields, 128, in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

John Williams, 139, halted Bruce Crowe, 141, in round three of a scheduled four.

Three-rounders: Peter Melero, 154, halted Roy Alexander, 157, in the third round. Brad Davidson, 159, stopped Bob Tulip, 148, in the first. Fred Leonardi, 130, outscored Bernie Ellis, 137. Shane Foster, 93, and Joe Guardala, 108, drew.
(02-27-82)

▲ **KINGSFORD—South Sydney Junior Leagues Club**—Rodney Roberts, 151, outscored Joe Collins, 148, eight.

Clint Brown, 165, and Ross Eadie, 154, drew, six.

Sparrow Freeman, 130, and Rappy Score, 133, drew, six.

Ritchie Bardo, 146, outpointed Albert Singh, 144, four.
(03-02-82)

▲ **BROOKVALE**—Ron Donogue, 145½, stopped Tony Campbell, 147¾, in the third round of a schedule eight.

Five-rounders: Brett Beakin, 152¼, outscored Victor Hellwell, 158¾. Bodie Malone, 134½, outpointed David Richards, 130. Tommy Woods, 136½, halted Dean Thomas, 132¼, in the third.
(03-03-82)

▲ **ORANGE—Ex-Services Club**—Former Australian featherweight champion Gary Williams, 128, easily outpointed Patrick Young, also 128, 10.

Six-rounders: Ian Dennis, 158, outscored Ben Holt, 157. Young Haumona, 178, outpointed Graham Bray, 170. Manny Trickilis, 143, outscored Elley Dennis, 140.

Trevor Singleton, 168, outscored Bob Jarvis, 178, three.
(03-03-82)

▲ **SMITHFIELD—R.S.L. Club**—Jamie Lewis, 153½, outpointed Steve Wonder, 152, 10.

Rodney Roberts, 153¼, outpointed Mick Thompson, 156½, eight.

Four-rounders: Ray Grech, 150, outscored Ron Brown, 148¾. Steve King, 147¾, halted Mick White, 151, in three. Peter Lewis, 126¾, stopped Ian Gauld, 118, in two.
(03-05-82)

QUEENSLAND

▲ **BRISBANE—Festival Hall**—Jesse Burnett, 183¼, U.S.A., stopped Steve Aczel, 187½, in the eighth round of a scheduled 10. Aczel seemed affected by the heat, and went to Burnett's corner, instead of his own, at the close of the sixth and seventh sessions.

Steve went down in round eight after taking a salvo of blows to the head, and the towel was thrown in from his corner. Referee Alan Moore then stopped the fight, and Aczel announced his retirement from boxing.

Burnett is scheduled to face Tony Mundine here on April 30.

Kevin Wagstaff, 174¾, halted Alan Black, 171½, in round six of their scheduled 10 to win the vacant Queensland State light heavy title.

Dave Bellis, 140, outscored Mick Binnie, 142, 10.

Mick McDermott, 140, outpointed Steve Dellar, 143, six.
(02-19-82)

▲ **BOONDALL**—Brian Janssen, 137¾, retained his Queensland State junior welterweight crown by halting challenger Dave Bellis, 138, in round four of a scheduled 10. Janssen looked great demolishing Bellis, decking him twice before ref Denzil Creed halted the contest.

Guy Parker, 147, outscored Dawsie Kelly, also 147, eight.

Mick, McDermott, 134, outpointed Bobby Scott, 132, six.
(03-05-82)

VICTORIA

▲ **ESSENDON**—Graeme Brooke, 131¾, halted Rocky Warren, 129½, in the 10th and final round of what had been an action packed encounter.

Grotti Peyote, 125½, stopped Charlie Arnoutovic, 123½, in the third round of a scheduled six.

Three-rounders: Ricky Breeze, 136¾, outscored John Benitez, 135¾. Dragan Durkic, 154½, halted Jim Lewis, 147¾, in the second. Mick Stillinato, 147¾, stopped Danny Alimac, 154½, in the second. Hanza Okanlar, 150, halted Peter Gribben, also 150, in the first.
(02-11-82)

▲ **DEDERANG**—Colin Ford, 132¼, outscored Steve Finlayson, 136¾, in the six-round main event.

Three-rounders: Davey Brown, 158¾, and Brian Nolan, also 158¾, drew. Garry White, 136¾, outscored Lindsay Antone, 132½. Russell Taylor, 99½, and Shane Foster, 94¾, drew.
(02-12-82)

▲ **MELBOURNE—Town Hall**—Australian welterweight champion Frank Ropis, 141, was floored for the first time in his 42-bout career in the first round of his 10-frame bout with Italian Luciano Navarra, also 141. Ropis got up, and won via unanimous decision at the end of what proved to be a grand fight. A return is mooted.

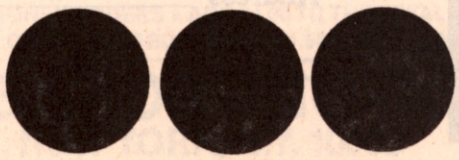
Victoria State bantam and feather champion Mick Parkinson, 126, outscored Jim Bowen, also 126, in an exciting eight-round battle, that drew a $150 shower. That's a big one in these parts.

Rocky Pirrottina, 137¼, outpointed Manny Trickilis, 146, eight.

Peter Hewitt, 170, stopped John Atherton, 174, in round five of their scheduled eight.

Nick Skovic, 172¾, outscored Kevin Timmins, 169, four.
(02-24-82)

RAY MITCHELL



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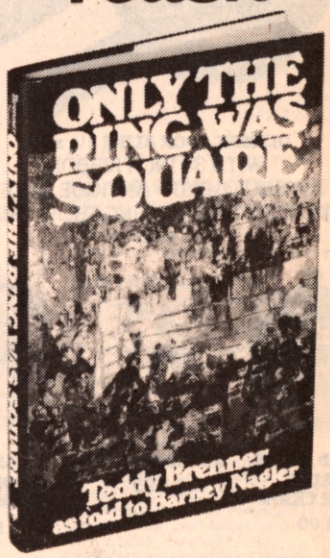

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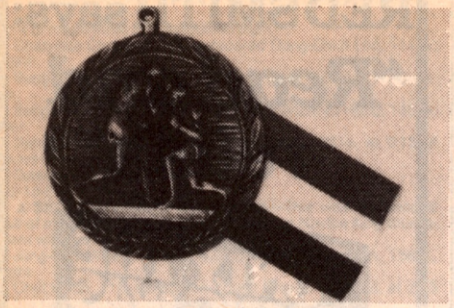

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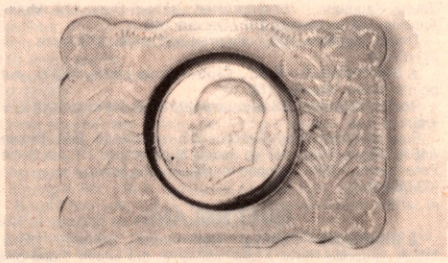

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WORLDWIDE FIGHT RESULTS

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Renaldo Snipes and Scott Frank drew, 10
George Chaplin beat Lynn Ball, 10
Jeff Sims decisioned Melvin Eppes, 10
Eddie Wilson outscored Mike Jameson, 8
Marty Capasso stopped Don Halpin, 5
John Tate outpointed Leroy Caldwell, 10
Rudi Pika beat Steve Gee, 8
Frank Bruno iced Harvey Steichen, 1
Gordon Ferris outpointed Barry Funches, 8
Tom Trimm stopped Fred Garcia, 2
Trevor Berbick halted Gordie Racette, 11
(Retained Canadian Title)
Donnie Long kayoed Earnie Smith, 3
Phillip Brown halted Jarvis Parker, 2
Larry Alexander beat Art Robinson, 8

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Michael Spinks halted Murray Sutherland, 7
(Retained WBA Title)
Matthew Saad Muhammad kayoed
Pete McIntyre, 2
Cornell Chavis knocked out Tee Carpenter, 6
Timothy Thomas stopped Wayne Garner, 2
Jay Strickland iced Robert Thomas, 1
Jesse Burnett stopped Steve Aczel, 8
Kevin Wagstaff iced Alan Black, 1
Roddy MacDonald stopped Phil Brown, 4
Eddie Davis halted Don Addison, 4
Euclides Valdez halted Tommy McNeece, 4

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Alex Camos stopped Jimmy Baker, 5
Bennie Briscoe halted Norberto Sabater, 5
Ralph Hollett outpointed David Love, 10
Carl Jones stopped Louie Orneallis, 3
Roy Gumbs beat Manning Galloway, 10
Andre Cooper halted Fermin Guzman, 4

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Luigi Minchillo decisioned Maurice Hope, 12
(Retained European Title)
Tony Ayala halted Dario DeAsa, 2
Luigi Minchillo stopped Gary Giron, 1
Al Mills kayoed Carl Crowley, 1
Kevin Durkin beat Dale Henderson, 8
Curtis Ramsey outpointed Graylin Curry, 10
Prince Rodney stopped Mick Mills, 4
David Braxton decisioned Clayton Hires, 10
Ken Releford stopped Aniseto Ramos, 3
Ed Green beat Jose Rodriguez, 8
Andy Price kayoed Antonio Reyes, 4
Leonel Fragoso halted Pablo Valdez, 2
Mark Medal iced Benji Goldstone, 1

WELTERWEIGHTS
Sean O'Grady halted Jose Hernandez, 3
(Won Vacant WAA Title)
Allan Braswell kayoed Steve Richardson, 3
Granville Allen beat Steve Tempro, 8
Zeferino Gonzales beat Eric Bonilla, 10
Mario Cusson beat Nick Furlano, 10
Don Poole decisioned John Herbert, 8
Mike DeLa Rue kayoed Danny Harold, 4

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Aaron Pryor stopped Miguel Montilla, 12
(Retained World Title)
Ricardo Jiminez beat Art Leon, 10
Blaine Dickson outscored Roberto Garcia, 10
Ray Price outscored Geoff Pegler, 10
Dave Bellis beat Mick Binnie, 10
Brian Janssen stopped Dave Bellis, 4
Ronnie Shields stopped Oscar Sauceda, 3
Gene Hatcher beat Alfredo Escalera, 10
Gaetan Hart beat Rocky Zolnierczyk, 8
Johnny Lira beat Al Ford, 10
Lee Halford outscored Granville Allen, 8
Terry McCoy stopped Jorge Nina, 4
John Lindo iced Patsy Quinn, 1
Teo Ozuna knocked out Ken Lomax, 1
Roberto Mejia kayoed Tim LaValley, 2
Billy Coltello outpointed Bob Harvey, 10
Allan Braswell stopped Sandy Semon, 3
Johnny Summerhays beat Terrance Alli, 10

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Sammy Ayala stopped Tony Tamez, 3
Howard Davis, Jr. beat Angel Cruz, 10
Billy Watkins outscored Ernesto Gonzales, 10
Ron Mayweather beat Jimmy Blevins, 10
Jerome Artis decisioned Al Carter, 10

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
John Verderosa outpointed Julio Valdez, 12
(Retained USBA Title)
Ed Martin beat Joe Soto, 8
Tomas Diaz beat Roberto Vinas, 8
Richard Savage halted Juan Leal, 2
Gino Gelormino kayoed Jaime Renta, 3
Ramon Estrada iced John Flores, 1
Reggie Watson halted Raul Lopez, 4
Louie Loy halted Ronnie Romero, 2
(Won Vacant Northwest Title)
Cornelius Boza-Edwards stopped
John Verderosa, 3
Vincent Costello iced Larry Taylor, 1
Efrain Nieves decisioned Fernando Ortiz, 8
Tyrone Jackson stopped Fernando Ortiz, 2

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Bernard Taylor beat Jose Vidal, 10
Pat Cowdell stopped Salvatore Melluzzo, 10
(Won European Title)
Steve Cruz beat Carlos Flores, 8
Paul DeVorce halted Bobby Everett, 5

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Wilfredo Gomez halted Juan (Kid) Meza, 6
(Retained World Title)
Carmelo Negron kayoed Daryl Jones, 6
James Pipps halted Gilberto Villacana, 8

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Jeff Chandler stopped Johnny Carter, 6
(Retained World Title)
Kiko Bejines beat Jovito Rengifo, 10
Richard Sandoval outscored Harold Petty, 10
Humberto Rodriguez stopped Norberto
Castellano, 8

FLYWEIGHTS
Jiro Watanabe decisioned Rafael Pedroza, 15
(Won WBA Super Flyweight Title)
Katsuo Tokashiki beat Lupe Madera, 15
(Retained WBA Light Flyweight Title)
Tadashi Tomori outpointed Yoshiaki Tanda, 10
(Retained Japanese Jr. Flyweight Title)
Tadashi Tomori beat Amado Ursua, 15
(Won WBC Jr. Flyweight Title)
Charlie Magrei halted Ron Cisneros, 2
Ian Clyde beat Mel Bethea, 8
Enrique Rodriguez outpointed Kelvin Smart, 12

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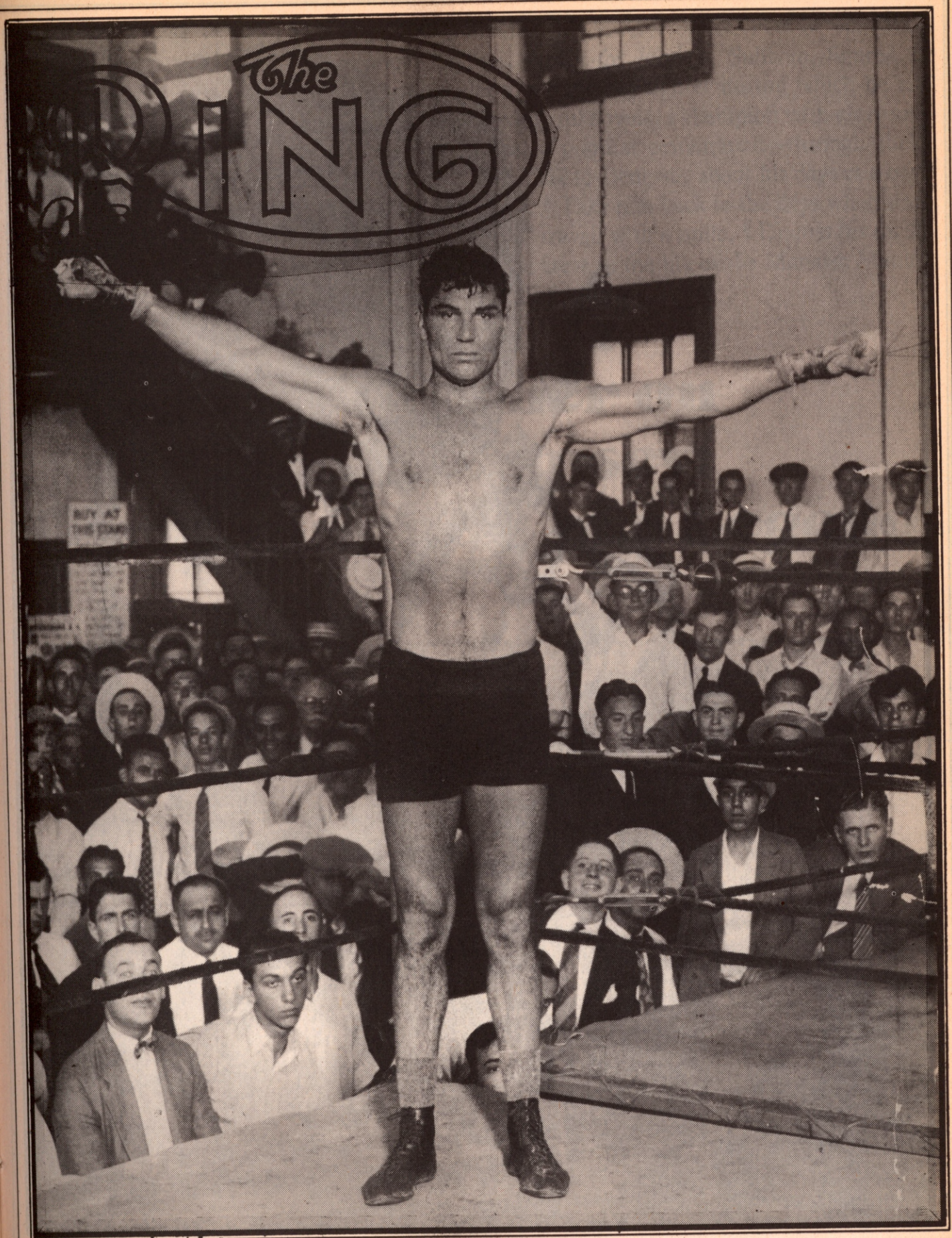
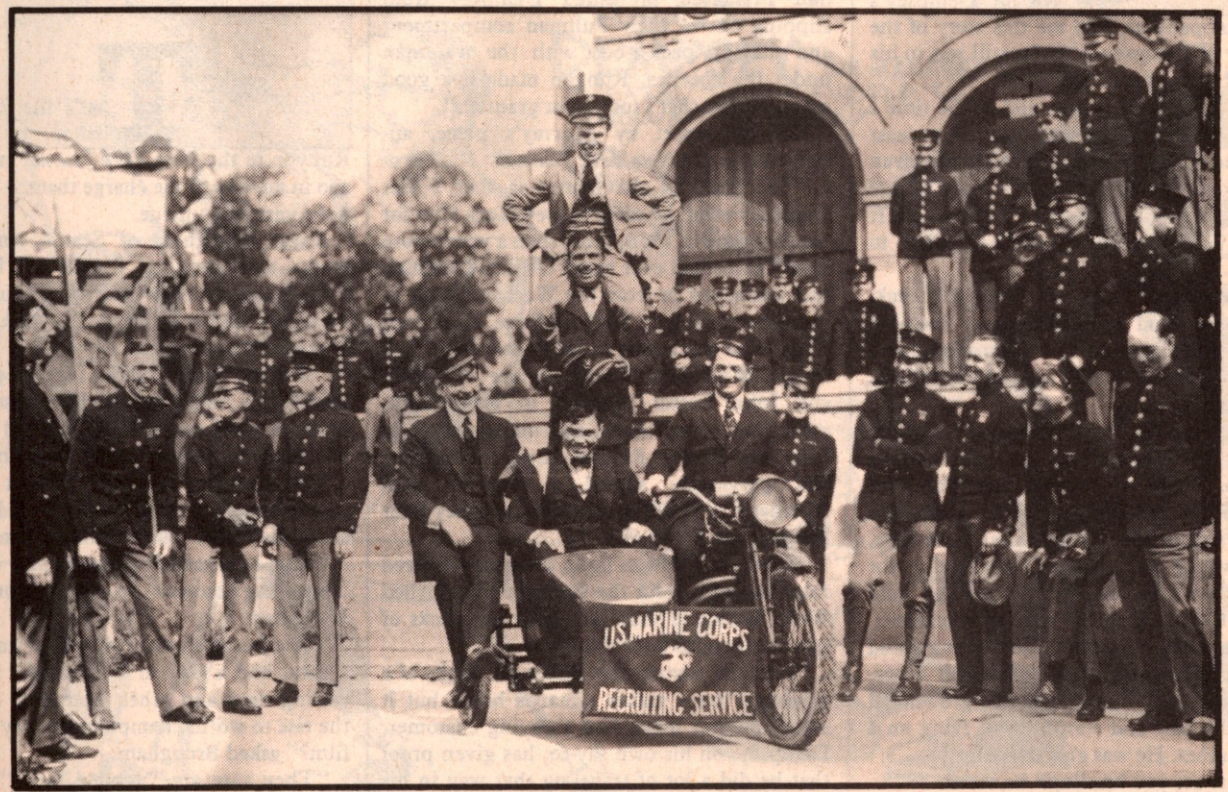

The RING

DEMPSEY'S life story is divided into several cycles. Few of our other famous pugilists, except for John L. Sullivan, figured as much in the public eye as Jack. ¶ A roving life, a preliminary fighter during which he encountered all the hardships that fall to the lot of boxing unknowns, a champion with glory and wealth, a promoter capitalizing on his magnetism, a popular restaurateur—through these stages Dempsey traveled and Dempsey prospered. ¶ Talk to Dempsey about his days as a boxcar hobo, and he'll delight in reciting his experiences. ¶ Take him back to the days when starvation faced him in Philadelphia, and he'll recount his travail with a smile. ¶ Discuss his thrilling fights and you'll find him right at home. ¶ These areas in the life of the Manassa Mauler arouse his memories, his nostalgia, his delight—and his regrets.

Nat Fleisher on Jack Dempsey: The Beginnings of a Legend



(Opposite page) Dempsey waves at an immense crowd on arriving in Los Angeles. (Above) Jim Corbett, Jack Dempsey, and Kid McCoy are up front in the center of a Marine recruiting campaign. Douglas Fairbanks has Charlie Cahplin on his shoulders in back of the pugilistic trio.

Thrown on his own resources as he matured, Dempsey made his way through the West via the freight-car route. A coach was an unknown comfort. Today he thinks little of crisscrossing the continent via air to visit his daughters and grandchildren in Hollywood, California.

On occasion, stories have appeared stating that articles on Dempsey's early life and travels around the West are untrue. Invariably the yards are referred to as a buildup.

One story in particular, published in a Buffalo paper in 1930, brought a quick answer in the form of a two-column article by Damon Runyon, noted New York journalist, in which Damon refuted a story by Charley Murray, sports editor, that Dempsey never rode the beams. The story objected to by Runyon, follows:

"When Jack Dempsey came East under the management of Jack Kearns, the latter, for window dressing purposes, informed Runyon that his fighter had been a hobo. The blackness of his jowls was not hirsute, but imbedded layers of cinders contracted on the brake rods, blind baggage and top decks of railroad trains.

Jack Price, who was one of Dempsey's boxcar companions, told me this story of the discovery of Dempsey when he still was in his teens and riding the freight cars.

"I was young and foolish and at the time I met Jack, had a considerable fortune, at least considered so by my pals. It was money given to me by my guardian when I came of age according to a will in which I was named. It was my 21st birthday and I decided to celebrate.

"I showed the boys of Cripple Creek, Colorado, a good time. The next morning when I awoke, I found to my surprise that I had spent close to $2,000 around the saloons and gambling joints.

"In the evening, two friends and I decided to leave for Springfield, in southeastern Colorado. There we learned that jobs were open at $3.00 per day in Tucker, Utah. We decided to make the trip, but after three days, during which we worked practically for nothing, we quit and headed for the gold mines of Cripple Creek to work as muckers.

"We caught a freight train that evening and some hours later we landed in Green River, Utah. There we met a big, overgrown kid with bushy hair and staring eyes, lying on a pile of lumber. He was glad to see us.

"'Where are you heading?' he asked.

"'Down to Victor, Colorado, where the big mines of Cripple Creek are.'

"'Probably you know my brother. His name is Scarface Jack Dempsey.

"'Sure I know him!'

"Our newfound friend was elated. He asked if he could join us. The brother was none other than Bernie Dempsey, the oldest of the Dempsey boys. Later he became the night marshal.

"'Well,' said the kid, 'he's my brother. From Salt Lake City. See, I can fight like him.'

"He put up his hands to illustrate his brother's pose.

"We broke the seal off the boxcar that was full of sacked salt being shipped to Colorado Springs. There were several other hoboes in the vicinity and they all joined us.

"When we were part-way out, we made a stop and soon found ourselves in trouble with the railroad guards. One of them with a whip started swinging. A member of our group let go a blow that caught him on the chin and down he went. That was the signal for all of us to vacate our snug quarters.

"Shortly after, I took out my purse to see how much I had left and found that I had spent most of my dough carousing all night in one of the saloons prior to meeting Dempsey.

"I believe that was the last of Jack Dempsey's freight rides. He told me he never stole a ride on a freight train after that experience."

"The boy had travelled al fresco so long, that only close surveillance on the trip from San Francisco prevented Dempsey from slipping out of their Pullman compartment and playing peek-a-boo with the trainman under the coaches. Runyon made it a good story. I know that I took it for granted."

Runyon, upset by Murray's piece, answered it in the *New York Journal:*

"The truth of the matter is that I met Dempsey when he came to New York City for the first time in 1916, more than a year before Doc Kearns had ever heard of him. Dempsey had journeyed in from the West, sleeping in the same berth with Fat Jack Price, a pal from Utah, who was acting as Jack's manager. Jack fought Wild Bert Kenny, Andre Anderson and John Lester Johnson in New York, meantime going under the management of John the Barber Reisler, though Dempsey had previously signed a contract with Auerbach in Utah, a contract Dempsey later bought back for $5,000.

"After the Johnson fight, Dempsey severed relations with John the Barber and returned West. In that return, Jack rode the decks of passenger trains part of the way.

"I am not saying that riding the decks of a passenger train makes a man a hobo, but it surely doesn't make him a paying customer. Dempsey, on his own say-so, has given proof that he did a lot of traveling that way in his early days as a fighter.

"It was in 1917 that Dempsey tangled up with Kearns, and when he came East again, with Kearns as his mentor, it was with the name and fame of the most promising young heavyweight in the world.

"After Dempsey had won the championship, I said something to him about hoboing. He looked at me with disgust.

"'I was no tramp, Damon,' he said. 'That was all ballyhoo. In the West, where fares were five cents a mile and distances were great, workmen often beat their way and I did it three times, possibly a few more, as a kid. But I never stole rides on freight trains.'

"Well, after Dempsey won the world title, and following his defeat of Georges Carpentier, we were on our way to Europe. Jack turned to me and said:

"'Damon, let's forget that hobo business now. We want to be gentlemen after this.'

"Meaning of course, that he wanted to be so depicted.

"If Murray has any more doubts about the hobo story, he may be surprised to know that I have witnesses who ate with Jack out of tin cans and rode with Dempsey on freight trains. Jack was mighty proud of his rough, rod-riding career at the time.

"*A Tale of Two Fists* was written by me, and anyone who has travelled around the country with Dempsey as I have, and seen the weird characters that bob up on him in every town, mumbling of the old days and old experiences, knows Jack couldn't have met them in drawing rooms."

That's the story published by Damon Runyon in the *New York Journal* many years ago in answer to the charge that the Dempsey hobo yarn was untrue.

Royal Brougham of Seattle, one of the many sportswriting friends of Dempsey, visited Jack in his New York restaurant after Dempsey had completed *The Jack Dempsey Story* for the movies.

"Will the film tell about the time you rolled into Seattle on a slow freight, patches in your pants, a three-day growth of beard and only $3.00 in your jeans?" asked the Seattle editor.

The champion laughed. "Sure, it makes an interesting part of my story. I told them to shoot the works—not to hold back anything."

"Those ragamuffin days will make an interesting episode in the picture," said Brougham.

"The hungry unknown fighter hunting for a meal and a bed in a flophouse; the rivet-tossing days and other interesting stories in the rise to world champion, are they all in the film?" asked Brougham.

"They sure are," replied Jack. "The film wouldn't be worth making if they were eliminated."

And they were right there in the film,

A KID IN UTAH, WILLIAM HARRISON DEMPSEY, TOOK THE NAME OF THE GREAT IRISH MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMP, JACK DEMPSEY "THE NONPAREIL".

'CAUSE I'M GOING TO BE A BOXER, TOO!

WHO KNOWS HOW MANY SALOON BATTLES THE YOUNGSTER, AFTER GROWING UP, ENGAGED IN?

NO BOTTLE IN THE PLACE PACKS THE **WALLOP** OF THIS KID!

THE TURNING POINT IN HIS EARLY UP-AND-DOWN CAREER CAME IN 1917 WHEN HE BEAT TOUGH "**GUNBOAT**" **SMITH** WHILE OUT ON HIS FEET!

PRESS

...DIDN'T KNOW HE'D WON 'TIL SEVERAL HOURS LATER!

...FROM THEN ON, **JACK DEMPSEY**, "**THE MANASSA MAULER**" TREATED THE RING WORLD TO **THRILL AFTER THRILL!**

...**FROM** WINNING THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE FROM **JESS WILLARD** IN 1919...

...**TO** GAINING MORE GLORY IN LOSING TO **GENE TUNNEY** AFTER DROPPING HIM FOR THE LONG COUNT IN 1927!!

THE OLD NONPAREIL WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF HIS NAMESAKE. —CHARLIE McGILL — THE RING —

nothing doctored for easy viewing.

Today little remains of the old mining days, the bearded, cinder-covered, roughnecked Dempsey riding the baggage cars from town to town, getting beaten up and dishing it out in Western style. The restlessness that was his is gone. Some of the scars remain, but little else to remind him of his early days when he was picking up a little change by tackling any opponent who would fill the bill with him in a dance hall or a tank-town boxing emporium.

The pain, hunger, and hardships are things of the past. The tough dives of his younger days, the freight cars hurtling through the night, the clothesline ropes within which he fought, the blood-soaked gloves which he donned—they're all gone.

He never engaged in a boxing match when he faced an opponent. It was always a battle, like the bruising ones in which he engaged with Johnny Sudenberg in Goldfield and Tonopah, Nevada.

"When I was fighting my way up before Kearns took me in hand, I worked in a place called the Northern Bar," Dempsey related to me in discussing his early start as a fighter. "An Indian pug, Kid Harrison, was my sparmate. He had a terrific, stiff wallop, but he couldn't take a punch without squirming. I knocked him stiff one day and he quit the camp.

"'You hit too hard,' he told me. 'I can't take 'em.'

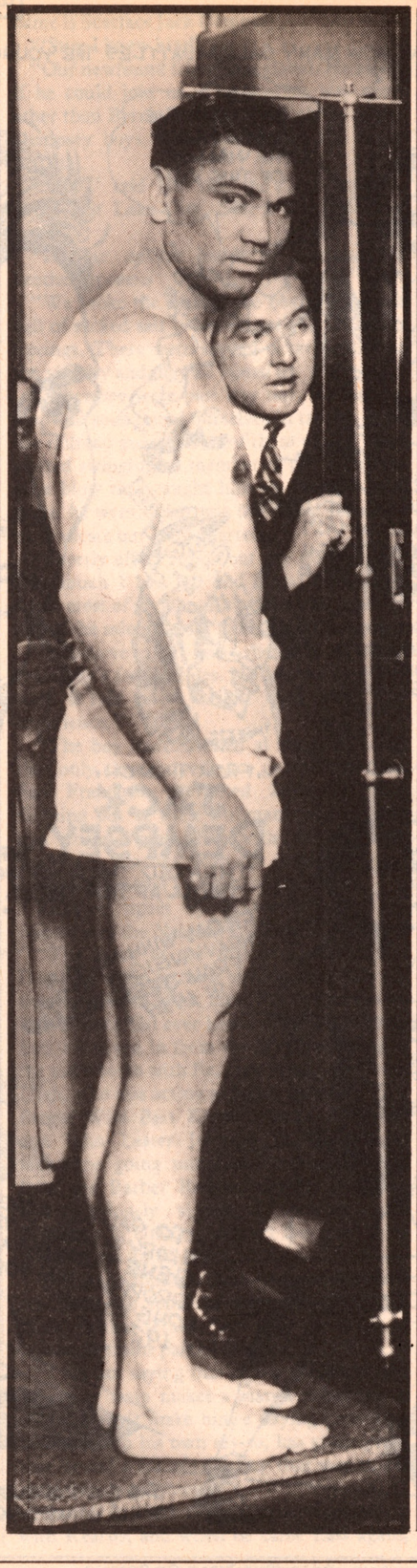
"I then got the services of a chap named Roy Moore. He was strong, durable, a fighter who could give and take a good punch. He gave me more good workouts than I got from the Indian.

"We worked together for the Sudenberg fight and he taught me some excellent points. The fights I had with Sudenberg and the rough workouts with Moore, made me the tough battler I had become in my early schooling, before I joined Kearns. Jungle camp brawls developed me into the vicious fighter I became. I owed a lot to Moore."

Otto Floto, a sports editor and a close friend of Jack's, told me a story about a holdup which belongs in the Dempsey saga.

"Dempsey asked me to handle his affairs after Jack had quit one of his many managers back in the teens before Kearns. We barnstormed through the West and picked up what we could. Things were pretty tough. We had little money between us.

"I had an old touring car. We had to fight three or four times a week to keep going, but we managed it. We got some work in the mining towns and picked up fights that don't appear in *The Ring Record Book* because they never hit the newspapers. Now and then we were fortunate by hitting a packed house. Such was the case when we struck a Colorado town on a mine payday and the flush residents were in a mood for a fight.



"I got the promoter of a dance hall to put Jack on with a tough miner. Jack knocked him goofy in two rounds. Our purse reached the high figure of $600. That was a real payday.

"On our way to Grand Junction to spend the night, a car pulled along side of us on a narrow turn on a mountain road, and crowded our car against a rocky wall. Four men jumped out. One held a gun and ordered us to come out with hands up.

"'This is a holdup. Don't move,' the gunman ordered.

"I had the $600 in a briefcase. I tossed the bag to the bandits and off the quartet went, with one still pointing his gun at us. It was a tough break. We had a few dollars left between us. There was nothing we could do but continue on our way to Grand Junction, nearly broke.

"We drove on and shortly arrived at the Grand Junction Hotel and Lunch Room which was open all night. Jack and I decided to get a sandwich prior to going to our room. As Jack was talking to the waiter, I turned to him and whispered, 'Jack, do you see what I see at the table in front of us?'

"I was crippled, having undergone a leg amputation and I didn't care to face those fellows again. But there were our bandits, enjoying a meal with our dough.

"They quickly recognized Jack, and got to their feet, preparing for action.

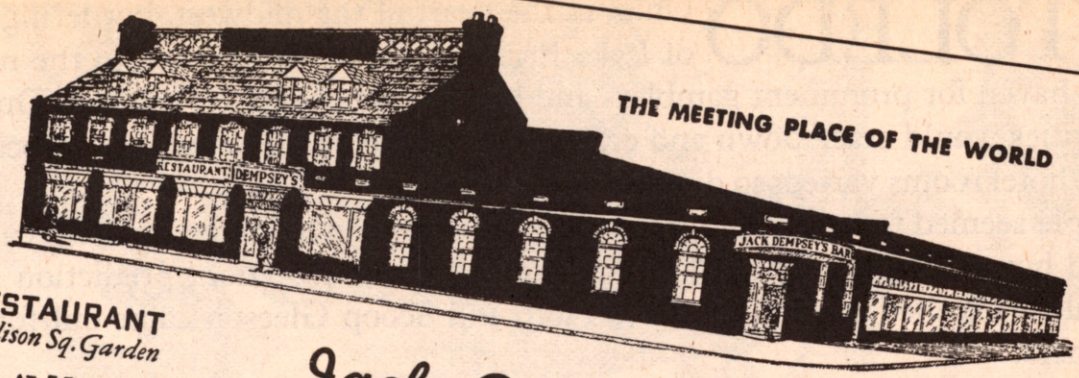
"So did Dempsey, He didn't waste any time. He sailed into the robbers. He hauled off at the nearest one, clouted him on the jaw and dropped him like a log. Three others followed.

"The one carrying the case with the money tossed it on the floor. Dempsey grabbed it, then went through the pockets of the thieves. He recovered all the money and confiscated the gun that had been pulled on us. He crashed his fist into the stomach of each of the highwaymen and tossed the men out on the road.

"Jack stood outside the door and as each robber regained his feet, Dempsey let go a parting warning.

"'If you want more, come back,' he snarled.

"That was one of the fights not recorded in Manassa Jack's record."



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February 1st., 1939.

Mr. Nat Fleischer
The Ring
Madison Square Garden
New York City.

Dear Nat:

I have just finished a tour through the South and the Middle West, and everywhere I went I found the fight fans reading your magazine, "The Ring."

I agree with the general opinion that this is the best boxing magazine in existence today. Your accurate, honest, fearless and interesting articles not only keep the fans posted on the fight game and those in it, but they serve to keep the game clean and honest.

I wish you and your publication the continued success you both deserve.

Your pal,

Jack Dempsey

Training in Toledo

TOLEDO Ohio, in the heart of the midwest, bordering the western shore of Lake Erie and the Michigan line to the north, was in those days a haven for prominent gamblers and hustlers who were on the lam. Once in a while local authorities would crack down and crap games would suspend until new locations were found. As the hotel rooms varied, so did the games.

People seemed to be coming from all over, and private homes in the area rented rooms and offered home cooking. The favorite pastimes were speculation, prediction and contradiction; journalists excelled at all three. Otto Floto and Scoop Gleeson came out for me before any of the others.

TEX RICKARD MANAGED TO CONSTRUCT his arena with the best new lumber he could find—which was a mistake. The hotter the temperature became, the stickier the seats got as the sap oozed out. He was so proud of his beautiful arena that he would take walks around it, praising it like a newborn baby. He even had it inspected by the building inspector.

The Overland Club, where I trained, was located on the shore of Maumee Bay in Toledo. From the moment we arrived, the air was tense with excitement. Newspapermen were all around and Doc took full advantage of their presence.

"We've got to move fast, talk fast and hope that the odds'll change."

I was training in Toledo long before Willard arrived. My trainer, Jimmy De Forest, an incredible dynamo, dedicated himself to me morning, noon and night. He and Doc, as always, disagreed on all but one thing: Neither of them wanted me to overtrain and go stale, so they had me alternate one week of training with one week of rest. The rest weeks always seemed to be too long, but the locals who came to see me kept me occupied. Kids would take turns sitting on my lap or at my feet while I told them tales of wild bears and moose. I could play baseball on the beach with friends or I could run the 100-yard dash. In short, I could do anything I wanted to do that week except train.

In addition to training, I would lay off food one day a month to give my body a rest. It seemed strange to be doing such a thing out of choice, when only a few years ago I didn't eat out of necessity.

Moods in training camps can always be felt from the very beginning. In mine, monkey business and shenanigans were kept to a minimum and morale was high. Sure, we had the usual hangers-on, kibbitzers and experts—everyone did—but mine were unique. Some of them were to hang on tightly for the next fifty years.

Doc lashed out at Willard every opportunity he got. It was easy since he wasn't around to defend himself.

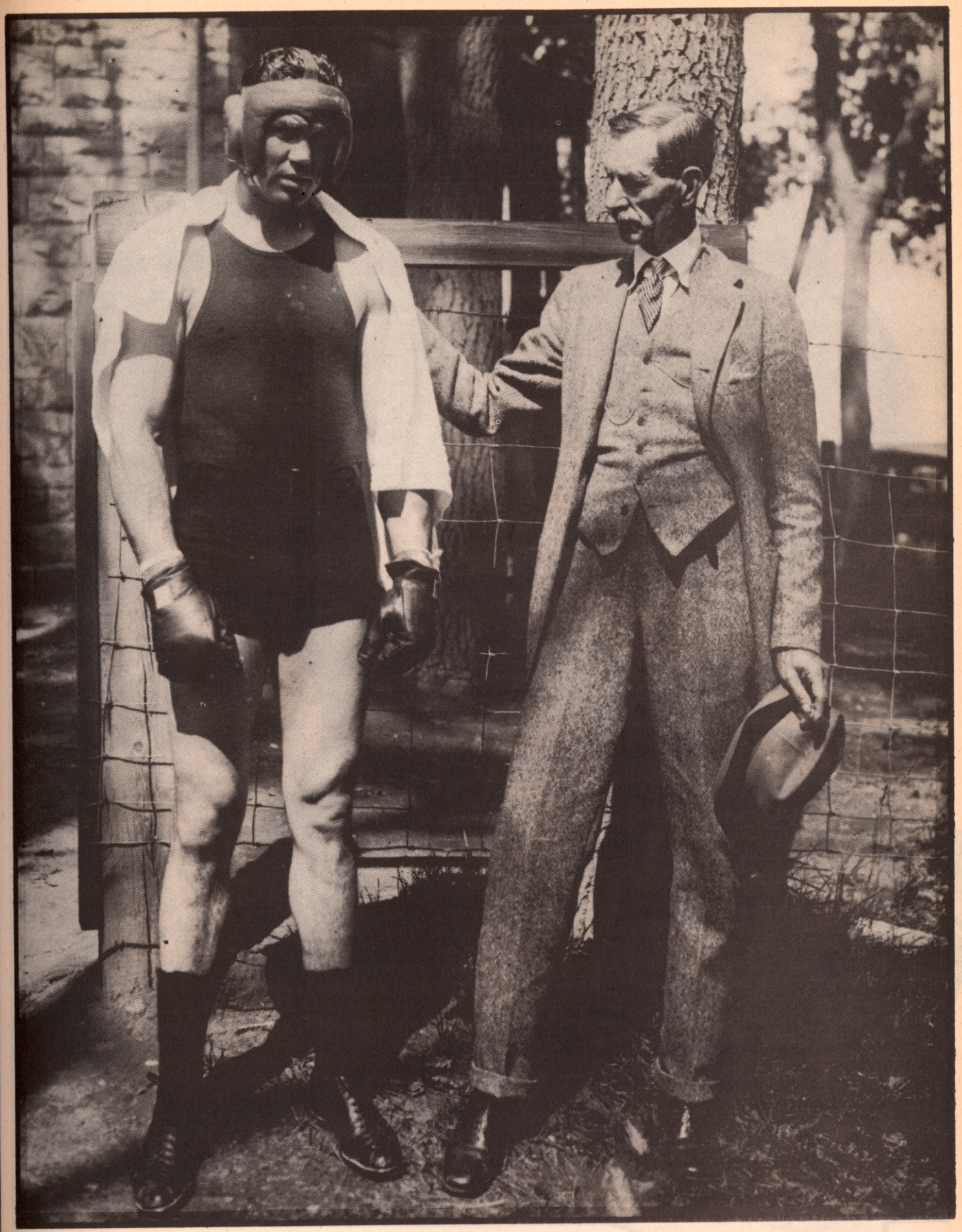
"Beat Willard? Why, I'd like to take a crack at that big stiff! A cinch, nothing to it! After this is over, I'm going to try and sign Jack with Georges Carpentier, who I hear is fighting again. If he won't come here, why, then, we'll go to France. Or Britain!"

He knew just what to say and, what's more, he thoroughly enjoyed reading what he said afterwards.

"The challenger is ready to go into the ring and he is in condition to box all night against any man in the world!"

Box all night? For a moment he really

(Above) Jack (Doc) Kearns, Joe Benjamin, and Dempsey lie on the grass during a break in training for the Gibbons fight. (Opposite) Jack Dempsey and his father.



threw me, but then I remembered he'd say anything.

Doc continued jabbing verbally at Willard until Jess finally decided to speak up, countering with, "Kearns is just talking off the top of his head. This will be one of the easiest bouts I ever had! What good fighter gets knocked out in the first round? I hope he comes rushing at me. I'll fix him good!"

Many didn't care too much for Jess, thinking in terms of what ring history supports—that the best heavyweights are never extra big, only big enough. Some even felt that a big man was frequently not mean enough or fast enough. And the underdog always appeals to the crowd. For some reason the most cheers are usually reserved for the smaller man, even though the bigger one may be the true underdog.

I was fully aware that this was my big chance. The spotlight was on me, even though I still stood in Willard's shadow.

By the time Willard arrived in Toledo on a Saturday, I was firmly established with the locals. Everyone was waiting at the edge of town for Willard, but many of them were talking about me. When he pulled into town he found his training grounds hadn't been completed and that he lacked such necessities as downy quilts to lay under the canvas in the ring, rubdown lotions and tapes. So he went shopping, accompanied by a journalist who couldn't believe the variety of stuff he bought.

Now that Willard had arrived, publicity was split right down the middle with tales and countertales. Rumors ran rampant. One said that Jess had gotten so fat that he could hardly move. Another said that I had had a fight with Doc and was packing my bags and leaving camp. One absurdity followed another.

My sparring partners were Jamaica Kid and Bill Tate, a Senegambian whose wife was the camp's cook. (She wrapped cooked meat in toweling to drain off the fat and grabbed my hand to make sure I didn't touch any roughage.) My two sparring partners were probably the finest I ever had.

Doc made sure everything ran smoothly. He was as capable then as he would have been if he had had at least ten champions under his belt already. Surprisingly enough, Willard showed up without a manager. He was apparently trying to save money, but being his own mouthpiece certainly didn't help. He just didn't seem to fire the public spirit and imagination.

Jess was altogether different from me. He'd gone through all the hullabaloo before, and he wasn't touched by it. Reportedly, he was a suspicious man who hated crowds. He was more retiring, more reticent and of course much older and more weathered. When he wasn't training, he preferred to stay quietly in a fine rented house on one of the best streets in Toledo. It had a large lawn with flowers and shrubs and—unlike my own quarters, which lacked the barest necessities—it had everything. But that was Jess. I guess I was a victim of an American syndrome: If anything's too easy, then it can't be any good. It's got to be rough, even inconvenient, to be of any value.

Doc and Tex were my biggest boosters. I absorbed it all and basked in whatever attention came my way. They agreed that I had all the makings, that I was going to be the next champ and that they had made the right decision. They patted each other on the back and treated each other with the utmost courtesy—that is, until after the fight, when I was relieved to see them once more aiming for each other's jugular.

Day after day I trained, up at six, then seven to ten miles of jogging followed by a hot and cold shower and a rubdown until breakfast, which consisted of meat and vegetables. After breakfast, a quick nap and then off again, sprinting a few miles. I just couldn't believe the crowds that jammed the roads to see me!

My typical afternoon consisted of exercising and sparring, which could be watched by anyone willing to shell out two bits. Afterwards, more sprinting until dinner. At night everyone settled down to chewing the fat or playing gin rummy. Experts argued with experts, and many a nose was punched. No drugs, no drinks and no women were allowed on camp grounds. Those were the rules.

This infuriated Doc.

"Fooling around? Why, that Willard doesn't have the brains to fool around. That entire camp is beginning to give me a real pain. If Monaghan has any more comments, he should come directly to me. Why, Jack'll put Willard away in the first round!"

This in turn annoyed Willard, so he invited me to watch him train anytime I wanted. Naturally, his offer was turned down. Doc didn't want to risk my becoming anxious, especially since he'd placed a bet on me (this news he kept from me until I was ready to step into the ring). It seems that Doc had approached John "Get Rich Quick" Ryan, a gambler around town. Doc asked Ryan what the odds on a first round knockout were, for a good friend. Ryan gave him 10 to 1. That sounded pretty good to Doc, as well as to Damon Runyon, who was along.

Ryan asked Doc, "How much does your friend want to bet?"

"Ten grand."

The bet was on. Doc and Runyon then hustled around for the dough. It took them all night. Now, if I put Willard away in the first, we would stand to make $100,000 in addition to our guarantee.

Inwardly, Doc didn't think Willard had ever been judged accurately as a fighter. Around the time of the Jack Johnson-Jess Willard fight in Havana, a law was passed prohibiting interstate shipment of fight films. It was only a good many years later that the film of the fight was seen and analyzed, revealing an even contest between Johnson and Willard for twenty rounds before Jack Johnson was apparently knocked out. Doc had somehow seen the fight film and was convinced that Jess Willard was far from being a natural fighter. To Doc, he lacked the animal instinct, the inner fury and the all-important lust for battle.

Jess Willard might not have been a natural fighter, but he sure was confident—confident enough to worry about killing me.

The heatin Toledo was mounting, affecting moods and tempers. It seemed to get hotter and muggier from hour to hour. In the training camp, we found we appreciated as many laughs as we could get, so Max Kaplan appointed himself camp comedian and told old jokes. On a few occasions, Max, Jimmy De Forest and I entertained the camp, strutting through the grounds with a huge banner proclaiming ourselves to be "The Great and Grand Maumee Bay Band." We would sing, dance and take turns blowing on the kazoo. Kids would trail us as if we were pied pipers. Anything for a laugh. That is, until Max sang his medley of old Yiddish songs. Then everyone cried and cursed Max for making them blubber. We were like one great big family—for the first and last time.

Doc, like everyone else, had his good days and his bad days. He seemed to have difficulty in finding suitable outlets for relaxation. He drank a lot and spat words out like bullets until I'd get worried and speak to him. Then he'd go dry. Just like that. Cold. With no hangover, nothing. The man was truly unique. The only times he would get really sore at me were when I'd take the wheel of the Stutz (borrowed on credit) and go for a drive with Doc sitting beside me. As he saw it, I was now a large investment, and investments shouldn't drive.

That June was the hottest and most uncomfortable I can remember. Sweat flowed like water from a broken tap. Even the lakeward breeze didn't seem to affect the temperature, which hovered around 104°.

Gossip cut a deep furrow from my training camp to Willard's. Willard's "secret service" even accused Doc of having visited Willard's Casino training grounds incognito and having had the nerve not only to spy, but to mingle with the crowd, paying the four bits admission fee. Normally I wouldn't have put this past Doc, but we both knew that with so many members of the press around, he'd never take the risk of being recognized—or for that matter of bumping into Willard, who still detested Doc with a passion.

Willard, who scoffed at the very idea of Jack Kearns in his training camp, nevertheless said, according to friendly sources, that if I really wanted to send someone, I should send my sparring partner, Bill Tate, who would gladly be given a line. Big talk on Jess's part. Everyone knew Willard didn't want any black sparring partners, no matter how good they were or what kind of reputation they had. Since his win over Jack Johnson in Havana, Willard had been so ridiculed and abused by Johnson's fervent fans that he was alleged to have developed an intense aversion and dislike for the entire race. This came out when Harry Wills, a good black heavyweight, applied to join Willard's camp and was flatly refused. Subsequently Ray Archer, Willard's on-and-off manager, made for New York to get some other sparring partners and was severely criticized along with Willard. Archer lashed back and said something to this effect:

"I can't hire everyone who asks to be taken on; you can't tell what some of them might do. I'd stake my life on the boys I've got with me."

He was obviously referring to Willard's close pal, chief advisor and sparring partner, Walter Monaghan, who was on a forty-day Army furlough, and Jack Lavin, a fat Cleveland heavyweight who looked like he couldn't fight (but could).

Not only did Willard lack adequate sparring partners, but he acted as his own trainer as well, figuring he knew his own condition better than anyone else. Why should he pay good money for some outsider's system?

One afternoon, sparring in the ring, Willard accidentally knocked his pal Walter out cold, causing a great deal of commotion. In a fight camp, then as now, everything is blown up and, no matter how insiginicant, becomes newsworthy—especially when there are only two contenders for a big event and the press is tired of rehashing all the well-worn statistics. So the next day, Wlater Monaghan's statement made the news.

"My, how Jess can hit when he is in earnest. We were only fooling around this afternoon, but you saw how that right came over, didn't you? I saw it coming, and accustomed as I am to boxing with him, I could not get away from it. You can imagine how the big fellow will hit when he gets into the ring July 4. Say, if he hits Dempsey on the jaw with the old right, they will probably pick up Jack Kearns's hope in the $10 seats somewhere."

Doc could usually be found with the newspapermen and photographers who swarmed around both camps. The majority were from New York and Chicago; a few were from the midwest and the west coast.

One of the unforgettables was the former lightweight, Oscar Matthew "Battling" Nelson, who had been assigned by the *Chicago Daily News* to cover the fight. Instead of staying with the other reporters, Battling Nelson set himself up in a pup tent by the arena, which was a fair distance away from the training activities. It was his big assignment and he didn't want to chance missing the fight. Once, at two o'clock in the morning, someone suggested paying Bat a visit. When they got to the tent he was sleeping soundly. Within seconds the pup tent's pegs had been pulled, leaving poor Bat all tangled up in the tent. By the time he emerged, there was no one in sight.

The days wore on. I trained, I rested and I thought. I was seldom inactive—inactivity led to laziness, and laziness led to a dead end. No, thanks.

Once, while I was sparring with Jamaica Kid, a gash opened over my right eye. Doc panicked, thinking of the bet, the guarantee—and the fight. I assured him it'd be okay by fight time.

Someone suggested my wearing a headgear. Doc couldn't see the "practicality of the damned thing," but I could, and I insisted on wearing it. The headgear protected my brows and kept my ears from getting knocked in. As soon as Willard's men saw this, they suggested that maybe he should consider wearing one also. He scoffed at the idea. It was newfangled junk. If he didn't think of something first, it wasn't worth a plugged nickel. He told a few people that, strange or otherwise, my training methods would end for good on July 4.

I guess Jess Wllard was overly sensitive about his size, especially after having appeared in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. There, he had always been Big Fellow, Big Jess. In a way I felt for the guy.

By the time my brow gash had healed, I had been on a five-day layoff and was impatient to be moving again. I had everyone on their toes, particularly Jamaica Kid.

My twenty-fourth birthday rolled around and Doc went all out to celebrate. Everyone packed away as much booze as was humanly possible (Prohibition was just around the corner). Everyone was talking about it, how they had started hoarding some time back, and screw the authorities. Doc laughed.

"Me worried? Nah. Pay enough and you'll get enough. If any of you get stuck, come and see the Doc. He'll fix you up good."

That was Doc, confident as always. The press liked Doc despite his having to be in command at all times. He was the master of oneupmanship. When he was with writers, he could write; with actors, he became the biggest ham, with the press, well, he'd show them what was meant by good copy...

June, 1919. That month dragged. The days passed quickly enough but the nights were long. I couldn't sleep and I would wander around camp in the early morning hours. Sometimes I could hear Doc and the others in the distance, talking and laughing. It annoyed me. I was irritable and anxious, but dared not show it. With everything on the line, I felt the responsibility weigh in my gut.

A pre-fight party, with wall-to-wall people, was held in the rundown farmhouse that was part of camp. I put in a brief appearance and then hit the sack to the faraway strains of curses, arguments and songs. It was like a noisy Fourth (which was in fact only hours away). While Doc gave his party, Jess Willard met with Tex Rickard to discuss plans for the future. According to some of the boys present, Willard downed an entire bottle of gin. Even Tex was surprised; after all, the fight was the following morning. Rickard apparently asked him if the booze wasn't pretty potent medicine. Jess reportedly replied that it wouldn't do him any harm since meeting me in the ring would only be exercise.

That night I, William Harrison Dempsey, known as Jack, young aspirant to a world heavyweight crown, slept with my eyes open.

Morning finally dawned, a dawn I was to remember for the rest of my life. Doc came over to see how I was doing. I was aware of his presence but I couldn't digest his words. I seemed unable to shift my concentration away from the coming events of the day.

He told me that Willard was still sleeping, since he didn't want to strain himself unnecessarily before the bout. Why should Jess worry? Fighting me was going to be a snap.

I worked harder that morning than ever before, punching bags, throwing and catching the medicine ball to strengthen my stomach muscles, pulling weights and doing some last minute sparring before the weigh-in.

"Don't show no emotion, no anxiety, no nothing, kid. The press is just waiting for you to crack—it'd be good copy. Be careful!"

Doc had a point. I made sure that I didn't even look into Willard's face for fear my eyes

would give me away. Staring at my own feet was safer. I couldn't take a chance on being psyched out.

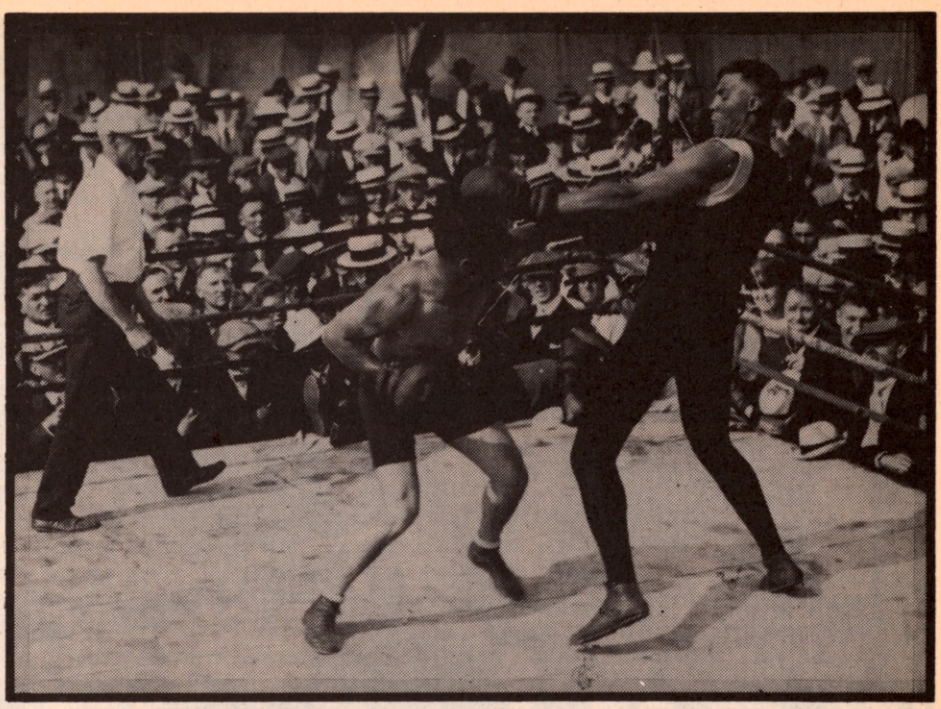
I weighed in at 187 pounds and Jess Willard at 245. Almost sixty pounds and five inches separated us. Jess was like a mountain; he was even bigger close up, in those blue trunks of his. I ignored him and he sneered. We weren't to meet until 4 P.M.

Willard was the 5 to 4 favorite and was pretty damn cocksure. He even had the nerve to approach Doc for legal immunity in case he killed me. For Doc this was the last straw. He wouldn't tolerate any more of Willard's snide remarks. He'd been waiting for this moment as long as he could remember, and he told Willard off good.

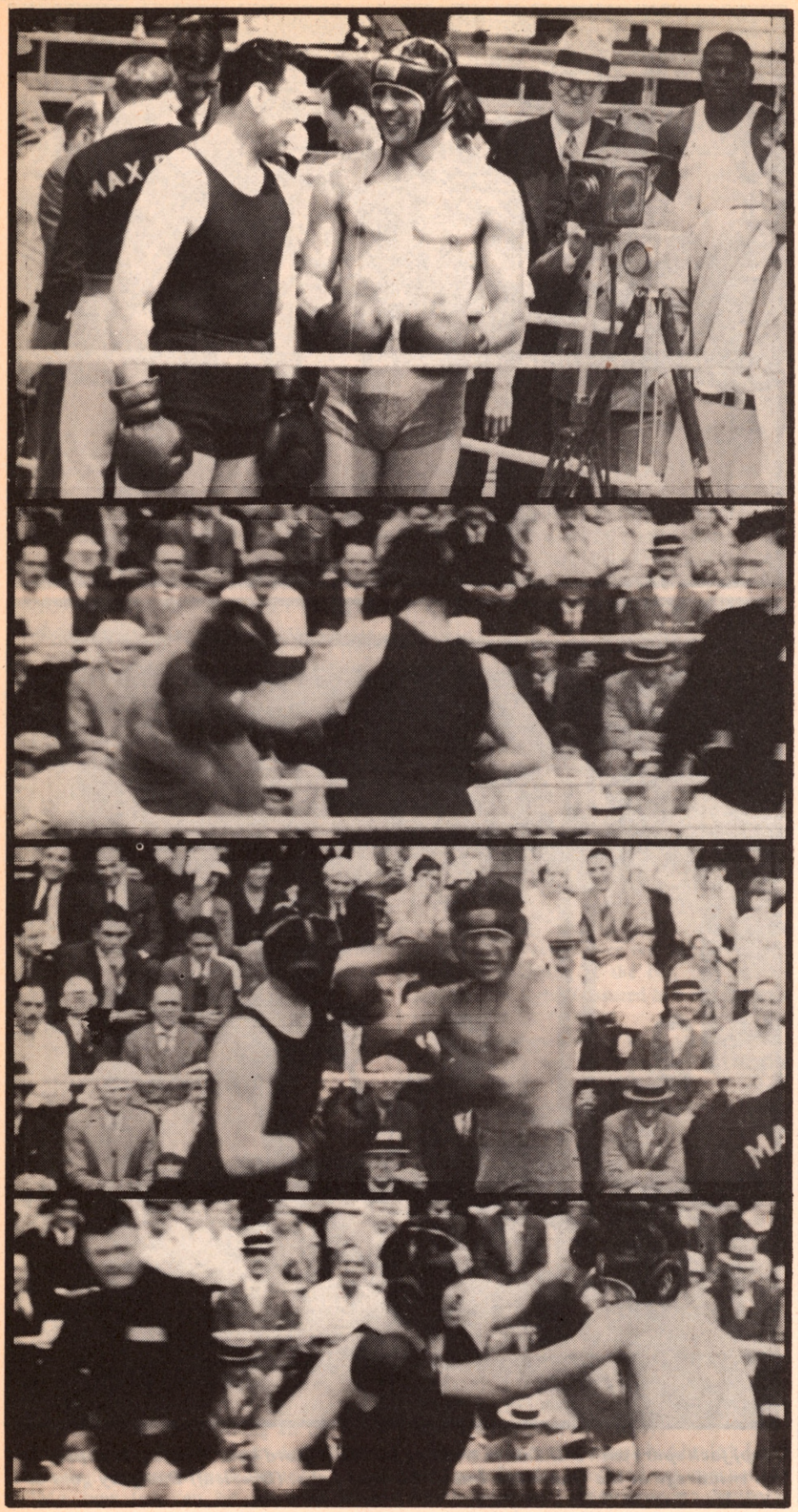
By noontime the temperature in Toledo hovered around the 106° mark, causing the pitch and resin to flow more freely out of the new wooden seats in the arena. Tex had enjoyed telling one and all that not only had the construction taken two months and 520 men, but if the boards were placed end to end, they would reach from New York to Chicago. Needless to say, the cushion and umbrella sellers were the only ones who had no complaints that day. Those who hadn't purchased a cushion faced the alternatives of ruining the seat of their pants or standing for the duration of the fight. Drink vendors declared a liquid catastrophe—they were sold out in an hour. The ice cream vendors didn't have a scoop in sight, and sandwich stands were stuck with gooey, unsold stock.

Bat Nelson got up early that morning. Because it was a special occasion, and July 4 as well, he decided to take a bath whether he needed it or not. One of the more enterprising concessionaires, obviously anticipating a great rush, had moved several barrels of lemonade into a hogshed located near the arena. As luck would have it, Bat came across the hogshed and mistook the tubs of lemonade for water. He jumped in, cake of soap and all, and had his bath. Because no one and nothing went unnoticed in camp, word spread like a brush fire. No one knew exactly which barrel had been contaminated, so the lemonade went completely untouched by those who knew. Tough luck for those who didn't.

The arena's seats weren't selling quite up to Tex's expectations. He'd priced the reserved ringside seats at $60—an exorbitant sum in a year when many made only $10 a week. The general admission seats were $10 and the cheapest seats $2. Not many people were ready to fork out sixty bucks for this bout, so the scalpers and the sharks took turns standing by the gates. approaching anyone



(Top) Jack spars with Bill Tate in training for the Willard bout. (Above) Dempsey and his entourage at the Onondaga Inn at Saranac Lake. (Overleaf) Dempsey goes at it with Max Baer in 1933.



from men in uniform to women.

Outside the arena, near the scalpers, stood a somewhat stocky, spruced-up guy with a curled moustache and carrying a fancy cane: Bat Masterson, the former lawman, an avid fan of Jess Willard and Otto Floto's arch-enemy. He had appointed himself Official Collector of all spectators' guns and knives. His assistant was a balding Wyatt Earp, who had been referee for the Bob Fitzsimmons-Tom Sharkey fight. Between the two of them, they got things done. At first all equipment was placed neatly in piles, but by fight time the guns and knives were in a disorderly heap. Some of the rowdier boys refused to relinquish their six shooters without a scuffle.

Bat Masterson was a master of all trades as well as a gentleman. He'd been everything from buffalo hunter and scout for General Nelson Miles during the Apache uprising in '86 to card dealer, wrestling promoter with Otto Floto in Denver and lawman. Now he was a sports writer and boxing authority for the *Morning Telegraph*. He was a sharp observer of the world around him right up to the day he died about two years later, with the following quote in his typewriter:

"There are many in this old world of ours who hold that we all get the same amount of ice. The rich get it in the summertime and the poor get it in winter."

At three o'clock in the afternoon I was told that there were about forty to fifty thousand paid admissions. Whatever the number, Rickard's 90,000-seat arena was far from filled, despite the fact that all roads led to Toledo! Bay View Park was clogged with cars, bicycles and people. Rickard, not wanting to take too big a loss, managed to sell the arena to the American Wrecking Company for $25,000 and felt better, even though it had cost over $100,000.

Suddenly it was time. Willard's camp sent Walter Monaghan and Ike O'Neil over to supervise the taping of my hands. Two of my men were in Willard's dressing room as well, while Doc ran around feverishly. Jimmy De Forest taped my hands and then slapped me on the back to wish me luck. It was a big moment for him, too.

Before I left the dressing room, Doc walked in and told me of the bet he'd placed on me with its 10 to 1 odds.

Three forty-eight in the afternoon. I was straining to go, having been cooped up in the dressing room for an hour and a half, having had to wait for the end of an eight-round semi-final bout and Biddle's beloved Marines' exhibition of bayonet work and marching.

Time. Out of the dressing room and quickly through the aisle to the ring. Waves of heat rose from the ground. Ringside was surrounded by a sea of straw boaters and white short-sleeved shirts. I had never seen so many people gathered for a fight before. Not

for one of *my* fights. The crowd stood up and cheered as I sprinted down the aisle accompanied by Doc, Jimmy De Forest and Bill Tate.

A large umbrella was set up in each of our corners. Willard's was paper-bag brown while mine was plastered with advertising from the local merchants. (Doc had made sure to tap anyone who had a buck.) In the ring, a second supporting canvas had been laid down and fastened.

When Willard stepped into the ring the crowd roared its salute. I stared at this crowd, at first seeing absolutely nothing. I danced and pulled at the ropes automatically, but I was only conscious of one man: Willard. There he was, a standing giant with what seemed to be an expression of boredom and stupidity on his face. His look of annoyance in turn annoyed me. He made noises whenever he turned his back to me. His hair was plastered with some kind of goo which flashed in the hot sun. Of course, I didn't look that great either; I hadn't shaved in three or four days, and I was burnt the color of dark cork. I hoped I looked mean and tough enough.

Rapid gum-chewing Ollie Pecord was the referee. It was his first championship fight and he was agitated. Funny, it was my first, and I wasn't agitated—I was downright scared.

Tex Rickard was judge on one side and Major Drexel Biddle judge on the other. In my corner were Doc, Bill Tate, Jock Malone, Jimmy De Forest and my brother Bernie. Ray Archer, Walter Monaghan and Jack Hemple were the main persons in Willard's.

In the sky above there were grand goings-on as well. First, Lieutenant Locklear, the aviator, changed planes in mid-air. Then the Army balloon, filled with photographers, almost had a disaster, one cameraman falling into Maumee Bay. He was soon rescued, but his camera and film were lost forever.

Willard and I were called to the center of the ring to pose for pictures. I saw Ollie Pecord's lips moving and couldn't hear or understand a word he was saying. All I knew was that a towering Willard was standing in front of me. As we returned to our corners, something my father had once said flashed through my brain: "Son, when you find stumbling blocks in your way, use 'em, boy—as stepping stones. If you can't go over 'em, around 'em or under 'em, then goddamn it, boy, go through 'em!"

I didn't know whether I was going to be in a fight or a foot race. Until this moment, Doc had almost convinced me that I'd be able to put Jess out in the first round, but now I wondered. When Willard raised his massive arms over his head, a kind of desperation overcame me and I knew I would have to use every ounce of strength I had—and then some. Not wanting anyone to suspect these emotions, I scowled fiercely and bared my teeth.

I planned to wear Willard down—in any way that was humanly possible. I had to; this moment had taken me eleven long, hard years to reach. Once our gloves were slipped on, we stepped toward each other to shake hands. As Willard moved away I realized I wasn't just fighting for a title, I was fighting for my life.

Clang! Jesus Christ, this was it! For about thirty seconds, neither one of us led. He landed a few blows and seemed surprised when I managed to hook a left to his stomach. I missed a right and a left, and Willard slugged me again. Then I feinted with my left. Willard's guard came down just when I smashed a left hook to the head. He went down. I saw the look of amazement in his face as he scrambled to his feet. I had Jess Willard down on the floor seven times in that first round. No one could believe what was happening. Willard was a groggy mess, his face was red and cut, he was all pink patches and welts.

Ollie Pecord started counting. Reaching ten, he counted Jess out. The crowd went wild; everyone was screaming. Doc was convinced that we'd just won the bet despite Jimmy De Forest's telling him to wait a minute. Willard's being counted out didn't correspond with De Forest's stopwatch.

"There seems to be something wrong with the bell!"

"Shut up! For $100,000 who the hell cares if there's something wrong with the bell! Pecord! Pecord! Raise Jack's hand! Raise his hand! He's the new champ!"

And Ollie raised my hand, grinning. I was stunned. Doc rushed up to me, threw his arms tightly around me and told me to get out of the ring. I did, as people started to climb into the ring. Jimmy told me to move faster. We were by the press seats when Jimmy half turned and saw that the ring was in a state of chaos. Doc, half in and half out of the ropes, was frantically waving me back. Ollie had told him that the fight wasn't over, and Warren Barbour, the official timekeeper, screamed over the confusion that if I didn't get back into the ring I'd be disqualified. The bell rope had, as he called it, "fouled." No one had heard the bell; Willard had been down only seven seconds when it clanged.

So back I went. I'd been champion for less than a minute and had no idea what it felt like. All I knew was that I was once more the contender and that Doc had lost his bet.

Tex O'Rourke, an old trainer of Willard's, some time later blamed the foul-up squarely on Major Biddle's Marines, who had marched in the ring before the main event. He insisted that when the second canvas had been laid for the marchers, a workman must have put the holding rope over the bell, muffling its sound.

Whatever the reason, I was back in that ring just in time for the second round. I had almost wrenched my shoulder punching Willard hard enough to drop him; now I was grimly determined to put him away. I couldn't even understand what Doc was yelling.

Willard was a sorry sight. His face was swollen and bruised. His right eye stared at me glassily and he could hardly talk through his cracked lips. I pelted him with more blows, including a hard left to his eye, partially shutting it. He was becoming bloodier and he spat out a tooth. His defenses were just about gone, and he was staggering with his tremendous arms outstretched as if to keep me at a distance.

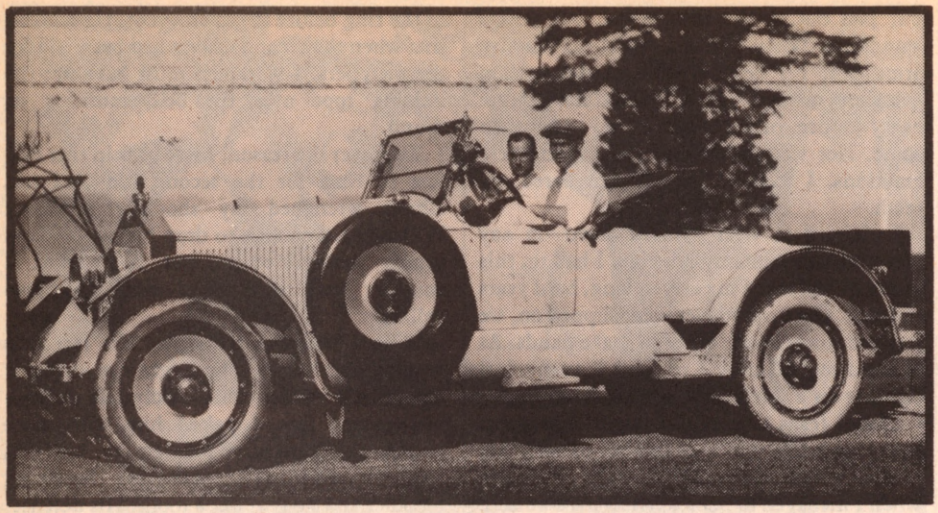
All at once he managed to steady himself and landed a left to the chin. I clinched, holding on—it was a pretty powerful blow. When we broke away, I rained blows on him. Twice Jess managed to use short uppercuts in clinches, rocking me. I landed another on his chin. Clang! Round two was over.

By now I was feeling exhausted and my body was throbbing. I couldn't for the life of me imagine going the scheduled twelve rounds. The heat had started to get to me; I felt as though I had no air as I kept sucking it in.

Jess Willard had a worse time of it. He had trouble finding his corner; he couldn't seem to see straight or to hold himself up. Spectators were shouting for Pecord to stop the fight.

When the bell sounded for the third round, my arms felt like lead weights. Willard was now an object of pity, completely at my mercy. He was spent and he made no attempt to fight back. I pounded rights and lefts to the head and the body while he tried unsuccessfully to cover up. He threw a left uppercut, but it was too late. The weaker he looked, the stronger I felt. I knew it was almost over. I hit him again and he staggered, about to go down, when he was saved by the bell. I went back to my corner on legs that felt like rubber. I looked over toward Willard. His face was distorted by a broken cheekbone and he was having trouble holding his head up. I felt sick. I hadn't realized that my inner fury could do so much damage.

I couldn't wait for this massacre to end; I was sapped both mentally and physically. I looked at Willard again—I couldn't seem to



take my eyes off him. He was a broken man now, he had nothing left. Willard and his seconds called the referee over and told him that Willard couldn't make it out for the fourth. Ike O'Neal and Walter Monaghan then threw in the blood-spattered towel.

I won. I won. My God, I won! I made it! *I was the new champion!*

Hoots and jeers greeted Jess's decision. Shouts of "Quitter" were heard through the overall noise. I knew it must have hurt. But Willard was no quitter; any man who stood up to take what I had given him was no quitter in my book. Willard had been the people's White Hope. He had "brought back" the title from Jack Johnson. Now, at about thirty-seven years of age, he appeared all washed up. Jess congratulated me and wished me luck and everything that went with the championship. He also mumbled that he'd invested well and had nothing to worry about.

Bedlam reigned. Benches were broken, telegraph poles pulled down. Hats flew into the ring, and thousands—or what seemed to me to be thousands—were tumbling into the ring to congratulate me, to touch me, to tell me off. Bernie and Rickard tried to get my attention at the same time, and I was almost pounded to the floor with all the backslapping. The crowd surged forward, pushing security guards and policemen aside. I was lifted up in the air, hoisted onto a cushion of shoulders and carried to my dressing room. The dressing room itself was so crowded that I had difficulty taking a shower. Everyone stared at me as I dressed. Everyone wanted to shake my hand. It felt swell.

Doc was delirious, but I found it difficult to grasp what had happened. Tex said I was great, that I packed quite a wallop. Now, he said, I had to learn certain things all over again as champion. I didn't know what he meant. (All was not smooth with Tex. He bitterly criticized the United States Railroad Administration, saying that he had gotten reports that as many as 20,000 people had been kept away from the Bay View area because the Government was refusing to place more coaches at fans' disposal.)

We went back to the hotel accompanied by God knows how many persons. Doc and I were interviewed and it looked like it would be an all-night affair. Around ten o'clock I thankfully hit the sack; Doc stayed below to celebrate.

Some said that Willard was ignored after the fight. Allegedly, he told members of the press to leave him alone—and leave him alone they did, after he made a few statements to the effect that I must have had something in my gloves and that we were nothing but a bunch of manipulating gangsters, Kearns being the rignleader. One day, he vowed, he'd write a book and tell all.

We ignored him. He was acting the role of a sore loser who didn't know what he was talking about. He took his defeat bitterly, and some of his hangers-on, for fear of being contaminated by a loser, disappeared. Gene Fowler told me some time later that Jess had dressed himself in his usual ill-fitting clothes and stumbled half-blind along a fence, looking for an exit, when Charles MacArthur recognized him and took him in hand until they found Ray Archer. Archer then drove Willard home. Reportedly, the porches of neighboring houses were packed with women wiping their eyes as if there had been a death in the area. Apparently Mrs. Willard was glad that Jess had lost because it meant they would finally be able to live in peace as private citizens along with their five children. She despised the butchering that went on in the fight game.

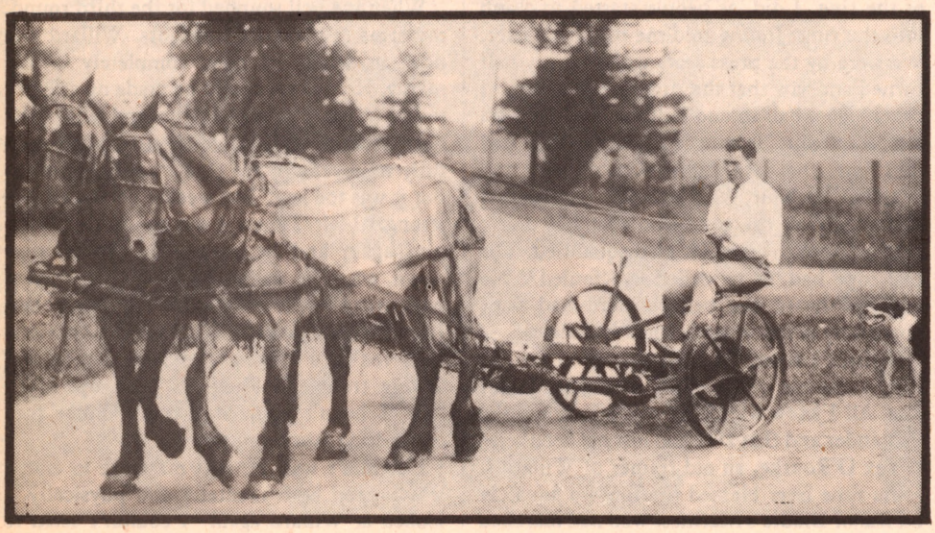
That night was to remain vivid in my mind for a long time. I managed to peel off my clothes and flop into bed—where I dreamed the fight all over again. In my dream, Willard knocked me out. I woke up in a cold sweat, confused. I climbed out of bed and stumbled into the bathroom, turning on the overhead light. I peered at my face and saw some small dried patches of blood on it. I felt paralyzed. Pulling on my pants and shirt, I rushed out into the hall. The night clerk was busy. Not realizing I had forgotten to put my shoes on, I ran outside, my heartbeat sounding in my ears. A newsboy was hollering, "Extra, Extra! Read all about it!

"Ain't you Jack Dempsey?" the newsboy asked.

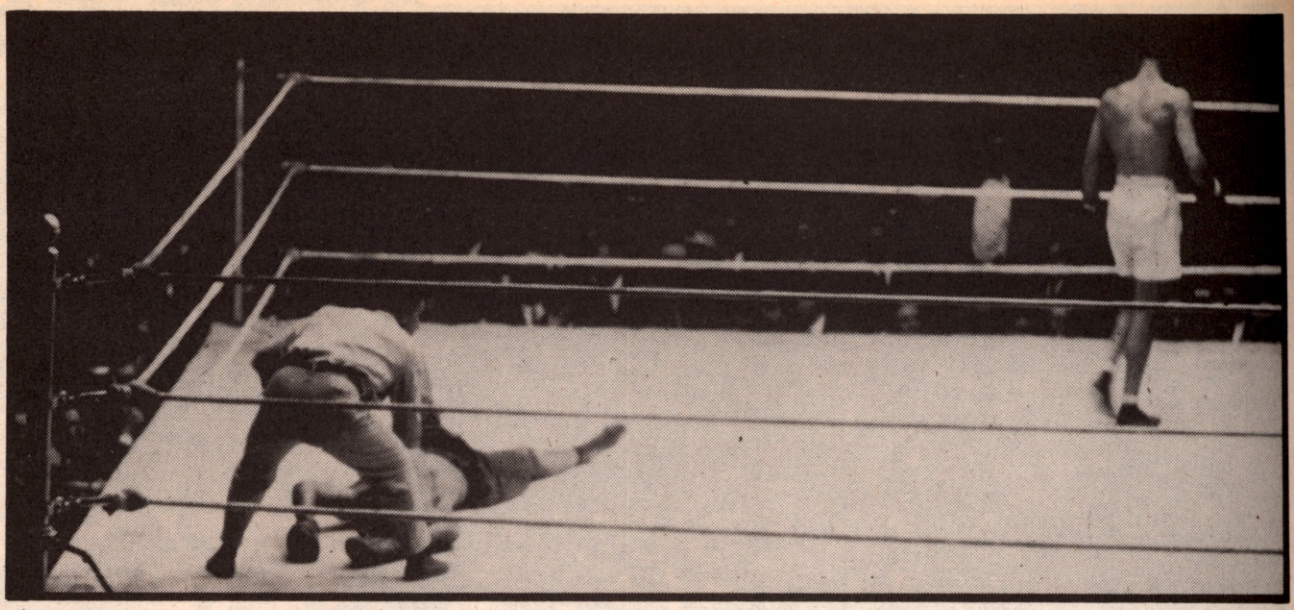
"Yeah. Why?"

I grabbed a paper. There it was, my name in big, bold headlines. I was the Heavyweight Champion of the World. All of a sudden, standing barefoot on the street with a newsboy at my side, I felt the full impact of my victory. I had the impulse to yell, Look at me! I did it! but held myself back. I reached into my pockets to give the kid a buck but found my pockets empty. I told him to pick it up in the morning from the room clerk.

"You don't owe me nothin'—Champ!"



(Above) A badly beaten Willard is down in a corner. (Insert) Another knockdown of the 6'6" Kansas farm boy.



(JACK DEMPSEY VS. LUIS FIRPO—POLO GROUNDS, SEPTEMBER 14, 1923. DEMPSEY WON BY KNOCKOUT IN SECOND ROUND.)

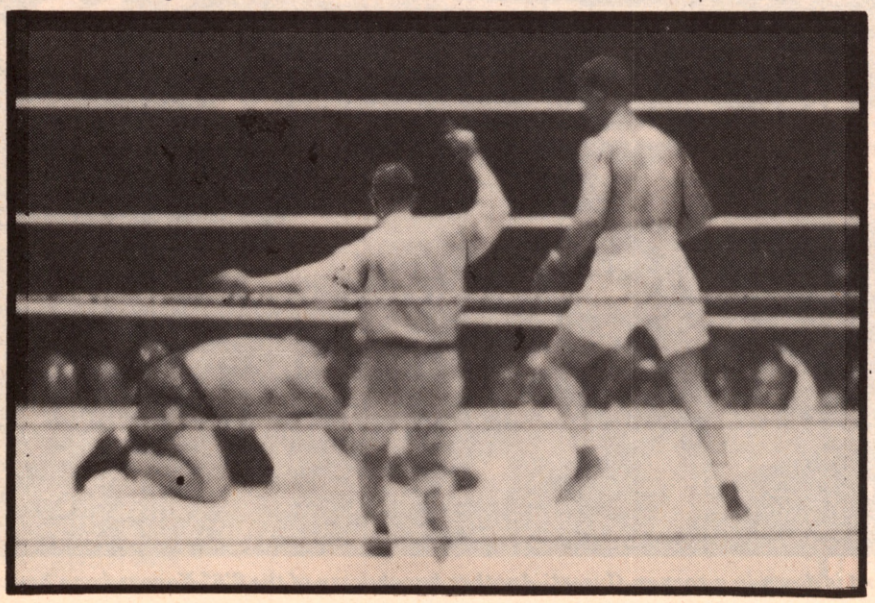
FIRST ROUND—THIS ROUND WAS EVEN MORE thrilling than that in which Jack Dempsey hammered Jess Willard into a pulp, for although vividly suggestive of that ring drama at Toledo, it moved more rapidly. Unlike the lumbering, helpless Willard, Dempsey found in Firpo a willing, courageous fighter, a wild bull who knew not what the word quit meant.

The round started with Dempsey missing a left and was quickly followed by a short right uppercut to the jaw by Firpo that sent Dempsey to his knees. He quickly pulled himself up and then started the fireworks that held the breath of the spectators as never before in modern ring history.

Firpo put two rights to the body and Dempsey countered with crashing right to the jaw that sent the Argentine down for a count of three. Scarcely had Firpo's hand left the canvas than the champion rushed in and pounded Luis with terrific left hooks that crashed again and again against Firpo's skull. Firpo sank to his knees again only to arise at the count of two.

Left, right, left, right, went Dempsey's blows and down went the Wild Bull of the Pampas for the third time taking a count of three. Firpo lay flat on his back with the next blow, a crashing right hook and as he remained horizontal Dempsey stepped over his prostrate form waiting. Referee Gallagher, losing trend of himself, permitted the champion to retain this menacing position and Dempsey took advantage of the opportunity by watching his rival with a movement of a wounded tiger.

As Firpo started to rise, Dempsey circled around him and crashed another right to the jaw sending Luis down for the count of six. As Firpo arose again, Dempsey kept close behind him and when he saw Firpo's hand had left the floor, Jack sprang his opponent and sent him to the canvas for the sixth time. The man killer tried desperately to finish the South American but was not equal to the emergency for in Firpo he found an opponent who refused to give in.



Arising from the sixth knockdown, Firpo rushed at Dempsey and crashed the first blow with such tremendous power that Dempsey's knees sagged. Firpo then hit the champion nine straight times with his right, the last one forcing Dempsey through the ropes. The champion went sprawling into the laps of the newspaper men. Those rights of Firpo came one after another, relentless, powerful, each driving the champion nearer and nearer to the edge of the ring so that when the eighth blow landed against Dempsey's jaw, his head drooped and his knees wabbled and made him an easy mark for the ninth wallop that sent Jack out of the ring.

Dempsey after being shoved by the reporters, struggled back into the ring, half crawled through the ropes and once back, faced the Wild Bull and took thirteen straight more blows before he was able to return one. Firpo sent one smash after another at the champion who finally drew in to a clinch and then swung rights and lefts until the gong sounded ending one of the most remarkable rounds since the defeat of John L. Sullivan by Corbett.

Second round—Dempsey, like a wounded tiger, sprang at Firpo at the sound of the gong. His pride had been hurt. He was eager to show the public that he was Firpo's master. Dempsey put a right to the body and then clinched.

Two terrible rights to the jaw sent Firpo down for the count of four and when Firpo arose he jumped in to a clinch. Dempsey landed a left to the head and followed with a right crash to the same spot that sent Firpo flat on his back. He rolled over and remained down while the referee counted the fatal ten.

(GENE TUNNEY VS. JACK DEMPSEY, SOLDIERS' FIELD, CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1927. WON BY TUNNEY, 10 ROUNDS. DECISION.)

SEVENTH ROUND—THIS ROUND OF THE SECOND battle between Tunney and Dempsey will go down as one of the most thrilling in modern times. For thrills, it was surpassed only by the first session of the Dempsey-Firpo contest.

Tunney started this seventh round by peppering and buffeting the former champion with left jabs, hooks and sharp, though light crosses. It was a masterful exhibition of boxing during which Gene was evading the heavier attack of his opponent.

Then something happened. Suddenly, as if out of a clear sky, came a bull-dog, with teeth set, furiously charging his prey. It was Dempsey, who smarting under defeat, tore in at Gene and lashed a terrific, long left to the jaw much to the amazement of his adversary. This he followed with a right to the jaw and quickly drove another left hook to the jaw under which Tunney toppled, hitting the canvas with a thud near Dempsey's corner.

Gene blindly reached for the ropes, grasped the middle one and sat with eyes in a blank expression, while Referee Barry frantically was urging Dempsey to go to a neutral corner. Unfortunately, Jack failed to heed this official, and as a result, four precious seconds were wasted before the referee began his count.

Gene sat there, prostrate, brain-numbed while Paul Beeler, the knockdown timekeeper, peeled off the seconds but it was not until Dempsey moved to the farther end of the ring and four seconds already has been tolled off, that Referee Barry shouted, "One." Barry did not pick up the count at five as is the rule in other states. He ignored entirely the four seconds during which he had to persuade Dempsey to get into a neutral corner.

By that time, Tunney's mind had cleared. It was in a state of revival which enabled him to think and observe, something he may not have been able to do had the referee taken up the count at five. With the aid of the ropes, Tunney arose at the count of nine and then began a marathon around the ring, showing he had clearly regained his equilibrium.

Gene back-pedalled for dear life, took to full flight, and engaged in a light orderly retreat stabbing occasionally with soft jabs to the face of the plunging, desperate, vicious Dempsey, aroused now for the full kill.

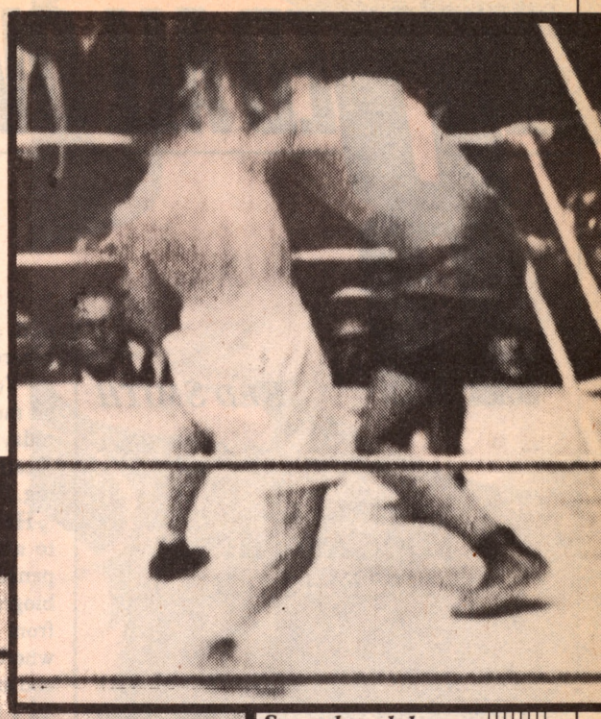
Seeing his efforts were to no avail, the scowling Manassa Mauler suddenly halted on his tracks and scornfully urged Gene to stand his ground and fight. But Tunney was fighting his own battle and refused to heed Dempsey.

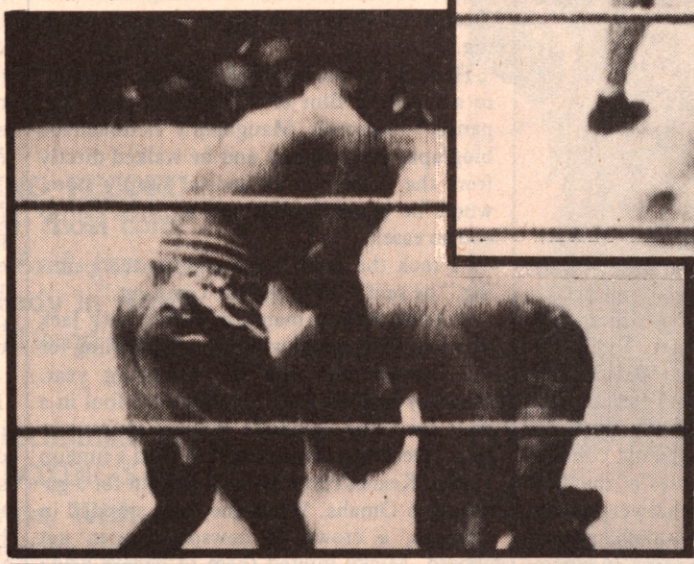
Gene kept backing steadily away, jabbing and tantalizing, with a left jab and right cross. Once Dempsey cornered Gene and pummelled away at the body, but Tunney protected himself by tieing Jack into knots, holding for dear life until separated by the referee.

That was the last chance Dempsey had to batter his foe into submission. He failed because he was facing a better man, a clever student of the ring game. When the bell sounded, Referee Barry warned Dempsey about hitting a low left to the body which did not do much damage.

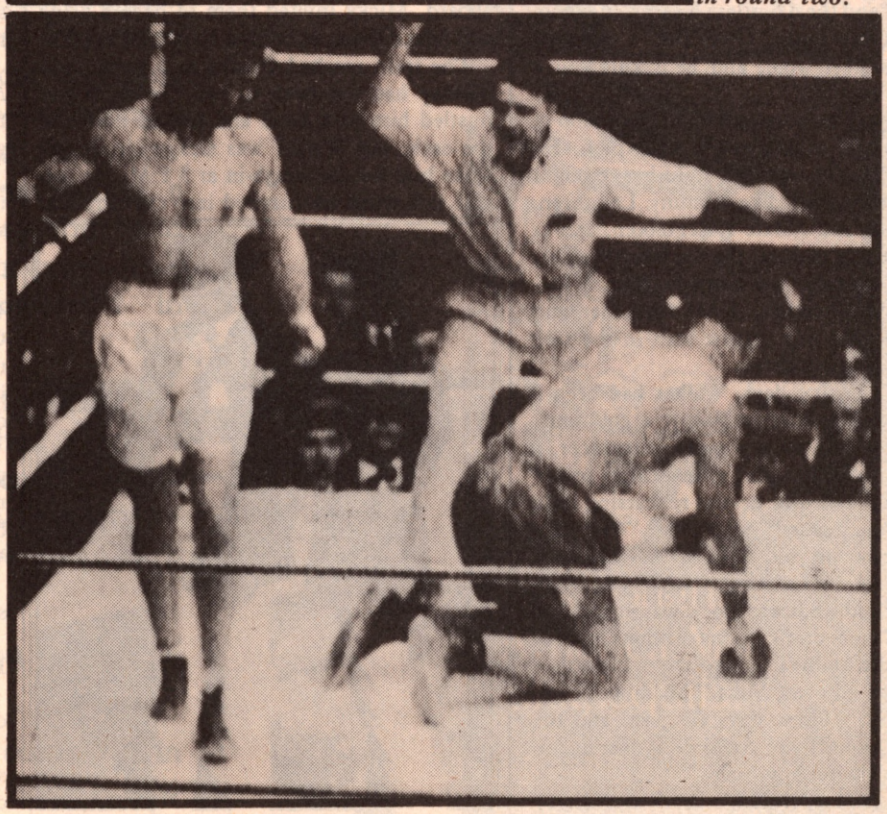
The crisis was over. The shrieks of the crowd rent the air for the 132,000 spectators had just witnessed one of the most dramatic moments in modern ring history. It was a scene to grip the observer. A scene which sends quickening throbs through the pulses, truly a scene such as one witnesses but once in a lifetime.

Thus ended the thrilling seventh round of the $2,000,000 Soldiers' Field battle.





Seven knockdowns of Luis Firpo in the first round made up just one part of the tremendous fireworks at the Polo Grounds. Photo opposite page shows referee Gallagher counting Firpo out in round two.



RED ALL OVER

RED SMITH

DOC AND HIS TOY BULLDOG

FROM SASABE, ARIZ., WHICH IS ON THE Mexican border, came a letter from Teddy Hayes, who trained Jack Dempsey until Jack broke with Doc Kearns, his manager, and who then trained Mickey Walker. Teddy enclosed an old column about Walker and Kearns. Both have gone to the great speakeasy in the sky since the old piece was written, but the Hayes letter and the old column brought back treasured memories of the Toy Bulldog, who began as a featherweight and fought heavyweights on the world championship level, and the dauntless Kearns, of whom Archie Moore said, "Give Doc a hundred pounds of steel wool, and he'll knit you a stove."

Mickey had been welterweight champion of the world and middleweight champion. He had charged through the light-heavyweight ranks fighting men like Tommy Loughran, Leo Lomski and Maxie Rosenbloom, and at 165 pounds he took on the top heavyweights —Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Johnny Risko, Paolino Uzcudun, K.O. Christner and Bearcat Wright, the biggest man in the ring except for Primo Carnera.

After his boxing days, Walker had been a nightclub entertainer, a singer, a columnist for *The Police Gazette,* a radio announcer, a referee, a bartender and an excellent primitive painter, and now he was rehearsing for a Broadway play called "Walk Hard." During a dinner break, he told tales of the roistering days of Prohibition when "what was mine was Doc's and what was Doc's was mine" and the two of them drank up the millions Mickey had earned with his fists.

"Now it's all over, Mick," his dinner companion said. "Those days are past, and the money is gone. If you could do it over again, would you change anything?"

"Not a damned thing," the Toy Bulldog said, and his muffin face was merry. Then he sobered.

"You know," he said, "if art had broke out on me sooner than it did, I'd be a millionaire today, because instead of raising hell with Kearns I'd of been living in a garret painting."

He told how art had broke on him. He went to a movie, a film of "The Moon and Sixpence," Somerset Maugham's fictionalized biography of Gauguin, and he walked dirctly from the theater to an artists' supply store, where he bought paints and brushes, canvas and an easel.

"I took the stuff home and started painting," he said, "and a picture came out."

In 1931, Kearns matched Walker with Jack Sharkey, who would whip Max Schmeling for the heavyweight title the following year. (Sharkey had lost to Schmeling on a foul in a bout for Gene Tunney's vacated championship.) Deciding that his tiger needed a tuneup match, Kearns chose Bearcat Wright for a go-round in Omaha. When the train stopped in Chicago, a crowd of newspaper men got aboard. Micky invited them to have a drink and joined them, as befits a courteous host.

The train reached Omaha at 8 A.M., and Mickey had not been to bed. Teddy Hayes hustled him to a hotel and tucked him into the sack, but Walker was sick when Hayes woke him for the weigh-in at 3 P.M. He was still sick when he climbed into the ring and saw the Bearcat—260 pounds and 6 feet 4.

In the first round, Wright landed a right to the top of Mickey's head, and Walker went down face first, barely making it back to his feet at the count of 9. Every time Wright landed a body punch, Mickey gurgled, but he was fighting himself sober. He did a job on the monster's giblets through the seventh round and knocked him kicking in the eighth, and, although the Bearcat beat the count, Mickey won a clear decision in 10.

Three months later, he fought Sharkey. Mickey thought he won clearly. Most of the press agreed, and Arther Donovan, the referee, gave him 11 rounds and Sharkey four. But one judge gave Sharkey a shade, the other called the bout even, and it went into the record as a draw.

Walker fought Schmeling on Sept. 26, 1932, in the old Long Island Bowl. Schmeling punched both his eyes shut. Mickey was down three times. His face was beaten out of shape, his mouth was cut, and he groped through a bloody mask. Although Kearns was brave to a fault, he refused to let his man answer the bell for the ninth round. John Lardner described the colloquy that ensued:

"I guess this was one we couldn't win, Mike,' " the doctor said solemnly when the fighter had pulled his brains together. Walker gave him a bleary but arrogant stare.

" 'Speak for yourself, Kearns,' he said, spitting blood on the floor, 'you threw in the sponge, not me.' "

For years, Mickey operated a saloon called The Toy Bulldog on Eighth Avenue acress 49th Street from the old Madison Square Garden. One night his friend Francis Albertanti, newspaperman and publicist, was in the joint when a stranger in a state of incandescence addressed the proprietor.

"Mickey Walker!" the stranger said. "The greatest! I've seen 'em all, Mickey, and there never was one like you. Dempsey among the big guys, you among the smaller guys. I saw 'em all, and you were the greatest."

"You say you've seen 'em all," Albertanti said, "Did you ever see Ketchel?"

"Stanley Ketchel?" the guy said. "I saw Ketchel 10 times, maybe 15. I saw him—."

"How do you think Mick here would have done against Ketchel?" Albertanti asked.

The stranger turned on Mickey with a snarl. "Walker," he said, "you bum! You couldn't whip one side of Ketchel!"

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